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EXPLORATION OF THE YANG-TSZE-KIANG.*

We do not know of any exploration in modern times which abounds more in commercial, geographical, and human interest, than that of the greatest river of the Old World—the Yang-tsze—by Captain Blakiston and his friends. "Yang-tsze-kiang" is considered by a good sinologist to signify "the river of Yang"—Yang being the name of a former division of the empire—but Captain Blakiston prefers the more commonly received translation, "Son of the Ocean," or, as Huc has it poetically, "Child of the Ocean," as the more correct. "Great River," "Blue River," and "Gold Sand River," are translations of the native names for different parts of the course of the same mighty stream.

The expedition left Shanghai in February, 1861, with the squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir James Hope, and after establishing a consul at Chin-kiang, the great entrepôt of the commerce of the Grand Canal, but laid in ruins by civil war, it arrived at Nankin, where its members stayed the remainder of the month. Nankin has been now for some time past the head-quarters of the Taipings; but it is necessary to premise here, that which Captain Blakiston and his friends have established by their ascent of the Yang-tsze, and is not generally known in this country, that there is by no means only one rebellion in China, nor are the Taipings the only rebels. Besides the Taipings on the Lower Yang-tsze, there are the Sz'chuan rebels, or "Tu-feh," who seem restricted to that province; there is an important insurrection of Chinese Mussulmans in Yunan; there is a formidable band of revolutionists in the north-eastern province of Shan-tung; and, indeed, to use the captain's own expression, "such is the state of decay into which the government has been forced by the peculation and corruption of the mandarins under the ruling dynasty, that revolt is rife in every province of that once prosperous empire."

This fact not only disposes of the arguments of those who advocate taking the part of the Taipings, as the representatives of the Chinese against the Manchus, or of the old Ming against the so-called "Tartar" dynasty (a word unknown in China), as successful rebels and as pseudo-Christians, but it will also be our excuse for not dwelling upon the actual condition of the faction whose progress appears to have been connected hitherto with nothing but devastation and ruin. We noticed at length,

* Five Months on the Yang-tsze; with a Narrative of the Exploration of its Upper Waters, and Notices of the present Rebellions in China. By Thomas W. Blakiston, late Captain Royal Artillery. John Murray.

now some time back, in reviews of Huc's works, his travels and his history of Christianity in China, the peculiar fact that the great provinces are as much detached from one another as they were once in Spain and France. There are, however, some curious revelations in Captain Blakiston's work concerning Tien-wang's Christianity. It is denounced as "the rank blasphemy of a lunatic, and the profession of religion by his followers a laughable mockery and farce."

The squadron being re-assembled at Nanking, two hundred geographical miles from the sea, Admiral Hope left that place to continue his progress up the river on the 2nd of March. "Why China," says Captain Blakiston, "should have been called 'a vast plain' or 'enormous fertile valley,' is to me inexplicable. More variation of surface, perhaps, does not occur in any country; and where we should be most inclined to look for such features, namely, on its great artery, there it is diversified enough to please the most exacting of tourists. Commencing at the mouth of the Yang-tsze-kiang, there is naturally a considerable extent of flat alluvial land, the delta of the river, where once, no doubt, the ocean held its sway; but soon we come to hills and high lands, and at Chin-kiang one is delighted with the steep and rugged cliffs. About Nanking the country is prettily broken into ridges and hills, and before reaching far above this, mountains shut in the river on either hand. In fact, I think the scenery between Wu-hoo (Wu-hū) and Anking (usually spelt Ngan-king) equal to that of almost any part of the river. It is, of course, not such bold and near scenery as is found on the upper waters; but the fine ranges of mountains, well removed from the river, whose broad expanse is now broken by low islands, and now widens into lake-like form; the beautiful, partially wooded slopes of the mountains, reaching down into the highly cultivated lower land; the occasional village; the collection of reed-huts gathered on the immediate bank, as if in doubt whether the ground were as safe as the water; the distant pagoda, marking the site of a town approachable only by some narrow canal-like creek; and then, life made apparent by numerous boats with their white cotton wings; the fisherman attending his ingenious dip-net; some coolies trotting along an embankment which raises them above their fellows who are working away in the irrigated paddy-fields below, while two of a more favoured class are being wheeled along a paved pathway in those best of wheelbarrows;—the objects serve to remind one,—the country, of the lake scenery of the Old World,—the river of the New; but the people, of China, and China only. And then the thought comes over one, that those peaceful and industrious people are doomed to destruction: the edict has gone forth, 'kill and destroy;' that pagoda must fall; those villages will soon send dark volumes of smoke on high; such as have boats will flee, the rest must submit to slavery; fields will be laid waste, dams broken, and desolation will appear on every side; for the rule of the Taipings has begun. But the 'Son of the Ocean' will remain ever ebbing on its course towards its parent; those mountains cannot move; the bright Eastern sky will be above; and though governments and people should change, nature will be nature still."

Wu-hū, the first place visited by the squadron on its ascent, presented a scene of desolation as complete as Chin-kiang and Nanking; the whole distance from the suburb to the town was one heap of ruins. The popu-

lation was in a starving condition; one square place was literally filled with specimens of humanity lying in filth, and but partly covered by some cotton rags alive with vermin. One or two were lifeless, others breathing their last gasps of the noisome stench that pervaded the den. Leaving Wu-hū and its Taiping possessors on the 4th of March, another day's navigation took the squadron to Anking, the capital of the province, which had for some time been in the hands of the Taipings, but was closely besieged by the imperialists. The state of siege appeared, however, to be pretty much as it was when the squadron of 1858—of whose movements Mr. Oliphant was the able historian—gave the batteries a dose of iron in return for a similar compliment. The place has, however, since been captured.

The country and the people contrasted strongly, as they proceeded up the river, with what they had seen below. Here were quiet villagers, dressed as the ordinary Chinese are, in their blue cotton, and devoid of all the gaudy-coloured silks the rebels so much delight in at the expense of others. The dwellings appeared in good order, and both by the craft which enlivened the river, and by the people quietly employed on shore in their daily avocations, an air of tranquil industry was manifested, and formed an agreeable relief in the great panorama.

It was a delightfully clear morning as they started on the 6th of March; flocks of geese were preparing for their northward journey, a few wild swans were seen, and a number of pelicans. Porpoises disported themselves in the muddy current, and immense numbers of cormorants were perched upon a rock whitened with their dung. Completing seventy miles, they reached Hu-kow, a fortified temple at the outlet of the Poyang lake, after dark. Next day, a consulate was established at Kin-kiang, fifteen miles higher up, or four hundred and fifty-one miles from the sea, and two hundred and fifty-one miles above Nanking. It was one of those towns which had been in the hands of the rebels, and had been retaken by the imperialists, and it had not had time to recover from its reverses.

The first day's journey above Kin-kiang was on a most beautiful and interesting portion of the river. High hills rise immediately from the bank, some prettily wooded, with others terraced and cultivated to a great height. They made eighty-two miles to Wu-chang, a "hien" or town of the second order, on the right bank. Another place, called Hwang-chow, stood on the opposite side, about three miles above. Those who landed here were, however, mobbed and insulted. The next day they fetched the mouth of the Han, with its renowned Chinese Tripolis—Wu-chang (foo), Han-yang (foo), and Hankow. This great tripartite city has much fallen off since the days of Huc, when the population was estimated at eight millions, but now, alas! not over a million; but still our author's views regarding its revival are hopeful. An immense number of junks still crowded the river and mouth of the Han; the people were alive and stirring; the country trade is described as "enormous;" merchants and missionaries now follow their avocations without secresy; and a vessel of war lies off the town to remind the Celestials of the promise they made at Tien-tsin, of Yuen-ming-yuen, and of the barbarian force that had been within the walls of Peking.

This was the highest point to which foreign vessels had ever ascended

on the Great River, and the admiral decided on continuing his voyage with only one gunboat besides his own vessel the *Coromandel*, and the expedition had to hire a passage-boat, which was taken in tow. After passing a great number of junks, bound both up and down, they came on the forenoon of the third day to the open town of Sing-ti, on the left bank, ninety-eight geographical miles from Hankow. Its appearance gave the idea of having a large population, and the number of junks and piles of timber along the shores manifested considerable mercantile prosperity. As the vessels of the squadron passed up, the inhabitants crowded in immense numbers on the roofs of the houses and high sterns of the junks, in wonder and amazement at the "barbarian devil ships," for the first time ploughing these virgin waters. On their return the whole country to the north was flooded, the only signs of land being the tops of some embankments, clumps of trees, and house-tops. This is of annual occurrence in many parts of the river, and Captain Blakiston believes that the people during the period of flood live afloat, and support themselves by fishing. We should doubt their being able to sustain themselves by so precarious a mode of livelihood. They seem to catch but few with their dip-nets at the low season, and fish would be still more rare in time of flood.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th of March the squadron arrived at the junction of the outlet of the vast Tung-ting lake and the Yang-tsze, one hundred and twenty-three miles above Hankow, and proceeded up the said outlet to Yo-chow, a place necessarily of some importance to trade, as being upon a peculiar inland system of navigation, and there are extensive black-tea districts to the south.

Sir James Hope not proceeding any farther than this point, the expedition was now left to its own resources. Its personnel consisted of Lieut.-Colonel Sarel, Captain Blakiston, Mr. Barton, surgeon and draughtsman; the Rev. Mr. Schereschewsky, who acted as interpreter; four Seikhs, Sepoys of her Majesty's 11th Punjab Infantry, and three Chinese, a writer, and two "boys," or servants. These were accompanied by a military mandarin provided for the expedition by the Viceroy of Hoo-peh, who resides at Hankow.

It was St. Patrick's-day when the little expedition, now left to itself, found its way back to the Great River, called at this point "the Golden River," from the Tung-ting outlet. Commander Ward, R.N., had already surveyed up to this point. They were no longer in tow, and the mode of progress was much altered, some of the boatmen, jumping ashore, beginning to track against the still muddy current. As Captain Blakiston's survey commenced at this point, he named the first beach they came to "Tibet Beach," but on the descent in June the name was changed to "Huc Beach." We at once protest against thus applying English names to localities in an old country like China. Captain Blakiston ought to have obtained the Chinese names of places from his pilot. They are the only ones that can be durable. For neither the Chinese nor the French missionaries who dwell up the river, nor the people of any other nation, or even the English skippers who may be induced hereafter to venture up the Great River, will ever dream of troubling themselves with them.

The river was, at starting, about nine hundred yards wide, with an

average depth of five to seven fathoms—a truly splendid and navigable stream. They passed on their way up several prosperous-looking small towns, villages, and hamlets, with the Nan-tsuin hills to the south, an offset coming upon the river at Tian-hien. On the 23rd of March they reached Shi-show, a small walled town of little importance. One of those little misunderstandings which invariably arise at first between civilised men and semi-barbarians occurred at this point. The Chinese skipper refused further obedience, and ordered the men to knock off work. There was no time for trifling. In a case like this, whether on the Nile or the Yang-tsze, it must be decided at once who is to be master. Our party understood this; one of the most turbulent of the crew was tumbled into the river, and this so frightened the remainder that they gave in.

This was the seventh day's journey on the Upper Yang-tsze, and the next day they made twenty-six geographical miles to Ho-hia, a considerable village on the left bank. Vegetables and fish were easily procurable in exchange for the requisite "cash." On the 27th they reached the town of Sha-sze, one hundred and seventy miles from the Tung-ting junction. This was a long, unwalled, straggling place on the left, or north bank, with a fine stone pagoda on a point which juts into the river, and which may be seen at a very considerable distance. A mile above is Kin-chow, which ranks as a foo, or provincial city, but is only a garrison or Manchu town. The reason of these towns, as also many junks being at this point, is that the Taiping creek, which connects the Upper Yang-tsze with the great Tung-ting lake, starts from near this point. Hence it is that Sha-sze is described as being of considerable importance in a mercantile way, and the immense number of junks which were observed closely packed along the river's bank for nearly two miles indicated a large trade on the river. The expedition was visited here by some of the chief mandarins, as also by the wife and family of their own mandarin, and they describe the ladies of the party as being really pretty.

From Kin-chow the river skirts the edge of a mountainous country, whence it receives one considerable tributary, at the mouth of which stands the town of I-tu (hien); before reaching which, Chi-kiang, another hien or town of second order, has to be passed, both being on the right bank. Beyond these we come to I-chang, where this fine river, averaging half a mile in width, suddenly changing its nature as if by magic, narrows to less than one-fourth of that width, and disappears in a deep and precipitous gorge through a confused mass of rugged mountains.

I-chang, called Y-lin in some maps, is three hundred and sixty-three geographical miles above Hankow, or nine hundred and fifty total distance from Shanghai. Porpoises kept company with the expedition up to this point. The city stands on a blunt point of the Yang-tsze, and on its left bank, a small branch of the river forming an island immediately above the walled part of the town. The town itself is a tolerably sized foo, or provincial town of the first order, but the trade of the place would seem small. A monastery occupies a very commanding position about one thousand feet above the river, pagodas herald the approach, and altogether, Captain Blakiston says, "I thought at the time that I had never beheld a more beautiful river scene."

The gallant captain anticipates that I-chang, being situated at the head of the navigation of the Yang-tsze for sea-going steamers, it must become an important place. Easily accessible to large steamers at all seasons of the year, and at the portal, as it were, of the more unmanageable upper waters, I-chang, when European traders push their commerce more into the western country, will, he argues, become a great place of business as a port of transhipment. The necessity for building steamers for the navigation of the upper waters of the Yang-tsze would cause a European settlement to spring up at this point, which, to say nothing of the advantages of trade and its being the limit to which ordinary steamers can ascend, would, as a healthy and agreeable location, stand unrivalled. Thither might invalids, and those worn out by sedentary occupations, fly from the low lands of the coast. A pleasant voyage from Shanghai, of a week or ten days' duration, would place them in a mountainous country, where they might select any scene and climate suited to their tastes and constitutions, and where, amid the temperate breezes of the mountains, they might enjoy field sports and pedestrian exercise.

I-chang is a place to which all the valuable productions of Sz'-chuan must come on its way to the coast, and it possesses a still more remarkable advantage, that is, a coaling-station, boats being able to run down from the pits' mouths in a few hours with any amount of this material. With these advantages, I-chang will undoubtedly become one of the most important places of the interior, and Captain Blakiston strongly advocates it as another port to be at once opened on the Yang-tsze-kiang.

"We might, perhaps," says the captain, "also propose Yo-chow, or some place on the Tung-ting lake, nearer to the tea-districts of Hoo-nan, as equally deserving of being opened; but at any rate let us have I-chang. By the time any steamers could be built in China, or manufactured in England and sent out to be put together, a large trade might be established at I-chang, the produce of Sz'-chuan coming down there in native boats; and I think I am not wrong in saying that to open the interior to European commerce will have more effect on the people of China, and conduce more towards friendly relations with whatever government may be in existence, than all our petty wars and inconsistent treaties. And 'what time is like the present?' Statesmen will say, 'Wait a little.' I say, 'Do not wait a moment. Push on; treaty or no treaty, Prince Kung or the Taipings, we must have trade.'"

We heartily agree with our enterprising traveller. Suppose it was not thought to be worth while to construct steamers for the navigation of the upper river, still the produce of the west would be brought down to I-chan gin native boats, and this being the utmost point navigable from the sea, it would be just the place at which sea-steamers would push to secure the trade. Most great cities—take London for an example—have grown up at the limit of sea navigation. As to waiting, notwithstanding the troubles at Shanghai and Canton, and the generally disturbed state of the country, it is of no use. Among the numerous criticisms with which the first news of the failure of Colonel Sarel and Captain Blakiston's expedition was met with in this country, the most common was that it had been undertaken at too early a period. They ought to have waited till the treaty was known. We now find that the failure had nothing to do with the relations of the barbarians with the Chinese, or with a know-

ledge of or ignorance of the treaty. The authorities were unable to protect the expedition against the rebels, while the rebellion in Sz'-chuan had nothing to do with that of the Taipings. To have waited would then have had no effect whatsoever upon the progress and prospects of the expedition.

The said expedition had to provide itself at I-chang with another junk and crew—the vessel which brought them from Hankow was unsuited to the navigation higher up—and, proceeding up the river, they met, three miles above the town, an impetuous current rushing towards them out of a long deep cleft in the mountains. The scenery was magnificent; but man is never satisfied. "After the novelty of the thing wore off," our traveller remarks, "this kind of travelling, where the view is so confined, became tedious, and we were glad to see a little more daylight on emerging from the dark shadows." There was an excise establishment in a small recess of this gorge or river pass, through which progress had to be made partly by rowing, partly by tracking. The first rapid on the Yang-tsze occurred at a bend of the river shortly above the I-chang gorge, where some islands of rock stand out towards the middle of the stream, and large boulders of granite line the shores, indicating an uneven bed in the river. This was followed by others more or less dangerous, according to the season of the year—the river being highest in June, and at its lowest in December. These rapids, which extend hence as far as Chung-king, in Sz'-chuan, would probably constitute a serious obstacle to steam navigation at the low season, and Captain Blakiston recommends for this purpose short, flat-bottomed, and full-powered vessels, with unconnected wheels and separate engines, something similar to the boats on the Upper Mississippi. With such steamers he is sanguine enough to look forward to the time when steam-vessels will be ploughing the upper waters of the great Yang-tsze-kiang, even beyond the highest point reached by its first explorers in 1861; and he thinks we may yet hear of ordinary travellers from Calcutta, to save the time and inconvenience of the sea voyage by way of Singapore, coming an overland route through Burmah to meet these steamers in Yu-nan. In the mean time, we should deem the opening of I-chang, as a port to intercept the descent of the produce in native boats, as enough for the day. The passage of the mountains that separate Burmah from China must be no slight undertaking.

On the 7th of April, on rounding a point of the river, they suddenly opened to view a huge split in the mountain mass ahead of them. It was the second, or Lu-kan gorge, by which the river escapes as through a funnel. A sketch of this remarkable gorge, by Mr. Barton, constitutes an appropriate frontispiece to Captain Blakiston's work. "As I now write," says the captain, "I think I see it before me in all its stern grandeur, and I can well say with Humboldt, that such recollections, like the memory of the sublimest works of poetry and the arts, leave an impression which is never to be effaced."

The villagers turned out in these rapids, and, for a few cash, young and old tackled on their breast-straps to the line and helped to tow the junk along, till it passed from the Lu-kan gorge into the Mi-tan, or "rice-mouth" gorge, in no ways inferior to its predecessor, the cliffs rising vertically eight or nine hundred feet, and no bottom with the lead,

except close to the rocks, where they got twelve fathoms. Chinamen's huts are perched on these mountains wherever there are a few yards of level ground for cultivation, and some of the hills, a thousand feet above the river, were thus cultivated in patches to their summits. The first appearance of coal being worked in these mountains was observed at Kwei, also on the 7th; the mines were small galleries driven horizontally into the sides of the hills, and the coal was in some places lowered from great heights by a very simple and ingenious process. These coal-mines extended from Kwei to Wan; they occurred again in the ranges of hills which cross the country in the neighbourhood of Chung-king; and lastly, near Su-chow, and between that and Ping-shan. The last being the best.

These mountains were covered with brushwood where the rock was not bare, and woods of small pine and cedar occurred in some places but wherever the slopes would admit of it, they were cultivated by the industrious people; while below, on the river, others were employed catching fish by various devices, among which the common scoop-net, used by one person standing on a point of rock in a rapid, or anywhere that the current is swift, is so frequent, that our traveller says in the visions of gorges and rapids which occasionally haunt his recollection, the stolid Chinaman, in his bamboo hat and reed paletot, continually dipping his net, automaton-like, and as constantly bringing out nothing, is ever the foreground of the picture. And so Mr. Bartlett has pleasantly represented it in one of his excellent sketches.

On the 8th they passed Pa-tung, the last town in the province of Hoo-peh, beyond which a gorge extends to the city of Wu-shan, a distance of twenty miles, and the longest on the river. The boundary between Hoo-peh and Sz'-chuan lay half way through this gorge. It was marked on the south side by a narrow glen running into the mountains, on one side of which a few houses did duty in this wild and desolate region for a village. Arrived at Wu-shan (hien), it being the first Sz'-chuan town, our travellers looked eagerly to detect, if possible, some change in the appearance of a Chinese city: "but no,—it was the same lead-coloured mass, overtopped by the curved roofs of one or two conspicuous temples, and kept together by four antiquated-looking walls, with the usual half pagoda and half house-like structures over the gates and at the angles. It was of the regular pattern, and might have been punched out of the same mould with half a thousand others."

Another day's journey took them to Quai-chow. They had to pass on their way thither another gorge, known as Fung-siang, or "Wind-box," a name for gorges not uncommon in Norway. On this day's journey Captain Blakiston suffered severely from eating wild nuts, which were afterwards found to be the fruit of the *Eloococca verrucosa*. An isolated rock stood out nearly in mid-stream, and as they emerged from the gorge, a tall white pagoda came in view, and Quai-chow lay before them. This town is very prettily situated, and the surrounding amphitheatre of hills, covered with the bright vegetation of spring, was most lovely. It is not, however, a place of much business.

Quai-chow is the residence of a yamun or prefect, and as the expedition had now entered into a new province, the assistance of the governor had to be sought to forward their views. He had no knowledge of the

treaty at Tien-tsin, and notwithstanding that the convention there agreed upon stipulated that it should be published throughout the empire, the expeditionists did not find it known at any single place on their route after they parted with Admiral Hope's squadron. The fact is, that it was not in the interest of the Manchu government to allow its humiliation to go forth, and the treaty remains, therefore, a dead letter. The governor was not, however, in any way either uncivil or obstructive. Two light junks were obtained instead of one cumbersome one, and the mandarin of Hoo-peh, or of the two Hoohs, was replaced by a lieutenant and six soldiers of Sz'-chuan, or of the "Four Valleys."

The forenoon of the 13th of April found them again *en route*. The country was hilly and cultivated, save where the inhabitants were making bricks. They now first observed the poppy, which is largely cultivated in Sz'-chuan. The appearance of beds of these poppies, with pink, lilac, and white flowers, on the terraces of the hill-sides among the other crops, was very beautiful. The opium produced is as good as the Indian, only, as Huc says, the rich Chinese prefer the latter from variety. The fact, however, remains the same, that if the English did not supply China with opium, the latter would have more than enough of that deleterious drug for home consumption. Yet what obloquy has not England been loaded with for conniving in the supply!

It is to be observed, that in the remote province of Sz'-chuan the educated Chinese looked upon the travellers simply as merchants from "the Western Sea;" but the prevailing notion among the uneducated was, that as they spoke a different language from them, they must be from Canton or the neighbouring provinces, they being perfectly ignorant of the existence of any people beyond "the Central Flowery Land."

On the 14th they reached Yung-yan, a hien, situated a hundred and thirty miles above I-chang, with a handsome town-hall, a three-storied green-roofed pagoda, and some fine temples. The suburbs seemed more extensive than the town itself. At Sian-kiang, beyond this, they first observed a number of small towers on the top of the hills, a feature in the scenery which continued general for some distance above. There were also large "josses" or idols standing in excavations in the solid rock. Villages abounded, and everything betokened that they were getting into the prosperous part of Sz'-chuan, while all they had hitherto seen of it had been comparatively poor. The houses were also of much better construction than heretofore, some being two-storied, whitewashed, and with shelving roofs; sometimes there was attached a square white tower, some forty feet in height, with shelving roof, and a balcony around the top story under the overhanging eaves.

At this part of the river they also came upon shingle-beds, where a number of people were at work turning up the sand and stones, and washing it in rockers. They were gold-washing; and from this point upwards, for a considerable distance above Wan, they often came on large parties of people similarly employed. The river is, indeed, known in this part of its course as the Kin-cha-kiang, or River of Gold Sand. Unfortunately, some of the sand carelessly collected by the expedition, and brought to this country, exhibited nothing but scales of mica. This was a source of much amusement at the expense of the travellers; but it is not at all likely that so astute a people as the Chinese should persevere

in extracting mica! There seems, indeed, to be a method as well as perseverance in the business, and that the government claims a royalty. We wonder if the Chinese are acquainted with the means of extracting gold, when invisible to the naked eye, by means of quicksilver.

On the evening of the 16th they sighted a nine-storied pagoda (all the stories are of unequal number, a fact overlooked by the architect of the Kew pagoda), beyond which was Wan, the seat of government of Eastern Sz'-chuan. This was a town of some size, and it foreshadowed that mercantile prosperity which was afterwards to surprise them in this western province. An amount of suburb all along the river-face prevents the city wall from being easily distinguished when on the water, while the curved roofs of numerous temples and yamuns mark the importance of the place. Visits were exchanged between the prefect and the travellers. His excellency was perfectly polite: sent them some dog's flesh for viands, and offered to promote their progress in any way that lay in his power. The people were also alike civil and polite; they were sometimes, as might be expected, importunate in their curiosity; but, as a rule, Captain Blakiston says, the only people of all those they met who caused them the least annoyance, were the soldiers or "braves." Some Christian Chinese discovered themselves to the expedition at Wan, and from this place upwards they observed numerous Christians among the Chinese. There is little doubt, Captain Blakiston remarks, that the Roman Catholic missionaries have done much more in China than the world gives them credit for. There are two bishops in Sz'-chuan having control over the missionaries, and they all alike adopt the dress and habits of the people they dwell among.

Two hundred miles lay between the expedition and Chung-king on the morning of the 18th of April, when it left Wan. It was their thirty-third day on the Upper Yang-tsze, and over two months since they had left Shanghai. The river was still from five hundred yards to half a mile in width. On the hills around, as they proceeded upwards, were temples hollowed out in the cliffs, and approached by flights of steps. Among these the Shi-pow-chai, or "the House of the Precious Stone," was particularly remarkable. It was an isolated rock, with a nine-storied pagoda built against its eastern face, and its summit crowned by temple buildings. Among other places, one, Hu-lin, was a Roman Catholic village, with a church, and the travellers were received at it with almost overwhelming kindness.

Chung (chow), the next town they arrived at, was more notable for its temples and pagodas than anything else. They were visited here by more Christians who had heard of the treaty of Tien-tsin, so it would appear as if the mandarins rather ignored than were ignorant of its existence. From Chung it took them two days' travelling to reach Fung-tu, a hien, and one of the prettiest places on the river, the town itself not having a very imposing appearance, but the scenery around being most beautiful. Situated in a picturesque neighbourhood, where either river or mountain meets the view on every hand, the lower heights close to the place were thickly wooded, and half-hidden temples, with their curved roofs and curious windows, peeped out from among the groves, bringing out by their patches of red the fine dark green of the foliage. Near the embouchure of a tolerably-sized tributary falling into

the Yang-tsze, opposite the town, stood a seven-storied pagoda, which was visible for some distance before approaching the place; another marked the north end of the town; a third was situated on an island between the city and the mouth of the Kow-kia-wan; and a fourth stood on a hill away to the south-south-east. On the opposite bank were several of the peculiar black and white Sz'-chuan farm-houses, amongst groves of bamboo and larger trees, and a few bananas and palms were intermingled with cedars, poplars, and other extra-tropical forms, while the land around was cultivated with that garden-like minuteness for which China is so famed. This is a pleasant picture, and, indeed, according to Huc, Sz'-chuan is one of the finest provinces in the empire. Its temperature is moderate both in winter and summer; neither the long and terrible frosts of the northern, nor the stifling heats of the southern provinces are ever felt in it. Its soil is, from the abundance of rain by which it is watered, extremely fertile, and it is also pleasantly varied. Vast plains, covered by rich harvests of wheat, and other kinds of corn, alternate with mountains crowned with forests, magnificent fertile valleys, lakes abounding in fish, and navigable rivers. The fertility of this province is, indeed, according to the same authority, such that it is said the produce of a single harvest could not be consumed in it in ten years. On the hills are fine plantations of tea, of which all the most exquisite kinds are kept for the epicures of the province. The coarsest are sent off to the people of Tibet and Turkistan. The richness and beauty of the province has exercised an influence on its inhabitants, and their manners are much superior to those of the Chinese of the other provinces. The great towns are, at least relatively, clean and neat, and the aspect of the villages, and even of the farms, bear witness to the comfortable circumstances of their inhabitants.

A day's journey took the expedition from this beautiful spot to Fu (chow), marked Pei on most maps, a walled town, with some fine temples on the summit of a hill outside, and a large suburb near the water. This place had a very business-like appearance, and many junks were being built or repaired. Many of the hills in the neighbourhood had been recently fortified for fear of the Sz'-chuan rebels.

On the 25th of April, which completed forty days of navigation on the Upper Yang-tsze, they reached Chang-show, which is but a small place, but a fine stone bridge crosses a stream that divides the town into two portions. Three days more brought them to Chung-king, which is in reality composed of two walled cities, each of the first order, Chung-king (foo) and Li-min (foo), the former on the left, and the latter on the right bank of the river Ho-tow, at its junction with the Yang-tsze. The present population, from reports of the Roman Catholic missionaries, is about two hundred thousand, of whom between two and three thousand are Christians, besides five hundred Mussulman families. Both Chung-king Proper and Li-min are situated on high ground, which still rises as it recedes from the banks of the Yang-tsze; and their walls enclose large areas, which, as is the case with so many other cities, are not entirely occupied by houses. In Li-min there is a large pagoda, and an "outlook" is built on the highest point within its walls, while others are perched on commanding situations outside for use during the disturbed state of the country.

Second only to Ching-tu, Captain Blakiston says, in a political way, Chung-king is the most important place in the province of Sz'-chuan, while as a trading mart it stands on an equality with the largest cities of the empire; and situated as it is in the centre of the most populous and thriving part of that fertile province, and at a point on the greatest highway of China, whence radiate rivers and other means of communication towards all parts of the country, it enjoys an enormous amount of mercantile business. Hence converge all the products of Sz'-chuan, to be distributed in various directions, and through it must pass all the imports to supply the demands of this populous province. It is in the west of China what Hankow is to the centre, Shanghai on the coast, and Canton in the south; within its walls northern and southern productions, as well as eastern and western interchange. The Yang-tsze is at this place about eight hundred yards wide, which is the width of the Thames at London Bridge, and very deep. The Ho-tow is about one hundred and thirty yards wide at its mouth.

The troubles of the expedition had a first commencement at Chung-king. The "braves" forced their way into the cabin, and as they were not only very troublesome, but of more than doubtful honesty, they were expelled the boat, in doing which one of them was tumbled into the river. The consequence was, that the next day, when they were going to visit the governor, and dine afterwards with the Roman Catholic missionaries, who have an episcopacy at this place, they received a note from the missionaries announcing that it was the intention of the soldiers to put them to death on their way to the mandarins, and postponing the dinner. Immediate measures were taken for defence, but the day passed off quietly. Our travellers, however, very properly insisted upon seeing the mandarins, and due protection being afforded to them. Their perseverance was followed by success, and the third day they visited both the Chinese officials and the Roman Catholic missionaries. The latter informed them that the whole country between Chung-king and Ching-tu, the capital of the province, was in a most disturbed state from the presence of rebels.

The expedition left Chung-king on the afternoon of the 3rd of May, and on the evening of the 5th they reached Kiang-tsze (hien), the first place of any size above Chung-king. Just before reaching this town they passed a prettily wooded rocky island, crowned by a temple and small pagoda, called Kin-tin-tsze. River terns, as are seen up most of the large rivers of Asia, in certain localities, were also met with here. There were also a few mosquitoes, a thing they had not been troubled with on their whole voyage. The weather had now become intolerably hot. Kiang-tsze is notable for its pagodas, there being two of thirteen stories each, the greatest number of stories, Captain Blakiston says, he had seen anywhere in China. The hill-sides were dotted with orange-trees planted in regular rows. Wooden stages, used as look-outs, now occupied the commanding heights along the river, and numerous rafts of planks and bamboo were met with. The boats also differed from those below, having high masts. The Chinese carry river navigation to perfection. "I have seen something," Captain Blakiston says, "of boat voyaging in North America, where it is carried to great perfection, but I am free to confess that the inland navigation of China beats it, to use a transatlantic ex-

pression, 'all to pieces.' The only way in which we can hope to overreach the Chinese on their inland water is by the powerful agency of steam, and that, no doubt, is destined soon to work a revolution on the Yang-tsze-kiang. It will be by our steamers and mercantile enterprise, rather than by our arms and missionaries, that we shall humanise Celestials."

On the 10th they reached the town of Ho-kiang, where a good-sized tributary, the Chi-shui, comes in from the southward. A pagoda stands on the point opposite the mouth of the Chi-shui, which is about two hundred yards wide. The walled part of Ho-kiang was small, but there were some suburbs which had something of a business-like appearance. A good many junks were lying along the shore, and there is probably some traffic up the Chi-shui. Some of the cottage scenes on this part of the river are also described as being very lovely.

On the 13th they arrived at Lu (chow), situated on the left bank of the Yang-tsze, where the Fu-sung river enters it. This is a populous place, and appeared to be of some mercantile importance, but there was no wall enclosing any portion of it that they could see. The river above this place became very interesting, from the number of places on its banks, and in the seventy miles which separate Lu from Sü (chow) there were three walled hiens and a proportionate number of villages. The three hiens were Na-chi, Kiang-an, and Nan-ki, and there was also the open town of Li-chuang-pa.

The expedition arrived at Su-chow, or Su-chū, at the mouth of the Min, the river upon which the capital of the province, Ching-tu, is situated, on the 18th of May, and on the sixty-third day from parting company with the squadron. From the time that they had left Chungking there had been one continual flow of reports of the depredations and atrocities committed by the rebels of Sz'-chuan, or of the "Four Valleys." These rebels, we have before had occasion to observe, have no connexion with the Taipings. They differ from the latter, also, that they cut off the pigtail, and they do not appear to carry on any special crusade against the temples and pagodas. They were designated as "Tu-feh," and were, at the time the expedition arrived at Su-chow, besieging Ching-tu, and numbers of headless bodies floating down the Min attested to what was going on higher up the river. A large number of junks were also collected at the mouth of the Min, afraid to ascend the river on account of the civil war going on; and nothing would induce the Chinese skipper and boatmen of the expedition to go either.

The city of Su-chow is situated just at the angle formed by the Min coming from the north-west; it is regularly built, and enclosed by four walls parallel to the river banks, with suburbs on both its north and south sides. The walls were about two miles round. A fine temple stood outside the east angle, and there were several pagodas. The Min, where it joined the Yang-tsze, was about of equal width with the latter river. This river is navigable at all seasons for junks of large size as far up as Kiading, a town about a hundred miles from its mouth, where it divides into two branches.

When the expedition applied to the prefect of Su-chow, requesting an audience, he returned for answer that they could only hope to enter the city by being hauled up the wall by a rope, as the gates were kept con-

stantly closed, for fear—not of the rebels—but of the "braves," of whom there were several hundreds then quartered outside, in order to protect the place against the rebels, and who, if the gates were opened, would enter and pillage the city! Such is the state of this unfortunate country. The prefect could further do nothing to assist the expedition in getting up to Ching-tu; between the "braves" on the one hand and the rebels on the other, he was perfectly helpless. The party itself was also grievously troubled by the indisciplined soldiery, so much so that they were once or twice nearly opening fire upon them.

There was no getting to Tibet without first getting to Ching-tu, for the Viceroy of Sz'-chuan and of Tibet resided at that city, so the expedition found itself at a sticking point. It was proposed to try the ascent of the Min in a light junk, but this was "black-balled." But still, not to give up altogether, a farther ascent of the Yang-tsze itself was resolved upon as far as Ping-shan. Before leaving Su-chow, a fight took place between the Yu-nan and the Sz'-chuan "braves." They were dressed in red, yellow, and blue, and the party were enabled to view the whole performance at their ease from the river. "I never witnessed," says Captain Blakiston, "anything more ridiculous than this battle in my life; it seemed more like a stage performance, and I should have been inclined to hiss it in anything but a pantomime; a snow-balling match would have been more warlike." They saw one body, however, thrown into the river.

The expedition left Su-chow on the morning of the 25th of May, proceeding up the river through a hilly country. The same evening they reached the open town of An-pien. The next day they passed a gorge where coal was plentifully and ingeniously worked, and thence a steep cliff, a temple, and a fine stone archway led to the town of Ping-shan, where they arrived before four o'clock on the 25th of May, being their seventieth day on the Upper Yang-tsze, and seventeen weeks since leaving the coast. Ping-shan is surrounded on all sides by a mountainous country, and the opposite side of the river was the province of Yu-nan, the boundary between which and Sz'-chuan was but a short distance below. The prefect of Ping-shan was civil, and expressed his willingness at first to assist the expedition forward by a devious overland route to Ching-tu, but he was subsequently led by the representations of the mandarin and Chinese attendants to withdraw from his offer of aid. The expedition made acquaintance here with some Miau-tze, or mountaineers from the west, who are very different people from the Chinese in appearance. The face is longer, the nose more straight and prominent, and the eye is not Mongolian. They are also larger proportioned and more robust than the Chinese. These Miau-tze were very friendly with the members of the expedition, which does not look unpromising for a transit across their country.

On the 27th the expedition demanded, as they could not proceed, that a house should be given to them in the town; but this was refused, and ultimately the gates of the place were shut against them. On the 29th a reconnaissance was effected with a view to finding quarters outside of the town, and the same evening a regular cannonade from gingalls and matchlocks were opened upon the expedition. They were in readiness to reply to the fire, and had told off skirmishers, who were to advance

under cover of some old houses and pick a few fellows off the wall, which they had no doubt would have decided the battle in their favour immediately, but they waited, before doing so, to allow of a shot or two striking the boats. As such an event, however, never took place, they remained under the impression, after the firing ceased, that during the whole time there had been nothing more dangerous than powder expended.

This ridiculous and yet vexatious affair, followed by another unpleasant dispute with the boatmen, were both succeeded by still more serious events. They had just finished dinner at about eight P.M. on the momentous 29th of May, when they were suddenly startled by a most infernal yell, as if all the demons of the lower regions had collected in one moment at Ping-shan. Every one sprang to his arms, which were always kept in readiness, and, rushing out of the cabin, they found fire-arms going off in all directions, amid tremendous noise. Scrambling on to the roof, or upper-deck, amid the most indescribable confusion, they soon ascertained that they were not the particular objects of attack upon this occasion; but that it was in reality a night attack of rebels on Ping-shan. The whole line of the city wall was illuminated by lanterns, and firing was kept up towards and from the city, the gingalls from the latter being pointed as much in their direction as any other. They were prepared to resist any attack with revolvers, swords, and rifles, but none of the party being wounded they did not fire, but sat contemplating the strange night-scene enacted before them. It had been arranged with the other junk, on board of which was Mr. Barton, that the rendezvous, in case of separation, should be on the other, or Yu-nan side of the river. When Mr. Barton made his way over to that side he was unfortunately at once attacked by the Yu-nan braves, and had to get back again to the left bank, and thus between one difficulty and another, the different parties were not reunited till late the next day, and that after no little trouble and anxiety. As to the fight, it was kept up at the city till three A.M., when it left off for a time, and recommenced at 5.50; nor had it fallen at the time of the departure of the expedition, which took place at seven A.M. on the 30th of May. Thus terminated the first exploration of the upper waters of Yang-tsze-kiang, from circumstances over which the expedition had no control whatsoever. They did everything that it was in their power to do, and the country cannot but feel a deep debt of obligation to officers who, on occasions like this, go altogether beyond the mere routine of professional duty, and, boldly venturing into the heart of an unknown country, with a remote prospect before them of being enabled even to follow out the ancient caravan route between China, Tibet, and India, confer almost inappreciable advantages upon the whole world by the additions which they are thus enabled to make to our knowledge of other countries, and the important openings offered by them to commerce.

It is truly and deeply to be regretted that a country so favoured by nature and by its population, and the banks of a river so promising to the intercommunication of nations, should be, like the New World, torn to pieces by furious factions, and the worst of all kinds of wars—civil war. The reader will be curious to know, after following us in this our brief critical account of the first ascent of the river, what the opinion of

the travellers was with regard to the future in this most untoward, miserable, and sad state of things.

"I must state," says Captain Blakiston, "that I see no hope of the Taipings becoming the dominant power in China, because they are simply unable to govern themselves, except by a species of most objectionable terrorism. But neither do I see any prospect of the Manchus reinstating themselves in their former position. There is more or less rebellion (not always Taiping) in every province except one in China. Something will spring from this state of disorder to restore order, as has been the case a dozen times before in the empire. The greatest cause of the frightful disorder into which the nation has been plunged is the want of a sufficiency of civil officers—one man ruling over a place as big as Yorkshire, and knowing nothing of his district during his reign. The Taipings might remedy this, inasmuch as every other man is an officer of some kind or other—at all events a Ta-jên. As yet it is but the beginning of a chaos in which trade and commerce, prosperity and happiness, must for a time sink, but only to rise again more flourishing and glorious than ever. Heaven forbid that England, or France, should ever make confusion worse confounded by interfering in the internal struggle now raging! Things are governed in China by rules that we don't understand. The springs of vitality which have enabled China to trace her way through political convulsions as bad as the present, and to exist as a powerful empire through such a series of years as makes our European dynasties look small enough, are not yet exhausted. It will be well to look at the present crisis in a broader light than we are inclined to at present, and see in it merely Chinese fighting Chinese, righting, or attempting to right, their injuries in their own peculiar way. It will not do to look at it in the light of the spread of Christianity against heathendom, as some people would have it, nor will it be well to consider altogether the individual and temporary damage done to foreign commerce. When serious political difficulties are being solved, such losses must stand in abeyance, and we must be witness to much misery and tears—to the loss of much life and property. In this 'great whole' in the vortex of sublunary affairs, we in our own time have seen much of revolution and death, have seen dynasties overthrown, and evil potentates cast out. In Western Europe we can look on such things according to the great principles actuating them, and not according to individual losses or interests. Why should it not be the same in China? The darkness in the land is undoubtedly thick and tangible, but is there no ray of hope? Most verily there is. What place can so be shut out from the brilliant sun shining over us, but that some furtive ray will come playing through, be it even from a keyhole or spider-crack? We of England are from our earliest years accustomed to hear a prayer that magnates, magistrates, mandarins, or what you will, may execute justice and maintain truth; and we know that veritable retribution will be exacted from those who fail, and from the nation to which they belong. Those who know nothing of the Manchu dynasty cannot but confess that it is a sad culprit against the above prayer; while those who have been never so little behind the scenes can testify to the mass of corruption which lies universally seething in high and low places. In such a national dysentery, nothing but the most vigorous remedies can be applied; and much

actual cautery (after the manner of the Arabs) and blood-letting is being most vigorously administered. I pray my readers, when perusing of Chapoo fallings and other dismal records, to consider that the dreadful cruelty therein enacted is hardly a counterpart of Tsing atrocities. But the other day, at Ngan-king, the imperialists enjoyed a three days' slaughter, and left neither man, woman, nor child in that unfortunate city. The Great River is crowded now with their headless victims. I have always had my opinion as to the brigand-like character of the Taipings, but after seeing a good deal of both, I must confess that I have no better opinion of the other party. But I know this, that there is much hope; that order is doing valiant battle with disorder, and is conquering; that English prosperity and rule, manifested in many mercantile houses in Hankow, Kin-kiang, Shanghai, and elsewhere, are silently becoming the umpires in the Celestial struggle; for round such beacons the tired Chinese will cluster and re-form their strength. But this restoration will be fatal to both the Manchu and Taiping dynasties sooner or later. In the mean time, looking on the mighty highway—the silvery track of the Great River, where the forerunners and pioneers of coming peace are going and returning—I anxiously await the time when the tide of disorder shall have flowed by."

Elsewhere he says: "I am one who believes that, setting religion aside, were an influential Chinese party to start a rebellion to-morrow, with the express aim of overthrowing the present dynasty, it would carry the whole country with it. But will this be done, or will China split up into two or more kingdoms, ruled by different sects, and kept from internal strife by foreign bayonets? Are we to see the tricolor, the union jack, and the Russian eagle, floating over the capitals of Canton, Nanking, and Pekin? Or are we to take to some other beverage instead of tea, and leave China to fight out this revolution as she has others in former times? Rebellion is no new thing in that country, for the establishment of the Tartars at Pekin was only the end of a period of twelve hundred and twenty-four years, during which China underwent fifteen changes of dynasty, all accompanied by frightful civil wars."

It is manifestly hard work to speculate on the future of China; it is evident that it is all, as yet, "in nubibus." In the mean time, the inexorable logic of facts, more especially of accomplished facts, goes on. Merchants will not yield their trade, no more than old women will go without their tea. The Taipings are fêted in one quarter, maltreated in another. Shanghai besieged by the rebels, Canton in revolt, the Muhammedans conspiring and rebelling, it only wants an insurrection of the Roman Catholics to complete a state of confusion, to which an Anglo-Chinese navy and army, under an admittedly corrupt and impossible dynasty, will serve to bring a climax. There is, however, no retreating; events have gone too far, and European interests have got too much involved in those of China to permit of withdrawal from the struggle. What will be the upshot it is impossible to foresee, but most probably the aggrandisement of the civilised powers, not at the expense of, but for the benefit of, the less civilised.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE SIXTEENTH.

I.

A DREAD FEAR.

CAN you picture what were the sensations of Maria Godolphin during that night? No: not unless it has been your lot to pass through such. She went up to her bedroom at the usual time, not to excite any gossip in the household; she undressed herself mechanically; she got into bed. It had been much the custom with herself and George to sleep with the blinds up. They liked a light room; and a large gas-lamp in Crosse-street threw its full light in. Now she lay with her eyes closed: not courting sleep; she knew that there would be no sleep for her, no continuous sleep, for many and many a night to come: now, she turned on her uneasy bed and lay with her eyes open: anything for a change in the monotonous hours. The commodious dressing-table, its large glass, its costly ornaments, stood between the windows; she could see its outlines, almost trace the pattern of its white lace drapery over the pink silk. The white window-curtains were looped up with pink; some of the pretty white chairs were finished off with pink braiding. The carpet was of green, with white and pink roses on it. A large cheval-glass swung in a corner. On a console of white marble, its frettings of gilt, stood Maria's Prayer-book and Bible, with Wilson's Supper and Sacra Privata: a book she frequently opened for a few minutes in a morning. A small ornamental bookcase was on the opposite side, containing some choice works culled from the literature of the day. On the table, in the centre of the room, lay a small travelling-desk of George's, which he had left there when packing his things. All these familiar objects, with others, were perfectly clear to Maria's eyes; and yet she saw them not. If the thought intruded that this comfortable bed-chamber might not much longer be hers, she did not dwell upon it. *That* phase of the misfortune had scarcely come. Her chief sensation was one of shivering cold. She felt cold all over; that nervous coldness which only those who have experienced intense dread or pain of mind, ever have felt. She shivered inwardly and outwardly—and she said perpetually, "When will the night be gone?" It was only the precursor of worse nights, many of them, in store.

Morning dawned at last. Maria watched in the daylight; and lay closing her eyes against the light until it was the usual time of rising. She got up, shivering still, and unrefreshed. Many a one might have slept through the night, just as usual, have risen renovated, have been none the worse, in short, in spirit or in health, for the blow which had fallen. Charlotte Pain might have slept all the better. Il y a des femmes et des femmes.

It was Sunday morning, and the church bells were giving token of it, as it is customary for them to do at eight o'clock. When Maria got down to breakfast, it was nearly nine. The sun was bright, and the breakfast-table, laid with its usual care, in the pleasant dining-room, was bright also with its china and silver.

Something else looked bright. And that was Miss Meta. Miss Meta came in, following on her mamma's steps, and attended by Margery. Very bright in her Sunday attire. An embroidered white frock, its sleeves tied up with blue ribbons, and a blue sash. Careful Margery had put a white pinafore over the whole, lest the frock should come to grief at breakfast. On Sunday mornings Meta was indulged with a seat at her papa and mamma's breakfast-table.

The child was a little bit of a gourmande, as it is in the nature of many children at that age to be. She liked nice things very much indeed. Bounding to the breakfast-table, she stood on tiptoe, her chin up, regarding what there might be on it. Maria drew her to a chair apart, and sat down with the child on her knee, to take her morning kiss.

"Have you been a good girl, Meta? Have you said your prayers?"

"Yes," confidently answered Meta to both questions.

"She has said 'em after a fashion," grunted Margery. "It's not much prayers that's got out of her on a Sunday morning, except hurried ones. I had to make her say the Lord's Prayer over twice, she gabbled it so. Her thoughts are fixed on coming down here; afraid for fear the breakfast should be eat, I suppose."

Maria was in no mood for bestowing admonition. She stroked the child's smooth golden curls fondly, and kissed her pretty lips.

"Where's papa?" asked Meta.

"He is out, dear. Don't you remember? Papa went out yesterday. He has not come home yet."

Meta drew a long face. Papa indulged her more than mamma did, especially in the matter of breakfast. Mamma was apt to say such and such a dainty was not good for Meta: papa helped her to it, whether good for her or not.

Maria put her down. "Set her to the table, Margery. It is cold this morning, is it not?" she added, as Meta was lifted on to a chair.

"Cold!" returned Margery. "Where can your feelings be, ma'am? It's a hot summer's day."

Maria sat down herself to the breakfast-table. Several letters lay before her. On a Sunday morning the letters were brought into the dining-room, and Pierce was in the habit of laying them before his master's place. To-day, he had laid them before Maria's.

She took them up. All, save three, were addressed to the firm. Two bore the private address of George; the third was for Margery.

"Here is a letter for you, Margery," she said, laying the others in a stack, that they might be carried into the bank.

"For me!" returned Margery, taken by surprise. "Are you sure, ma'am?"

For answer, Maria handed her the letter, and Margery, rummaging in her pocket for her spectacles, opened it without ceremony, and stood reading it.

"I dare say! what else wouldn't they like!" was her ejaculatory remark.

"Is it from Scotland, Margery?" asked her mistress.

"It wouldn't be from nowhere else," answered Margery, in vexation. "I have got no other kin to pull and tug at me. They be a going on to Wales, she and her son, and she wants me to meet her on the journey to-morrow, just for an hour's talk. Some people have got consciences! Ride a matter of forty mile, and spend a sight o' money in doing it!"

"Are you speaking of your sister?—Mrs. Bray."

"More's the pity, I am," answered Margery. "Selina was always one of the weak ones, ma'am. She says she has been ill again, feels likely to die, and is going to Wales for some months to her friends, to try if the air will benefit her. She'd be ever grateful for a five-pound note, she adds, not having a penny-piece beyond what will take her to her journey's end. I wonder how much they have had off me in the whole, if it come to be put down!" wrathfully concluded Margery.

"You can have a day's holiday, you know, Margery, if you would wish to meet her on her journey."

"I must take time to consider of it," shortly answered Margery, who was always considerably put out by these applications. "She has been nothing but a trouble to me, ma'am, ever since she married that ne'er-do-well, Bray. Now then! you be a good child, and don't upset the whole cup of coffee over your pinafore, as you did last Sunday morning!"

The parting admonition was addressed to Meta, in conjunction with a slight shake administered to that young lady, under the pretence of resettling her on her chair. Meta was at once the idol and the torment of Margery's life. Margery withdrew, and Maria, casting her spiritless eyes on the breakfast-table, took a modest piece of dry toast, and put a morsel into her mouth.

But she found some difficulty in swallowing it. Throat and bread were alike dry. She drew the butter towards her and spread some on the toast, thinking it might mend it. No; no. She could not swallow buttered toast any more than dry. The fault did not lie in the food.

"Would Meta like a nice piece of toast?" she asked.

Meta liked anything that was good, in the shape of eatables. She nodded her head several times in succession, by way of answer, her mouth being full. And Maria passed the slice of toast to her.

The breakfast came to an end. Maria took the child on her knee, read her a pretty Bible story, as was her daily after-breakfast custom, talked to her a little, and then sent her to the nursery. She, Maria, sat on alone. She heard the bells ring out for service, but they did not ring for her. Maria Godolphin could no more have shown her face in the church that day than she could have committed some desperately wrong act. Under the disgrace which had fallen upon them, it would have seemed, to her sensitive mind, something like an act of unblushing impudence. She gathered her books around her, and strove to make the best of them alone. Perhaps she had scarcely yet realised the great fact that God *can* be a comforter in the very darkest affliction. Maria's experience that way was yet but limited.

She had told the servants that she would dine in the middle of the day with the child, as their master was out: and at half-past one she sat down to dinner, and made what pretence she could of eating some. Better pretence than she had in the morning, for the servants were present now. She took the wing of a fowl on her plate, and turned it about, and managed to finish all the white meat. Meta made up for her: the young lady partook of the fowl and other things with great relish, showing no signs that her appetite was failing, if her mamma's was.

Later, she was despatched for a walk with Margery, and Maria was once more alone. She felt not to know what to do with herself: the house seemed too large for her. She wandered from the dining-room to her sitting-room up-stairs; from the sitting-room across the vestibule to the drawing-room. She paced its large proportions, her feet sinking into the rich velvet-pile carpet; she glanced at the handsome furniture. But she saw nothing: the sense of her eyes, that day, was buried within her.

She felt indescribably lonely; she felt a sense of desertion. Nobody called upon her, nobody came near her: even her brother Reginald had not been. People were not in the habit much of calling on her on a Sunday; but their absence seemed like neglect, in her deep sorrow. Standing for a minute at one of the windows, and looking out mechanically, she saw Isaac pass.

He looked up, discerned her, standing there, and nodded. A sudden impulse prompted Maria to make a sign to him to enter. Her brain was nearly wearied out with incertitude and perplexity. All day, all night, had she been wondering how far the calamity would fall; what would be its limit, what its extent. Isaac might be able to tell her something: at present she was in complete ignorance.

He came up the stairs swiftly, and entered. "Alone!" he said, shaking hands with her. "How are you to-day?"

"Pretty well," answered Maria.

"You were not at church, Maria?"

"No," she answered. "I did not go this morning."

A constrained sort of silence ensued. If Maria waited for Isaac to speak of yesterday's misfortune, she waited in vain. Of all people in the world, he would be the least likely to speak of it to George Godolphin's wife. Maria must do it herself, if she wanted it done.

"Isaac, do you know whether the bank will be open again to-morrow morning?" she began, in a low tone.

"No, I do not."

"Do you *think* it will? I wish you to tell me what you think," she added, in a pointedly earnest tone.

"You should ask your husband for information, Maria. He must be far better able to give it you than I."

She remembered that George had told her she need not mention his having left Prior's Ash until she saw Thomas Godolphin on Monday morning. Therefore she did not reply to Isaac that she could not ask George because he was absent. "Isaac, I wish *you* to tell me," she gravely rejoined. "Anything you know, or may think."

"I really know very little, Maria. Nothing, in fact, for certain. Prior's Ash is saying that the bank will not open again. The report

is that some message of an unfavourable nature was telegraphed down last night by Mr. Godolphin."

"Telegraphed to whom?" she asked, eagerly.

"To Hurde. I cannot say whether there's any foundation for it. Old Hurde's as close as wax. No fear of his propagating it, if it has come; unless it lay in his business to do so. I walked out of church with him, but he did not say a syllable about it to me."

Maria sat a few minutes in silence. "If the bank should not go on, Isaac—what then?"

"Why then—of course it would not go on," was the very logical answer returned by Mr. Isaac.

"But what would be done, Isaac? How would it end?"

"Well—I suppose there'd be an official winding up of affairs. Perhaps the bank might be reopened afterwards on a smaller scale. I don't know."

"An official winding up," repeated Maria, her sweet face turned earnestly on her brother's. "Do you mean bankruptcy?"

"Something of that."

A blank pause. "In bankruptcy everything is sold, is it not? Would these things have to be sold?"—looking round upon the costly furniture.

"Things generally are sold in such a case," replied Isaac. "I don't know how it would be in this."

Evidently there was not much to be got out of Isaac. He either did not know, or he would not. Sitting a few minutes longer, he departed—afraid, possibly, how far Maria's questions might extend.

Not long had he been gone, when boisterous steps were heard leaping up the stairs, and Reginald Hastings—noisy, impetuous Reginald—came in. He seized Maria round the waist, and kissed her heartily. Maria spoke reproachfully.

"At home since yesterday morning, and not to have come to see me before!" she exclaimed.

"They wouldn't let me come yesterday," bluntly replied Reginald. "They thought you'd be all down in the mouth with this bother, and would not care to see folks. Another thing, I was in hot water with them."

A faint smile crossed Maria's lips. She could not remember the time when Reginald had *not* come home to plunge into hot water with the powers at the rectory. "What was the matter?" she asked.

"Well, it was the old grievance about my bringing home no traps. Things do melt on a voyage somehow—and what with one outlet and another for your pay, it's of no use trying to keep square. I say, where's Meta? Gone out? I should have come here as soon as dinner was over, only Rose kept me. I am going to Grace's to tea. She asked me last night. How is George Godolphin? He is out too, I suppose?"

"He is well," replied Maria, passing by the other question. "What length of stay shall you make at home, Reginald?"

"Not long, if I know it. There's a fellow in London looking out for a ship for me. It's as gloomy as ditch-water this time at home. They are all regularly cut up about the business here. Will the bank go on again, Maria?"

"I don't know anything about it, Reginald. I wish I did know."

"I say, Maria," added the thoughtless fellow, lowering his voice, "there's no truth, I suppose, in what Prior's Ash is saying about George Godolphin?"

"What is Prior's Ash saying?" returned Maria.

"Ugly things," answered Reginald. "I heard something about —about swindling."

"About swindling!"

"Swindling, or forgery, or some queer thing of that sort. I wouldn't listen to it."

Maria grew cold. "Tell me what you heard, Reginald—as well as you can remember," she said, her unnatural calmness of tone and manner deceiving Reginald, and cloaking all too well her mental agony.

"Tales are going about that there's something wrong with George. That he has not been doing things upon the square. A bankruptcy's not much, they say, except to the creditors; it can be got over: but if there's anything worse—why, the question is, will he get over it?"

Maria's heart beat on as if it would burst its bounds; her blood was coursing through her veins with a fiery heat. A few moments of struggle, and then she spoke, still with unnatural calmness.

"It is not likely, Reginald, that such a thing could be true."

"Of course it is not," said Reginald, with impetuous indignation. "If I had thought it was true, I should not have asked you about it, Maria. Why, that class of people have to stand in a dock and be tried, and get imprisoned, and transported, and all the rest of it! That's just like Prior's Ash! If it gets hold of the story to-day that I have come home without my sea-chest, to-morrow it will be saying that I have come home without my head. George Godolphin's a jolly good fellow, and I hope he'll turn round on the lot. Many a time he has helped me out of a hole that I didn't dare tell anybody else of; and I wish he may come triumphant out of this!"

Reginald talked on, but Maria heard him not. An awful fear had been aroused within her. Entire as was her trust in his honour, improbable as the uncertain accusation was, the terrible fear, that something or other might be wrong, took possession of her, and turned her heart to sickness.

"I bought Meta a stuffed monkey out there," continued Reginald, jerking his head aside to indicate some remote quarter of his travels. "I thought you'd not like me to bring home a live one for her—even if the skipper had allowed it to come in the ship. I came across a stuffed one cheap, and bought it."

Maria roused herself to smile. "Have you brought it to Prior's Ash?"

"Well—no," confessed Reginald, coming down a tone or two. "The fact is, it went, with the rest of my things. I'll get her something better next voyage. And now I'm off, Maria, for Grace's tea will be ready. Remember me to George Godolphin. I'll come in and see him to-morrow."

With a commotion, equal to that he had made in ascending, Reginald clattered down, and Maria saw him and his not too good sailor's jacket go swaying up the street towards her sister's. It was the only

jacket of any sort Mr. Reginald possessed: and the only one he was likely to possess, until he could learn to keep himself and his clothes.

Maria, with the new fear at her heart—which, strive as she might to thrust it indignantly from her, to ignore it, to reason herself out of it, *would* continue to be a fear, and a very horrible one—remained alone for the rest of the day. Just before bedtime, Margery came to her.

"I have been turning it over in my mind, ma'am, and come to the conclusion that it might be as well if I do go to meet my sister. She's always on the groan, it's true; but maybe she is bad, and we might never get a chance of seeing each other again. So I think I'll go."

"Very well," said Maria. "Harriet can attend to Miss Meta. What time in the morning must you be away, Margery?"

"By half-past six out of here," answered Margery. "The train goes five minutes before seven. Could you let me have a little money, please, ma'am? I suppose I must give her a pound or two."

Maria felt startled at the request. How was she to comply with it? "I have no money, Margery," said she, her heart beating. "At least, I have but very little. Too little to be of much use to you."

"Then that stops it," returned Margery, with her abrupt freedom. "It's of no good for me to think of going, without money."

"Have you none by you?" asked Maria. "It is a pity you must be away before the bank opens in the morning."

Before the bank opens! Was it spoken in thoughtlessness? Or did she merely mean to indicate the hour of arrival of Thomas Godolphin?

"What I have got by me isn't much," said Margery. "A few shillings or so. It might take me there and bring me back again; but Selina will look glum if I don't give her something."

In Maria's purse there remained the sovereign and the seven shillings which George had seen there. She gave the sovereign to Margery, who could, if she chose, give it to her sister. Maria suggested that more could be sent to her by post-office order. Margery's savings, what the Brays had spared, and a small legacy left her by her former mistress, Mrs. Godolphin, were in George's hands. Would she ever see them? It was a question to be solved.

To her bed again, to pass another night such as the last. As the last? Had this night been only as the last, it might have been more calmly borne. The chill coldness, the sleeplessness, the trouble and the pain would have been there, but not the sharp agony, the awful dread she scarcely knew of what, arising from the incautious words of Reginald. It is only by comparison that we can form a true estimate of what is bad, what good. Maria Godolphin would have said, the previous night, that it was impossible for any to be worse than that: *now* she looked back, and envied it in the comparison. There had been the sense of the humiliation, the disgrace arising from an unfortunate commercial crisis in their affairs; but the worse dread which had come to her now was not so much as dreamt of. Curled up in her bed, shivering like one in mortal cold, lay Maria, her brain alone hot, her mouth dry, her throat parched. When, oh when would the night be gone!

II.

COMPANY TO BREAKFAST.

FAR more unrefreshed did she arise in the morning than on the previous one. The day was charmingly beautiful; the morning hot: but Maria seemed to shake with cold. Margery had gone on her journey, and Harriet, a maid who waited on Maria, attended to the child. Of course, with Margery away, Miss Meta ran riot in having her own will. She chose to breakfast with her mamma: and her mamma, who saw no particular objection, was not in spirits to oppose it.

She was seated at the table opposite Maria, revelling in coffee and good things, instead of plain bread-and-milk. A pretty picture, with her golden hair, her smooth face, and her flushed cheeks. She wore a delicate print frock and a white pinafore, the sleeves tied up with a light mauve-coloured ribbon, and her pretty little hands and arms were never still above the table. In the midst of her own enjoyment it appeared she found leisure to observe that her mamma was taking nothing.

"Mamma, why don't you eat breakfast?"

"I am not hungry, Meta."

"There's Uncle Thomas!" she resumed.

Uncle Thomas! At half-past eight? But Meta was right. That was Mr. Godolphin's voice in the hall, speaking to Pierce. A gleam of something like sunshine darted into Maria's heart. His early arrival seemed to whisper of a hope that the bank would be reopened—though Maria could not have told whence she drew the deduction.

She heard him go into the bank. But, ere many minutes elapsed, he had come out again, and was knocking at the door of the breakfast-room.

"Come in."

He came in: and a grievous sinking fell upon Maria's heart as she looked at him. In his pale, sad countenance, bearing too evidently the traces of acute mental suffering, she read a death blow to her hopes. Rising, she held out her hand, not speaking.

"Uncle Thomas, I'm having breakfast here," put in a little intruding voice. "I'm having coffee and egg."

Thomas laid his hand for a moment on the child's head as he passed her. He took a seat a little away from the table, facing Maria, who turned to him.

"Pierce tells me that George is not here."

"He went to London on Saturday afternoon," said Maria. "Did you not see him there?"

"No," replied Thomas, speaking very gravely.

"He bade me tell you this morning that he had gone—in case he did not see you himself in town."

"Why has he gone? For what purpose?"

"I do not know," answered Maria. "That was all he said to me."

Thomas had his earnest dark-grey eyes fixed upon her. Their ex-

pression did not tend to lessen the sickness at Maria's heart. "What address has he left?"

"He gave me none," replied Maria. "I inferred from what he seemed to intimate that he would be very soon home again. I can scarcely remember what it was he really did say, his departure was so hurried. I knew nothing of it until he had packed his trunk. He said he was going to town on business, and that I was to tell you on Monday morning."

"What trunk did he take?"

"The large one."

"Then he must be thinking of staying some time."

It was the same thought which had several times occurred to Maria. "The trunk was addressed to the railway terminus in London, I remember," she said. "He did not take it with him. It was sent up by the night train."

"Then, in point of fact, you can give me no information about him: except this?"

"No," she answered, feeling, she could scarcely tell why, rather ashamed of having to make the confession. But, it was no fault of hers. Thomas Godolphin rose to retire.

"I'm having breakfast with mamma, Uncle Thomas!" persisted the little busy tongue. "Margery's gone for all day. Perhaps I shall have dinner with mamma."

"Hush, Meta," said Maria, speaking in a sadly subdued manner, as if the chatter, intruded into their seriousness, were more than she could bear. "Thomas, is the bank going on again? Will it be opened to-day?"

"It will never go on again," was Thomas Godolphin's answer; and Maria quite shrank from the lively pain of the tone in which the words were spoken.

There was a blank pause. Maria became conscious that Thomas had turned and was looking gravely, it may be said searchingly, at her face.

"You have known nothing, I presume, Maria, of—of the state that affairs were getting into? You were not in George's confidence?"

She returned the gaze with honest openness, something like wonder shining forth from her soft brown eyes. "I have known nothing," she answered. "George never spoke to me upon business matters: he never would."

No: Thomas felt sure that he had not. He was turning again to leave the room, when Maria, her voice a timid one, a delicate blush rising to her cheeks, asked if she could have some money.

"I have none to give you, Maria."

"I expect Mrs. Bond here after her ten-pound note. I don't know what I shall do, unless I can have it to give her. George told me I could have it from you this morning."

Thomas Godolphin did not understand. Maria explained. About her having taken care of the note, and that George had borrowed it on Saturday. Thomas shook his head. He was very sorry, he said, but he could do nothing in it.

"It is not like a common debt," Maria ventured to urge. "It was

the woman's own money, entrusted to me for safe keeping, on the understanding that she should claim it whenever she pleased. I should be so much obliged to you to let me have it."

"You do not understand me, Maria. It is no want of will on my part. I have not the money."

Maria's colour was gradually receding from her face, leaving in its place something that looked like terror. She would have wished to pour forth question after question—Has all our money gone? Are we quite ruined? Has George done anything very wrong?—but she did not. In her refined sensitiveness she had not the courage to put such questions to Thomas Godolphin: perhaps she had not the courage yet to encounter the probable answers.

Thomas left the room, saying no more. He would not pain her by speaking of the utter ruin which had come upon them, the *disgraceful* ruin; of the awful trouble looming down, in which she must be a sufferer equally with himself; perhaps, she the greatest sufferer. Time enough for it. Maria sat down in her place again, a dull mist before her eyes and in her heart.

"Mamma, I've eaten my egg. I want some of that."

Meta's finger was stretched towards the ham at the foot of the table. Maria rose mechanically to cut her some. There was no saying this morning, "That is not good for Meta." Her heart was utterly bowed down beyond resistance, or thought of it. She placed a slice of ham on a plate, cut it into little pieces, and laid it before that eager young lady.

"Mamma, I'd like some buttered roll."

The roll was supplied also. What would not Maria have supplied, if asked for? All these common-place trifles appeared so pitiably insignificant beside the dreadful trouble come upon them.

"A bit more sugar, please, mamma."

Before any answer could be given to this latter demand, either in word or action, a tremendous summons at the hall-door resounded through the house. Maria shrank from its sound. A fear, she knew not of what, had taken up its place within her, some strange, undefined dread, connected with her husband.

Her poor heart need not have beaten so; her breath need not have been held, her ears strained to listen. Pierce threw open the dining-room door, and there rushed in a lady, all demonstrative sympathy and eagerness. A lady in a handsome light Cashmere shawl, which spread itself over her dress and nearly covered it, and a pork-pie straw hat, with an upright scarlet tuft, or plume.

It was Charlotte Pain. She seized Maria's hand and impulsively asked what she could do for her. "I knew it would be so!" she volubly exclaimed—"that you'd be looking like a ghost. That's the worst of you, Mrs. George Godolphin! You let any trifle worry you. The moment I got the letters in this morning, and found how nasty things were turning out for your husband, I said to myself, 'There'll be Mrs. George in the dumps finely!' And I flung this shawl on to cover my toilette, for I was not en grande tenue, and came off to cheer you, and see if I could be of any use."

Charlotte flung her shawl *off* as she spoke, ignoring ceremony.

She had taken the chair vacated by Thomas Godolphin, and with a dexterous movement of the hands, the shawl fell behind her, disclosing the "toilette." A washed-out muslin skirt of no particular colour, tumbled, and a little torn; and some strange-looking thing above it, neither a jacket nor a body, its shade a bright yellow and its buttons purple glass, the whole dirty and stained.

"You are very kind," answered Maria, with a shrinking spirit and a voice that faltered. Two points in Mrs. Pain's words had struck upon her ominously. The mention of the letters, and the hint conveyed in the expression, things turning out "nasty" for George. "Have you heard from him?" she continued.

"Heard from him!—how could I?" returned Charlotte. "London letters don't come in this morning. What should he have to write to me about, either? I have heard from another quarter, and I have heard the rumours in Prior's Ash."

"Will you tell me what you have heard?" rejoined Maria.

"Well," said Charlotte, in a friendly tone, as she leaned towards her, "I suppose the docket will be struck to-day—if it is not struck already. The Philistines are down on the house, and mean to declare it bankrupt."

Maria sat in blank dismay. She understood but little of these business matters. Charlotte was quite at home in such things. "What will be the proceedings?" Maria asked, after a pause. "What do they do?"

"Oh, there's a world of bother," returned Charlotte. "It will drive quiet Thomas Godolphin crazy. The books have all to be gone through and accounts of moneys rendered. The worst is, they'll come here and set down every individual thing in the house, and then leave a man in to see that nothing's moved. That agreeable item in the business I dare say you may expect this morning."

Let us give Charlotte her due. She had really come in a sympathising friendly spirit to Maria Godolphin, and in no other. It may be, that Charlotte rather despised her for being so simple and childish in the ways of the world, but that was only the more reason why she should help her if she could. Every word of information that Mrs. Pain was giving, was as a dagger-prick in Maria's heart. Charlotte had no suspicion of this. Had a similar calamity happened to herself, she would have discussed it freely with all the world: possessing no extreme sensibility of feeling, she did not understand it in another. For Maria to talk of the misfortune, let its aspect be ever so bad, seemed to Charlotte perfectly natural.

Charlotte leaned closer to Maria, and spoke in a whisper. "Is there anything you'd like to put away?"

"To put away?" repeated Maria, not awake to the drift of the argument.

"Because you had better give it to me at once. Spoons, or plate of any sort, or your own jewellery; any little things that you may want to save. I'll carry them away under my shawl. Never mind how heavy they are. Don't you understand me?" she added, seeing the blank perplexity on Maria's face. "If once those harping men come in, you can't move or hide a single article, but you might put the whole house away now, if you could get it out."

"But suppose it were known?" asked Maria.

"Then there'd be a row," was Charlotte's candid answer. "Who's to know it? Look at that little stuffer!"

Meaning Miss Meta, who was filling her mouth pretty quickly with the pieces of ham, seemingly with great relish.

"Is it good, child?" said Charlotte.

For answer, Meta nodded her head, too busy to speak. Maria, as in civility bound, invited her visitor to take some; some breakfast.

"I don't care if I do," said Charlotte. "I was just going to breakfast when I came off to you. Look here, Mrs. George Godolphin. I'll help myself: you go meanwhile and make up a few parcels for me. Just what you set most value by, you know."

"I should be afraid," answered Maria.

"What is there to be afraid of?" asked Charlotte, opening her eyes. "They'll be safe enough at the Folly. That is Lady Godolphin's; her private property. The bankruptcy can't touch that; as it will this place and Ashlydyat."

"Ashlydyat!" broke from Maria's lips.

"Ashlydyat will have to go, of course, and everything in it. At the same time that those harpies walk in here, another set will walk into Ashlydyat. I should like to see Janet's face when they arrive! You make haste, and put up all you can. There may be no time to lose."

"I do not think it would be right," debated Maria.

"Stuff and nonsense about 'right!' Such things are done every day. I dare say you have many little valuables that you'd rather keep than lose."

"I have many that it would be a great grief to me to lose."

"Well, go and put them together. I will take every care of them, and return them to you when the affair has blown over."

Maria hesitated. To her honourable mind, there appeared to be something like fraud in attempting such a thing. "Will you allow me just to ask Thomas Godolphin if I may do it?" she said.

Charlotte Pain began to believe that Maria must be an idiot. "Ask Thomas Godolphin! You *would* get an answer! Why, Mrs. George, you know what Thomas Godolphin is—with his straitlaced principles! He would cut himself in two, rather than save a button, if it was not legally his to save. I believe if by the stroke of a pen he could make it appear that Ashlydyat could not be touched, he'd not make the stroke. Were you to go with such a question to Thomas Godolphin, he'd order you, in his brother's name, not to put aside as much as a ten-and-sixpenny ring. You must do it without the knowledge of Thomas Godolphin."

"Then I think I would rather not do it," said Maria. "Thank you all the same, Mrs. Pain."

Mrs. Pain shrugged her shoulders with a movement of contempt, threw off the pork-pie, and drew her chair to the breakfast-table. Maria poured out some coffee, and helped her to what she chose to take.

"Are you sure the—the people you speak of will be in the house to-day?" asked Maria.

"I suppose they will."

"I wish George would come back!" involuntarily broke from Maria's lips.

"He'd be a great donkey if he did," said Charlotte. "He's safer where he is."

"Safer from what?" quickly asked Maria.

"From bother. I should not come if I were George. I should let them fight the battle out without me. Mrs. George Godolphin," added Charlotte, meaning to be good natured, "you had better reconsider your resolve and let me save you a few things. Not a stick or stone will be saved. This will be a dreadful failure, and you won't be spared. They'll take every trinket you possess, leaving you nothing but your wedding-ring."

Maria could not be persuaded. She seemed altogether in a fog, understanding little: but she felt that what Charlotte proposed would not be within the strict rules of right.

"They'll poke their noses into drawers and boxes, into every hole and corner in the house; and from that time forth the things are not yours, but theirs," persisted Charlotte, for her information.

"I cannot help it," sighed Maria. "I wish George was here!"

"At any rate, you'll do one thing," said Charlotte. "You'll let me carry off the child for the day. It will not be a pleasant sight for her, young as she is, to witness a lot of great hulking men going through the rooms, noting down the furniture. I'll take her back with me."

Maria made no immediate reply. She did not particularly like the companionship of Mrs. Pain for Meta. Charlotte saw her hesitation.

"Are you thinking she will be a trouble? Nothing of the sort. I shall be glad to have her for the day, and it is as well to spare her such sights. I am sure her papa would say so."

Maria thought he would, and she thought how kind Mrs. Pain was. Charlotte turned to Meta.

"Will Meta come and spend the day at Lady Godolphin's Folly?—and have a high swing made between the trees, and go out in the carriage in the afternoon and buy sugar-plums?"

Meta looked dubious, and honoured the invitation giver with a full stare in the face. Notwithstanding the swing and the sugar-plums—both very great attractions indeed to Meta—certain reminiscences of her last visit to the Folly were intruding themselves.

"Are the dogs there?" asked she.

Charlotte gave a most decided shake of the head, putting down her coffee-cup to do it. "The dogs are gone," she said. "They were naughty dogs to Meta, and they have been shut up in the pit-hole, and can never come out again."

"Never, never?" inquired Meta, her wide-open eyes as earnest as her tongue.

"Never," said Charlotte. "The great big pit-hole lid's fastened down with a strong brass chain: a chain as thick as Meta's arm. It is all right," added Charlotte, in an aside whisper to Maria, while pretending to reach over the breakfast-table for an egg-spoon. "She shan't as much as hear the dogs. I'll have them fastened in the stable. We'll have such a beautiful swing, Meta!"

Meta gobbled down the remainder of her breakfast and slid off her chair. Reassured upon the subject of the dogs, she was eager to be off at once to the pleasures of the swing. Maria rang for Harriet, and gave orders that she should be dressed.

"Let her come in this frock," said Charlotte. "There's no knowing what damage it may undergo before the day's out."

Meta was taken away by Harriet. Charlotte finished her breakfast, and Maria sat burying her load of care, even from the eyes of friendly Charlotte. "Do you like my Garibaldi shirt?" suddenly asked the latter.

"Like what?" questioned Maria, not catching the name.

"This," replied Charlotte, indicating the yellow article by a touch. "They are new things just come up: Garibaldi shirts they are called. Mrs. Verrall sent me three down from London: a yellow, a scarlet, and a blue. They are all the rage, she says. Do you admire it?"

But for Maria's innate politeness, and perhaps for the sadness beating at her heart, she would have answered that she did not admire it at all: that it looked an untidy, shapeless thing. Charlotte continued, without waiting for a reply:

"You don't see it to advantage. It is soiled, and has lost a button or two. Those dogs make horrid work of my things, with their roughness and their dirty paws. Look at this great rent in my dress which I have pinned up! Pluto did that this morning. He is getting fearfully savage, now he's old."

"You must not allow them to frighten Meta," said Maria, somewhat anxiously. "She should not see them."

"I have told you she shall not. Can't you trust me? The dogs——"

Charlotte paused. Meta came bursting in, ready; in her large straw hat with its flapping brim, and her cool brown Holland overdress. Charlotte rose, drew her shawl about her shoulders, and carried the pork-pie to the chimney-glass, to settle it on. Then she took Meta by the hand, said good morning, and sailed out, the effect of her visit having been partly to frighten, partly to perplex, Maria.

Meta came running back, all in a bustle, Charlotte following her. She had escaped from Charlotte's hand as Pierce was opening the street door. "Mamma, you have not read me a Bible story!" Meta could not remember when that customary after-breakfast routine had been dispensed with before, and was surprised.

"No, darling. Perhaps I can read you one to-night."

"As if Bible stories did any good to children so young as Meta!" remarked Charlotte, tossing up the scarlet tuft. "It's quite waste of time, Mrs. George Godolphin. I'd rather amuse a child of mine with half a column of *Bell's Life*."

Maria made no answering reply. She kissed again the little face held up to her, and they finally departed. Maria rang for the breakfast-things to be removed. It was soon done, and then she sat on with her load of care, and her new apprehensions. These agreeable visitors that Charlotte warned her of—she wondered that Thomas had not mentioned it. Would they take all the clothes she had up-stairs, leaving her only what she stood upright in? Would they take Meta's?

Would they take her husband's out of his drawers and places? Would they take the keeper off her finger? It was studded with diamonds. Charlotte had said they would only leave her her wedding-ring. These thoughts were troubling and perplexing her; but only in a degree. Compared to that other terrible thought, they were as nothing—the uncertain fear, regarding her husband, which had been whispered to her by the careless sailor, Reginald Hastings.

III.

BEARING THE BRUNT.

THOMAS GODOLPHIN sat in the bank parlour, bearing the brunt of the shock. With his pain upon him, mental and bodily, he was facing all the trouble that George ought to have faced: the murmurs, the questions, the reproaches.

All was known. All was known to Thomas Godolphin. Not alone to him. Could Thomas have kept the terrible facts within his own breast, have shielded his brother's reputation still, he would have done it: but that was impossible. In becoming known to Mr. Godolphin, it had become known to others. The discovery had been made jointly, by Thomas and by certain business gentlemen, when he was in London on the Saturday afternoon. Treachery upon treachery! The long course of deceit on George Godolphin's part had come out. Falsified books, wrongly-rendered accounts, good securities replaced by false, false balance-sheets. Had Thomas Godolphin been less blindly trustful in George's honour and integrity, it could never have been so effectually accomplished. George Godolphin was the acting manager: and Thomas, in his perfect trust, combined with his failing health, had left things latterly almost entirely in George's hands. "What business had he so to leave them?" people were asking now. Perhaps Thomas's own conscience was asking the same. But why should he not have left things to him, considering that he placed in him the most implicit confidence? Surely, no unprejudiced man would say Thomas Godolphin had been guilty of imprudence. George was fully equal to the business confided to him, in point of power, of capacity; and it could not certainly matter which of the brothers, equal partners, equal heads of the firm, took its practical management. It would seem not: and yet they were blaming Thomas Godolphin now.

Failures of this nature have been recorded before, where fraud has played its part. We have only to look to the records of our law courts —criminal, bankruptcy, and civil—for examples. To transcribe the precise means by which George Godolphin had contrived to bear on in a course of deceit, to elude the suspicion of the world in general, and the vigilance of his own house, would only be to recapitulate what has often been told in the public papers; and told to so much more purpose than I could tell it. It is rather with what may be called the domestic phase of these tragedies that I would deal: the private, home details, the awful wreck of peace, of happiness, caused *there*. The world knows enough (rather too much, sometimes) of the public part of these

affairs; but what does it know of the part behind the curtain?—the, if it may be so said, the inner aspect?

I knew a gentleman, years ago, who was a partner in a country banking-house; a sleeping partner; and the bank failed. Failed through a long-continued course of treachery on the part of one connected with it—something like that described to you as pursued by Mr. George Godolphin. This gentleman (of whom I tell you) was to be held responsible for the losses, creditors and others decided, the real delinquent having disappeared, escaped beyond their reach. They lavished upon him harsh names; rogue, thief, swindler!—while, in point of fact, he was as innocent and unconscious of what had happened, as they were. He gave up all he had; the bulk of his means had gone with the bank; and he went out of the hearing of his abusers for a while until things should be smoother; perhaps the bad man caught. A short time, and he became ill; and a medical man was called in to him. Another short time, and he was *dead:* and the doctors said—I heard them say it—that his malady had been brought on by grief; that he had, in fact, died of a broken heart. He was a kindly gentleman; a good husband, a good father, a good neighbour; a single-hearted, honest man; the very soul of kindness and honour: but he was misjudged by those who ought to have known him better; and he died for it. I wonder what the real rogue felt when he heard of the death? He was a relative. There are many such cases in the world; where reproachful abuse is levelled at one whose heart is breaking.

There appeared to be little doubt that George Godolphin's embarrassments had commenced years ago. It is more than probable that the money borrowed from Verrall during that short sojourn in Homberg had been its precursor. Once in the hands of the clever charlatan, the crafty, unscrupulous bill discounter, who grew fat on the folly of others, his downward course was—perhaps not easy or swift, but at all events sure. If George Godolphin had but been a little more clear-sighted, the evil might never have come. Could he but have seen Verrall at the first onset, as he was; not the gentleman, the good-hearted man, as George credulously believed, but the low fellow who traded on the needs of others, the designing sharper, looking ever after his prey, George would have flung him far away with no other feeling than contempt. George Godolphin was not born a rogue. George was by nature a gentleman, and an open-handed one too; but, once in the clutches of Verrall, he was no more able to escape, than are the unhappy flies who go buzzing against the shining papers, placed to catch them, and there stick. Bit by bit, step by step, gradually, imperceptibly, George found himself stuck. He awoke to the fact that he could neither stir upwards nor downwards. He could not extricate himself; he could not go on without exposure; Verrall, or Verrall's agents, those working in concert with him, though not ostensibly, stopped the supplies, and George was in a fix. Then began the frauds upon the bank. Slightly at first. It was only a choice between that and exposure. Between that and ruin, it may be said, for George's liabilities were so great, that, if brought to a climax, they must then have caused the bank to stop, involving Thomas in ruin as well as

himself. In his sanguine temperament, too, he was always hoping that some lucky turn would redeem the bad and bring all to rights again. It was Verrall who urged him on. It was Verrall who, with Machiavellian craft, made the wrong appear the right; it was Verrall who had filled his pockets with the emptiness of George's. That Verrall had been the arch-tempter, and George the arch-dupe, was clear as the sun at noonday to those who were behind the scenes. Unfortunately, but very few were behind the scenes so far—they might be counted by units—and Verrall and Co. could still blazon it before the world.

The wonder was, where the money had gone. It very often is the wonder in these cases. A wonder too often never solved. An awful amount of money had gone in some way; the mystery was, how. George Godolphin had kept up a large establishment; had been personally extravagant privately as well as publicly; but that did not serve to account for the half of the money missing; not for a quarter of it; nay, scarcely for a tithe. Had it been to save himself from hanging, George himself could not have told how or where it had gone. When the awful sum total came to be added up, to stare him in the face, he looked at it in blank amazement. And he had no good to show for it; none; the money had melted, and he could not tell how.

Of course it had gone to the discounters. The tide of discounting once set in, it was something like the nails in the horseshoe, doubling, and doubling, and doubling. The money went, and there was nothing to show for it: little marvel that George Godolphin stood aghast at the sum total of the whole, when the amount was raked up—or, as near the amount as could be guessed at. When George could no longer furnish legitimate funds on his own account, the bank was laid under contribution to supply them, and George had to enter upon a system of ingenuity to hide the outgoings. When those contributions had been levied to the very utmost extent compatible with safety, with the avoidance of sudden and immediate non-discovery, and George was at his wits' end for money, which he *must* have, then Verrall whispered of a way which George at first revolted from, but which resulted in the taking of the deeds of Lord Averil. Had the crash not come as it did, other deeds might have been taken. It is impossible to say. Such a course once entered on is always down hill. Like some other downward courses, the only safety lies in not yielding to it at the first temptation.

Strange to say, George Godolphin could not see the rogue's part played by Verrall: or at best he saw it but very imperfectly. And yet, not strange; for there are many of these cases in the world. George had been on intimate terms of friendship with Verrall; had been *lié*, it may be said, with him and Lady Godolphin's Folly. Mrs. Verrall was pretty. Charlotte had her attractions. Altogether, George believed yet in Verrall. Let the dagger's point be but decked tastefully with flowers, and men will rush blindly on to it.

Thomas Godolphin sat, some books before him, pondering the one weighty question—where could all the money have gone? Until the present moment, this morning when he had the books before him and his thoughts were more practically directed to business details, he had

been pondering another weighty question—where had George's integrity gone? Whither had flown his pride in his fair good name, the honour of the Godolphins? From the Saturday afternoon when the dreadful truth came to light, Thomas had had little else in his thoughts. It was his companion through the Sunday, through the night journey afterwards down to Prior's Ash. He was more fit to be in his bed than to take that journey: but he must face the exasperated men from whom George had flown.

He was facing them now. People had been coming in since nine o'clock with their reproaches, and Thomas Godolphin bore them patiently and answered them meekly: the tones of his voice low, subdued, as if they came from the sadness of a stricken heart. He felt their wrongs keenly. Could he have paid these injured men by cutting himself to pieces, and satisfied them with the "pound of flesh," he would have done so, oh how willingly. He would have sacrificed his life and his happiness (his happiness!), and done it cheerfully, if by that means they could have been paid.

"It's nothing but a downright swindle. I'll say it, sir, to your face, and I can't help saying it. Here I bring the two thousand pound in my hand, and I say to Mr. George Godolphin, 'Will it be safe?' 'Yes,' he answers me, 'it will be safe.' And now the bank has shut itself up, and where's my money?"

The speaker was Barnaby, the corn-dealer. What was Thomas Godolphin to answer?

"You told me, sir, on Saturday, that the bank would open again to-day for business; that the customers would be paid in full."

"I told you but what I believed," rose the quiet voice of Thomas Godolphin in answer. "Mr. Barnaby, believe me, this blow has come upon no one more unexpectedly than it has upon me."

"Well, sir, I don't know what may be your mode of carrying on business, but I should be ashamed to conduct mine so as to let ruin come slap upon me and not to have seen it coming."

Again, what was Thomas Godolphin to answer? Generous to the end, he would not say, "My brother has played us both, alike, false." "If I find that any care or caution of mine could have averted this, Mr. Barnaby, I shall carry the remorse to my grave," was all he said.

"What sort of a dividend will there be?" went on the dealer.

"I really cannot tell you yet, Mr. Barnaby. I have no idea. We must have time to go through the books."

"Where *is* Mr. George Godolphin?" resumed the applicant; and it was a very natural question. "Mr. Hurde says he is away, but it is strange he should be away at such a time as this. I should like to ask him a question or two."

"He is in London," replied Thomas Godolphin.

"But what's he gone to London for now? And when is he coming back?"

More puzzling questions. Thomas had to bear the pain of many such that day. He did not say, "My brother is gone we know not why; in point of fact, he has run away." He spoke aloud the faint hopes that rose within his own breast—that some train, ere the day was over, would bring him back to Prior's Ash.

"Don't you care, Mr. Godolphin," came the next wailing plaint, "for the ruin that the loss of this money will bring upon me? I have a wife and children, sir."

"I do care," Thomas answered, his throat husky and a mist in his eyes. "For every pang that this calamity will inflict on others, it inflicts two on me."

Mr. Hurde, who was busy with more books in his own department, in conjunction with some clerks, came in to ask a question, his pen behind his ear; and Mr. Barnaby, seeing no good to be derived from stopping, went out. Little respite had Thomas Godolphin. The next to come in was the Rector of All Souls'.

"What is to become of me?" was his saluting question, spoken in his clear, decisive tone. "How am I to refund this money to the little Chisholms?"

Thomas Godolphin had no satisfactory reply to make. He missed the friendly hand held out hitherto in greeting. Mr. Hastings did not take a chair, but stood up near the table, firm, stern, uncompromising.

"I hear George is off," he continued.

"He is gone to London, Maria informs me," replied Thomas Godolphin.

"Mr. Godolphin, can you sit there and tell me that you had no suspicion of the way things were turning? That this ruin has come on, and you ignorant?"

"I had no suspicion; none whatever. None can be more utterly surprised than I. There are moments when a feeling comes over me that it cannot be true."

"Could you live in intimate association with your brother, and not see that he was turning out a rogue and vagabond?" went on the rector, in his keenest and most cynical tone.

"I knew nothing, I suspected nothing," was the quiet reply of Thomas.

"How *dared* he take that money from me the other night, when he knew that he was on the verge of ruin?" asked Mr. Hastings. "He took it from me; he never entered it in the books; he applied it, there's no doubt, to his own infamous purposes. When a suspicion was whispered to me afterwards that the bank was wrong, I came here to him. I candidly spoke of what I had heard, and asked him to return me the money, as a friend, a relative. Did he return it? No: his answer was a false, plausible assurance that the money and the bank were alike safe. What does he call it? Robbery? It is worse; it is deceit, fraud, vile swindling. In the old days, many a man has swung for less, Mr. Godolphin."

Thomas Godolphin could not gainsay it.

"Nine thousand and forty-five pounds!" continued the rector. "How am I to make it good? How am I to find money only for the education of Chisholm's children? He confided them and their money to me; and how have I repaid the trust?"

Every word he spoke was as a dagger entering the heart of Thomas Godolphin. He could only sit still and bear. Had the malady that was carrying him to the grave never before shown itself,

the days of anguish he had now entered on would have been sufficient to induce it.

"If I find that Maria knew of this, that she was in league with her husband to deceive me, I shall feel inclined to discard her from my affections from henceforth," resumed the indignant rector. "It was an unlucky day when I gave my consent to her marrying George Godolphin. I never liked his addressing her. It must have been instinct warned me against it."

"I am convinced that Maria has known nothing," said Thomas Godolphin. "She——"

Mr. Godolphin stopped. Angry sounds had arisen outside, and presently the door was violently opened, and quite a crowd of clamorous people came in, ready to abuse Thomas Godolphin, George not being there to receive the abuse. There was no question but that day's work took weeks from his short span of remaining life. Could a man's heart break summarily, Thomas Godolphin's would have broken then. Many men would have retaliated: *he* felt their griefs, their wrongs, as keenly as they did. They told him of their ruin, of the desolation, the misery it would bring to them, to their wives and families; some spoke in a respectful tone of quiet plaint, some were loud, unreasonable, half insulting. They demanded to know what dividend there would be; some asked in a covert tone to have *their* bit of money returned in full; some gave vent to most unorthodox language touching George Godolphin; they openly expressed their opinion that Thomas was conniving at his absence; they hinted that he was as culpable as the other.

None of them appeared to glance at the great fact—that Thomas Godolphin was the greatest sufferer of all. If they had lost part of their means, he had lost all of his. Did they remember that this terrible misfortune, which they were blaming him for, would leave him a beggar upon the face of the earth? He, a gentleman born to wealth, to Ashlydyat, to a position of standing in the county, to honour, to respect? It had all been rent away by the blow, leaving him homeless and penniless, sick with an incurable malady. Had they but reflected, they might have found that Thomas Godolphin deserved their condolence rather than their abuse.

But they were in no mood to reflect, or to spare him in their angry feelings; they gave vent to all the soreness within them—and perhaps it was excusable.

The Rector of All Souls' had had his say, and he strode forth. Making his way to the dining-room, he knocked sharply with his stick on the door, and then entered. Maria rose up and came forward: something very like terror on her face. The knock had frightened her: it had conjured up visions of the visitors suggested by Mrs. Charlotte Pain.

"Where is George Godolphin?"

"He is in London, papa," she answered, her heart sinking at the stern tone, the abrupt greeting.

"When do you expect him home?"

"I do not know. He did not tell me when he went; except that he should be home soon. Will you not sit down, papa?"

"No. When I brought that money here the other night, the nine thousand and forty-five pounds," he continued, touching her shoulder to command her full attention, "could you not have opened your lips to tell me that it would be safer in my own house than in this?"

Maria was seized with an inward trembling. She could not bear to be spoken to in that stern tone by her father. "Papa, I could not tell you. I did not know it."

"Do you wish to tell me that you knew nothing—*nothing*—of the state of your husband's affairs, of the ruin that was impending?"

"I knew nothing," she answered. "Until the bank closed on Saturday, I was in total ignorance that anything was wrong. I never had the remotest suspicion of it."

"Then I think, Maria, you ought to have had it. Rumour says that you are owing a great deal of money in the town for your personal necessaries, housekeeping and the like."

"There is a good deal owing, I fear," she answered. "George has not given me the money to pay regularly of late, as he used to do."

"And did *that* not serve to open your eyes?"

"No," she faintly said. "I never cast a thought to anything being wrong."

She spoke meekly, softly, something like Thomas Godolphin had spoken. The rector looked at her pale, sad face, and perhaps a feeling of pity for his daughter came over him, however bitter he may have felt towards her husband.

"Well, it is a terrible thing for us all," he said, in a kinder voice, as he turned to move away.

"Will you not wait, and sit down, papa?"

"I have not the time now. Good day, Maria."

As he went out, there stood, gathered against the wall, waiting to go in, Mrs. Bond. Her face was rather red this morning, and a perfume—certainly not of plain water—might be detected in her vicinity. Her snuffy black gown went down in a reverence, as he passed. The Rector of All Souls' strode on. Care was too great at his heart, to allow of his paying attention to extraneous things, even though they appeared in the shape of attractive Mrs. Bond.

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

PUTTING this and that together, in his career as a Prince, and remembering the mature age to which he attained, it may very reasonably indeed be doubted, perhaps be quite confidently denied, that the father of George the Third would himself have made a model of a British king. One cannot be persuaded into a belief that the nation was a prodigious loser by the Prince's decease, despite the panegyrics of the Leicester House clique, and all the eulogies, adulations, and regrets, of his Majesty's Opposition. One cannot recognise in Frederick Prince of Wales the making of a Titus or an Antoninus Pius, despite the sounding brass of brassy Bubb Dodington's prose, and the tinkling cymbal of Thomson's verse.

When Thomson published Part the First of his "Liberty," the Prince was not yet the recognised power in the State, for good or evil, that within a few years he became—thanks to that famous declaration of principles which, as Mr. Bell says, raised his popularity so high, and made the council at Leicester House a formidable rival to the cabinet at St. James's; principles to which he exhibited his devotion on all available occasions of display—even the theatrical entertainments in which his children played at Leicester House being employed as a vehicle for impressing the public with his sincerity. As early as 1734, however, James Thomson hailed in his Royal Highness the noblest dispositions of the prince, and of the patriot, united: an overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for Liberty—that theme of what Thomson perversely held to be his own best work—an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of kings and people. But this was in a Dedication; and Dedications, at that time of day, were chartered to exude any amount of fulsome flattery.

And how figures Frederick in the Poem itself? A Goddess, Liberty, speaketh; a heavenly Power, that heareth and answereth poet's prayer; and this the tone of her divine response—this the burden of her strain inspired:

> A Prince behold! for Me who burns sincere,
> E'en with a subject's zeal. He my great work
> Will parent-like sustain; and added give
> The touch the Graces and the Muses owe.
> For Britain's glory swells his panting breast;
> And ancient arts he emulous revolves;
> His pride to let the smiling heart abroad,
> Thro' clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man
> To please, his pleasure; bounty his delight;
> And all the soul of Titus dwells in him.*

Poetical licenses are taken out for wholesale as well as retail business, and James Thomson, idler though he was, could drive a roaring trade in

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* Thomson's Liberty, part i., Ancient and Modern Italy Compared.

this line when the fit took him. Suspend his license, or at least your faith in it; and consult Lord Hervey on the capabilities and salient character-points of his Royal Highness. True, my Lord Hervey, too, is a prejudiced witness; ex officio (at Court) as much prejudiced against the Heir-Apparent, as the poet of the Seasons was prepossessed in his favour. But John Lord Hervey was a shrewd judge of character, and an expert in royal society; and his portraiture of the Prince of Wales abounds in traits that are almost self-evidently like and to the life.

According to his lordship, then, Frederick Prince of Wales was made up of contradictions. H.R.H. was at once both false and sincere; false by principle, and sincere from weakness, trying always to disguise the truths he ought not to have concealed, and from his levity discovering those he ought never to have suffered to escape him: so that he never told the truth when he pretended to confide, and was for ever telling the most improper and dishonest truths when anybody else had confided in him. He was at once, Lord Hervey assures us, both lavish and avaricious, and always both in the wrong place, and without the least ray of either of the virtues often concomitant with these vices; for he was profuse without liberality, and avaricious without economy. According to the same authority, the Prince was equally addicted to the weakness of making many enemies and many friends, nobody being too low or too bad for him to court, nobody too good or too great for him to betray. "He desired without love, could laugh without being pleased, and weep without being grieved; for which reason his mistresses never were fond of him, his companions never pleased with him, and those he seemed to commiserate never relieved by him.

"When he aimed at being merry in company, it was in so tiresome a manner that his mirth was to real cheerfulness what wet wood is to a fire, that damps the flame it is brought to feed. His irresolution would make him take anybody's advice who happened to be with him; so that jealousy of being thought to be influenced (so prevalent in weak people, and consequently those who are most influenced) always made him say something depreciating to the next comer, of him that advised him last. With these qualifications, true to nobody, and seen through by everybody, it is easy to imagine nobody had any regard for him: what regard, indeed, was it possible anybody could have for a man who had no truth in his words, no justice in his inclination, no integrity in his commerce, no sincerity in his professions, no stability in his attachments, no sense in his conversation, no dignity in his behaviour, and no judgment in his conduct?"*

Great was the manifestation of public joy, and fervent were the tones of loyal congratulation, which greeted the arrival of the Prince on these shores, in 1728. For some reason not very clear, but probably, as Earl Stanhope suggests, to gratify the Hanoverian party, the young man had never been permitted to visit England in the lifetime of George the First. He now came over at the age of twenty-one, a pledge of the Protestant Succession, and not without qualities to captivate the multitude, who are always apt to love an heir-apparent better than a king. The fair prospect was soon clouded and darkened by faction, and Lord

* Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second. By John Lord Hervey.

Mahon's History of England* makes it but too evident how scrupulously Frederick followed his father's example in caballing against a sceptre-bearing sire.

The Prince's best qualities, by Hervey's report, always gave one a degree of contempt for him; his carriage, whilst it seemed engaging to those who did not examine it, appearing mean to those who did. He was, indeed, on this noble lord's showing, as false as his capacity would allow him to be, and more capable in that walk than in any other—never having the least hesitation, from principle or fear of future detection, in telling any lie that served his present purpose. Hervey† further pronounces him to have had a much weaker understanding, and, if possible, a more obstinate temper, than his father;—and is fain to profess that had the Prince but had one grain of merit at the bottom of his heart, one should have had compassion for him in the situation to which his miserable poor head soon reduced him; for his case, in short, was this: he had a father that abhorred him, a mother that despised him, sisters that betrayed him, a brother set up against him, and a set of servants that were neither of use to him nor desirous of being so.

His position, Mr. Robert Bell remarks, placed him in direct hostility to the King's advisers, and, as a matter of policy, he formed an alliance with the Opposition, to whom he made that famous declaration of reforms, already mentioned. "But there was little reliance to be placed on the strength of his character, or the purity of his principles. The revelations of Bubb Dodington show that the Prince was a man of feeble intellect and infirm resolution; and that the political schemes with which he amused his leisure at Leicester House, in anticipation of the advent of sovereign power, betrayed a spirit of vanity and favouritism not altogether reconcilable with his public professions."‡

Glancing into Bubb's Diary, at the opening date of that delectable journal, namely, the summer of 1749, we see that adventurer alighting at Kew about eleven o'clock, and "received most kindly" by H.R.H., who "told me he desired me to come into his service on any terms, and by any title I pleased;" "all this in a manner so noble and frank, and with expressions so full of affection and regard, that I ought not to remember them, but as a debt, and to perpetuate my gratitude." After dinner, H.R.H. insists on Bubb's accepting 2000*l. per ann.*, and on settling what was to happen in reversion,—a Peerage, to wit, with the management of the House of Lords, and the seals of Secretary of State, for the southern province. "I give you leave to kiss my hand upon it, now, by way of acceptance," said H.R.H. "Which I did accordingly," says the noway backward or bashful Bubb.

Here again are snatches and sundries from the Diary. "Kissed the Prince and Princess's hands, as Treasurer of the Chambers. Supped with their Royal Highnesses. . . . The Prince pretty eager about opposition."§ Immediately ensuing upon which is the highly characteristic

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* See vol. ii. pp. 126, 199 *sq.*; vol. iii. 164, 315, 330; vol. iv. 1, 6, 10. Edit. 1853.

† Memoirs of Reign of George the Second. Ed. by J. W. Croker, 1848; vol. i. p. 298.

‡ Bell's Annotated edit. of Thomson, vol. i. pp. 111, 208.

§ Oct. 1, 1749.

entry, of the same day's date, "Kissed the King's hand at Kensington. Was civilly received. Wrote to Lady Middlesex about what passed last night." Early next month: "Dined and supped at Kew. The Prince read to me an answer to my memorial written with his own hand. The difference in opinion between us is not considerable. The piece is astonishingly well drawn."* In a few days again Bubb dines at Carlton House, Lord Egmont and Dr. Lee also present, and they arrange among them, under H.R.H.'s personal presidency at table, all that shall happen on the King's demise,—the Civil List in particular. And H.R.H. "gave us his hand, and made us shake hands with each other, to stand by, and support"† the propositions agreed on. But wicked people try to set the Prince against Bubb, and a deal of communication has to pass between them to make and keep matters straight. "At last he ordered, that he should go to my house at Hammersmith; with which I agreed, thinking *that* the strongest mark of his protection that we could desire. After much talk about this and that, and some idle accounts about the poll at Covent Garden, he made me sit by him, and ran into a long discourse about the army, and then about the reduction of interest, and so let himself into a discourse about the necessity of saying something about those things in Parliament, to feel pulse, and keep the party together, &c."‡

A month or two later, on Bubb's mooting a certain motion of political interest, we find H.R.H. making him "a very embarrassed and perplexed answer." And that very night was published "the vilest and most rancorous pamphlet against me, that, I believe, any age or country [O tempora, O mores!] can show, the author of it taking, by implication, the character of being in the Prince's service."§ Things are come to a pretty pass. The Prince has his doubts about Bubb, and Bubb is not quite sure about the Prince. Nor, in these mutual misgivings, can it be said that either of them, Prince or parvenu, was wrong.

However, a good face must be put on the matter, and so supple a tool must not be discarded while prospectively useful. Lord Middlesex appeases Bubb considerably by the assurance that H.R.H., having had the obnoxious pamphlet sent him in a letter, is "much incensed at it;" and it is agreed that "I should see the Prince as soon as might be;" and it is announced that "the Prince, as well as we, suspected that the pamphlet might come from the Court, in order to foment and increase divisions."‖ Perhaps the handiwork of Sporus himself, Lord Fanny, that thing of milk?

The interview, after some little delay, comes off, and Frederick essays to heal the breach in the "family," as in cant phrase the Leicester House clique was domestico-felicitously styled—that happy family which the malice of envious outsiders was seeking to convulse and break up. "The Prince said, everybody was infamously abused: he and his father had been often so; that it would do me no hurt, &c."¶ But months roll on, and Bubb still has his maligners, active always, if not always successful. "Dined with Lord Talbot, who informed me of the many lies which were told of me to the Prince, and the unalterable inveteracy of the family

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* Nov. 4. † Nov. 12. ‡ Nov. 24.
§ Feb. 5, 1750. ‖ Feb. 6. ¶ Feb. 9.

against me. God forgive them—I have not deserved it of them."* Bubb, and those for whom he so piously intercedes, have conflicting notions as to the real character of his deserts.

Being himself under a cloud, Mr. Dodington begins to augur badly of his country, and his Prince. He agrees with Lord Middlesex "that the country was in a deplorable state, and that the safety of the Prince's succession was in great danger, from the maxims he had adopted, and in which he was encouraged by those he most attended to at present."† But with the new year, things look a bit brighter. "At one o'clock received orders to dine and sleep at Kew. . . . Played at Farao," &c.‡ "Went in private coaches with their Royal Highnesses, &c., to Mr. Glasse's, where we sent for a conjuror."§ Next day, Bubb assists at keeping the Prince's birthday. It is the last that can be kept. Within two months the Prince is a dead man; and Bubb is, for life, a disappointed one.

The Diary from March 6th to 21st inclusive is entirely taken up with H.R.H.'s fatal illness. We heap together the sick-room items, such as they are. March 6. "Went to Leicester House, where the Prince told me that he had catched cold, the day before, at Kew, and had been blooded."—8th. "The Prince not recovered. Our passing the next week at Kew put off."—10th. "At Leicester House. The Prince was better, and saw company."—13th. "At Leicester House. The Prince did not appear, having a return of a pain in his side."—14th. "At Leicester House. The Prince asleep—twice blooded, and with a blister on his back, as also on both legs, that night."—15th. "The Prince . . . out of all danger."—16th. "The Prince without pain or fever."—17th. "Went twice to Leicester House. The Prince had a bad night, till one this morning, then was better, and continued so."—18th. "The Prince better, and sat up half an hour."—20th. "Went to Leicester House; from thence to the House of Commons, and then to Hammersmith. I was told at Leicester House, at three o'clock, that the Prince was much better, and had slept eight hours in the night before, while, I suppose, the mortification was forming; for he died this evening a quarter before ten o'clock."—21st. "I came immediately to town, and learned from Mr. Breton, who was at Leicester House when the Prince died, that, for half an hour before, he was very cheerful, asked to see some of his friends, eat some bread-and-butter, and drank coffee: he had spit for some days, and was at once seized with a fit of coughing and spitting, which last was so violent, that it suffocated him. Lord North was sent to the King. This morning the King ordered the body to be opened—an abscess was found in his side, the breaking of which destroyed him. His physicians, Wilmot and Lee, knew nothing of his distemper; as they declared, half an hour before he died, that his pulse was like a man's in perfect health. They either would not see, or did not know the consequences of the black thrush, which appeared in his mouth, and quite down into his throat. Their ignorance, or their knowledge of his disorder, renders them equally inexcusable for not calling in other assistance."

The illness at the outset appears to have been a slight cold, aggravated by neglect, and ending in pleurisy; there was also, as the post-mortem

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* July 3. † Sept. 27. ‡ Jan. 15, 1751. § Jan. 20.

examination showed, a gathering imposthume on the Prince's breast, which was ascribed to a blow which he had received full two years back at a game of trap-ball.

To his own family the bereavement was a great shock. The Princess was left with eight children, and soon to become the mother of a ninth. He had been dead four hours before she could be convinced that he was really gone. His eldest boy, afterwards George the Third, is said to have exhibited deep emotion at the news; he turned pale, and laid his hand to his heart. "I am afraid, Sir, you are not well," said his tutor. He replied, "I feel something *here*; just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew."*

Chesterfield writes on this occasion to his son, that the death of the Prince of Wales, "who was more beloved for his affability and good nature, than esteemed for his steadiness or conduct," has given concern to many, and apprehensions to all. The great difference of age, he adds, in the King and Prince George, "presents the prospect of a minority; a disagreeable prospect for any nation!"† but a prospect not realised in the present instance, there being nearly ten years of life in old Georgius Secundus yet.

Meanwhile the education and management of the heir devolved on the widowed Princess of Wales, to whom (she was of the Saxe Gotha family) Frederick had been united in April, 1736, and with whom, as Macaulay‡ observes, he afterwards lived on terms very similar to those on which his father had lived with Queen Caroline. That is to say, the Prince adored his wife, and thought her in mind and person the most attractive of her sex;—but he thought that conjugal fidelity was an unprincely virtue; and, in order to be like Henry the Fourth and the Regent Orleans, he affected a libertinism for which he had no taste, and frequently quitted the only woman whom he loved for ugly and disagreeable mistresses.—So ill had been the terms on which the Prince had lived with his father and his brother, William Duke of Cumberland, that they could hardly be expected, Earl Stanhope allows, to feel any poignant sorrow for his loss:—the king, however, showed a decent concern; while the Duke of Cumberland, when the tidings were brought to him at Windsor, only turned to Lord Sandwich, and said, with a sneer: "It is a great blow to this country, but I hope it will recover it in time!" Through all the consequences of this important event, nothing, affirms the historian last named, could exceed in prudence and propriety the conduct of the Princess. Up to this time her principle of action had been duty to her husband; it now became duty to the King. "To this principle she steadily adhered. She resigned herself altogether to his will and guidance, and discouraged all cabals in her little Court, while the King, on his part, touched and surprised by her demeanour, showed herself and her children great kindness, and even great affection."§ The sketch of the royal widow made popular in recent times by Mr. Thackeray's lectures, is the reverse of engaging, and describes

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* Walpole to Mann, April 1, 1751.
† Chesterfield to his Son, March 25, 1751.
‡ Essay on the Earl of Chatham.
§ Mahon's History of England, vol. iv. ch. xxxi.

her much as she was regarded in the latter portion of her life, when her manner of managing the heir to the throne, continued after his accession, and her intimacy with so obnoxious a politician as Lord Bute, caused a general dislike to, and outcry against her, which it was not her fortune, or perhaps in her will and nature, to live down.

As mother of the King, she inhabited Carlton House, which contemporary prints represent, as Mr. Thackeray points out, with a perfect paradise of a garden, with trim lawns, green arcades, and vistas of classic statues. "She admired these in company with my Lord Bute, who had a fine classic taste, and sometimes council took and sometimes tea in the pleasant green arbours along with that polite nobleman." As long as his mother lived, George III. was a "great, shy, awkward boy, under the tutelage of that hard parent,"—for such Mr. Thackeray accounts the Princess; affirming, indeed, that there is something to him exceedingly touching in the simple early life of the king; and declaring her Royal Highness to have been a clever, domineering, cruel woman, who kept her household lonely and in gloom, mistrusting almost all persons who came about her children. "Seeing the young Duke of Gloucester silent and unhappy once, she sharply asked him the cause of his silence. 'I am thinking,' said the poor child. 'Thinking, sir! and of what?' 'I am thinking if ever I have a son I will not make him so unhappy as you make me.' The other sons were all wild, except George. Dutifully every evening George and Charlotte paid their visit to the king's mother at Carlton House. She had a throat-complaint, of which she died; but to the last persisted in driving about the streets to show she was alive. The night before her death the resolute woman talked with her son and daughter-in-law as usual, went to bed, and was found dead there in the morning. 'George, be a king!' were the words she was for ever croaking in the ears of her son; and a king the simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man tried to be."* It is curious to think that this strong-minded woman's favourite occupation, even after marriage, had been dressing and undressing a doll.

As a minor, George the Third escaped playing the too usual part of patron of the Opposition, by tradition and practice peculiar to Princes of Wales; a part played systematically enough by Gentleman George his son, as it had previously been by Frederick his father. It seems as though either Prince of Wales had the distemper that Hamlet imputes to himself, when playing the fool (or something like it) with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. What is the Prince of Denmark's grief, what his "cause of distemper," if his friends may, as surely being his friends they may, presume to ask, and expect to be told?

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but, *While the grass grows*—the proverb is something musty.†

Mr. Robert Bell ironically supposes it to be a providential dispensation in royal families, as it is sheer cunning in vulgar ones, which makes the son espouse contrary opinions to the father;—it being "certain,

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* The Four Georges, § iii.

† Hamlet, Act III. Sc. 2

that whenever England has been favoured with a Prince of Wales, she has always found him heart and hand with the popular party—until he was called to the throne, when he left his principles to the next heir, to play the same game over again." By this ingenious political hedging, as Mr. Bell sportfully or sportingly phrases it, royalty makes so safe a book, that it can trim the odds to meet any human contingency.*

From of old the relations between Crown and Crown Prince have been apt to show that which is unseemly between father and son. The latter days of Philip V. of Macedon were thus embittered. Demetrius, his son—not the elder, but the popular favourite—was the favourite of the Senate, as well as the people; and, as Dean Liddell says, "even where there is no positive reason, suspicion is apt to grow up between an aged King and the popular heir to his crown."† "It is the use and wont of our family," said Richard Cœur de Lion, "for the sons to hate the father; from the devil we came,‡ and to him we shall return."§ Richard and his brothers are described by a French historian as feeling this diabolical origin to be a family title, and justifying it by their deeds. When a priest, crucifix in hand, sought Geoffrey to reconcile him with his father, and prayed him not to be a second Absalom, "What," replied the youth, "would you have me renounce my right of birth?" "God forfend," replied the priest; "I wish you to do nothing to your own injury." "You understand not my words," said the Count of Brittany. "It is our family fate not to love one another. 'Tis our inheritance; and not one of us will ever forego it."‖ But not in this instance can the father be said to have been one of the good haters—so far as his sons were concerned, towards each of whom his heart yearned with a love of which they could form no knowledge, and to which they would make no return. Henry the Second was no David, perhaps; but in David's feelings towards his Absalom, and others of his sons, Henry was not untried, or found wanting. At any rate, he had none of the aversion ascribed in (not by) Shakspeare to the fourth Henry, towards his scapegrace son—as where Hotspur, in his helter-skelter style, declares, of the twain,

> But that I think his father loves him not,
> And would be glad he met with some mischance,
> I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.¶

It is in speaking of this same Harry of Monmouth that M. Michelet gives his sanction, in passing, to an observation that has been made, "not without a show of reason," that in England the eldest sons are the least attached to their fathers: they are heirs rather than sons. So wild Hal was the people's darling, and allied himself with the malcontents, and ingratiated himself with the Lollards;** and, in short, sided actively and vexatiously with an organised Opposition.

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* Bell's Life of Canning (1846), ch. iii.

† Liddell, Hist. of Rome, vol. ii. book v. ch. xliii.

‡ The legendary genealogy of Henry II. traces him up to Robert the Devil. Also, to the fairy Melusina.

§ De Diabolo venientes, et ad Diabolum transeuntes.

‖ J. Bromton, ap. Michelet, t. ii. l. iv. c. v.

¶ First Part of King Henry IV., Act I. Sc. 3.

** Michelet, Histoire de France, t. iv. l. viii. c. iii.

Not that M. Michelet conceals similar "proclivities" in heirs-apparent of a French dynasty. He points in another place to Louis the Eleventh beginning, at the age of fourteen, his strife with the noblesse; and attempting, at sixteen, to dethrone his father, who disarmed him and gave him Dauphiny.* "Thus Charles VII. had more than one secret thorn, and, in particular, one fearful one in his own family, by which he was pricked his whole life long, and of which he at last died." All who were suspected by the king were sure to become friends of the dauphin; and this holds good, says Michelet, of the Armagnacs in particular. The dauphin was born their enemy, began his military career by imprisoning, and was to end by exterminating them. "Well! Meanwhile they became dear to him as his father's enemies, he attracts them about him, and takes for his factotum, his right-hand man, the bastard D'Armagnac."†

The Crown Prince of all countries, Mr. Disraeli once sententiously affirmed,‡ is only a puppet in the hands of the people, to be played against his own father.

Treating of the relations, during the Empire, between the Emperor of the Romans and his Cæsar, or presumptive heir, Mr. de Quincey remarks, that the situation of the latter, as Cæsar, or "Crown Prince," flung into his hands a power of fomenting conspiracies, and of concealing them until the very moment of explosion, which made him an object of almost exclusive terror to his principal, the Cæsar Augustus. His situation again, as an heir voluntarily adopted, made him the proper object of public affection and caresses—which became peculiarly embarrassing to one who had, perhaps, soon found reason for suspecting, fearing, and hating him beyond all others.—A signal exception to the rule of these remarks is found in the relations that existed between the Emperor Pius and his adopted heir, Marcus Aurelius, who obeyed his sovereign with the punctiliousness of a Roman obedience—watched the very motions of his countenance—and waited so continually upon his pleasure, that for three-and-twenty years which they lived together, he is recorded to have slept out of his father's palace for only two nights. "Such, however, is the universal baseness of courts, that even this scrupulous and minute attention to his duties did not protect Marcus from the injurious insinuations of whisperers. There were not wanting persons who endeavoured to turn to account the general circumstances in the situation of the Cæsar which pointed him out to the jealousy of the Emperor." But these being, as Mr. de Quincey adds,§ no more than what adhere necessarily to the case of every heir *as* such, and the Augustus being happily superior to unfounded suspicions, the malicious efforts died away, from mere defect of encouragement.

A too signal, because too singular, exception from the great Latin historian's rule, that he who is next in order of succession is invariably an object of suspicion and hatred to the reigning powers that be: *Suspectum semper invisumque dominantibus qui proximus destinaretur.*‖

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* Michelet, Histoire de France, t. v. l. xii. c. i. † Ibid., c. iii.

‡ Vivian Grey, book vi. ch. iv.

§ See the fourth chapter of "The Cæsars," reprinted in one of the volumes of De Quincey's collected works.

‖ Tacitus, Ann., l. ii.

Ben Jonson must have had Tacitus in his mind, and at his fingers' ends, when he was composing (literally composing, from Tacitus and others) the speech wherein Sejanus argues, on the subject of aspiring candidates for, if not direct heirs to imperial power, whom popularity is spoiling, or already has spoilt, that they,

> ——with these hourly ticklings, grow so pleased,
> And wantonly conceited of themselves,
> As now, they stick not to believe they're such
> As these do give them out; and would be thought
> More than competitors, immediate heirs,
> Whilst to their thirst of rule, they win the rout
> (That's still the friend of novelty) with hope
> Of future freedom, which on every change
> That greedily, though emptily, expects.
> Cæsar, 'tis age in all things breeds neglects,
> And princes that will keep old dignity
> Must not admit too youthful heirs stand by;
> Not their own issue.*

Sir Archibald Alison's portrait of the Prince Regent, in 1812, has remark inclusive, on his Royal Highness's antecedents,—that "the jealousy which generally exists between the ruling sovereign and the heir-apparent" had early brought him into close connexion with the leaders of the Whig party; and that for nearly fifteen years Carlton House was the "grand rendezvous of all the statesmen, wits, and beauties, whom jealousy of the reigning power had thrown into the arms of the Opposition."†

Power, at all times perilous, observes Hartley Coleridge, is trebly perilous in nonage;—nor is the matter much mended if the exercise of authority be kept awhile in abeyance. The impatience to rule alone, he adds, must have an unfavourable influence on education, and he must be of a "weak spirit indeed who does not look on his tutor with something akin to dislike. Indulgence corrupts, severity exasperates; and flatterers are always at hand to forestal the favours of majority."‡

From Lord Hervey's Memoirs, the Marquis of Bristol, prior to their publication in 1848, cut out and burnt various passages, the contents of which he thought unfit to be ever revealed at all. As his lordship was careful to mark the place and extent of each excision, Mr. Wilson Croker, the editor, concluded from the context that they all bore reference to the feuds in the royal family. Lord Hervey's widow, the celebrated Mary Lepell, allowed several of her friends to scan parts of the Memoirs; and one of them, Lord Hailes, who in 1778 justly described them as "written with great freedom," hinted that whenever they appeared, the origin of the antipathy between George II. and his eldest son would be "revealed to posterity"—a promise which, however, would appear to have been annulled by the Marquis of Bristol's fire and steel. For, as the *Quarterly Review* observed at the time, it is probable that we have thus lost a clue to what certainly is a very perplexing mystery; it being evident that the alienation between Prince Frederick and not only his

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* Sejanus, Act II. Sc. 2.
† Alison, Hist. of Europe, vol. ix. ch. lxiv. § 48.
‡ Marginalia, II. 308.

father, but his mother, was strong and decided while he was yet in his early youth—years before he ever saw England; and historical inquirers would now, the reviewer supposed, be more than ever puzzled, since Hervey's Memoirs showed that the father's animosity did go so far as to contemplate, if possible, Frederick's actual disinheritance:—an extravagance alleged by the Prince himself, or at his suggestion, in the scandalous mock fairy-tale of "Prince Titi," but not confirmed by any better authority* until the Memoirs in question came in, or came out, to corroborate the averment.

Earl Stanhope seems to trace a main portion of the domestic bickerings to Frederick's resolve, after the paternal prohibition was passed, to remain faithful to his engagement with the Princess Royal of Prussia, afterwards Margravine of Baireuth, and of late made very familiar to our reading public in Mr. Carlyle's Life of her brother, Frederick the Great. The "brutal temper of the king [of Prussia], who used to beat his daughter, and who wished to behead his son, and the personal antipathy between him and his cousin George II., finally broke off the negotiations.

"Prince Frederick, in as much despair as a lover can be who has never seen his mistress, sent from Hanover one La Motte as his agent, to assure the Queen of Prussia that he was determined, in spite of his father, still to conclude the marriage, and that he would set off in disguise for Berlin to execute his purpose. But the Queen, in an overflowing transport of delight, could not refrain from imparting the good news to the English envoy at her court. He, as was his duty, gave timely notice to his own; the rash project was prevented; and the headstrong Prince was summoned to England, where he arrived, to the great joy of the nation, in 1728."†

Already for more than a dozen years before that date had the famous Double-Marriage project between the royal houses of England and Prussia been started and settled. And "little Fred (a florid milk-faced foolish kind of Boy)," as Mr. Carlyle "guesses," made presents to his little Prussian cousin, wrote bits of love-letters to her; and all along afterwards fancied himself, and at length ardently enough became, "her little lover and intended,—always rather a little fellow."‡ Mr. Carlyle's next mention of him is as George the First's "Grandson Fred, now a young lout of eighteen; leading an extremely dissolute life, they say, at Hanover; and by no means the most beautifulof mortals" § to the eyes of Grandfather George. Anon Mr. Carlyle comes across a curious story, *histoire fort curieux*, about "one of Prince Fred's amourettes"—which story the historian forthwith, in the name of the whole human species, "sweeps into the cesspool." But he quotes the Duchess of Kendal predicting that the Princess of Prussia will have a bad life of it with Fred. "A dissolute fellow he, not liked by the public."‖ Whereas the style of her Majesty of Prussia to the young lady her daughter used to be: He is a Prince, that Frederick, who has a good heart, and whose genius is very small. Rather ugly than handsome; slightly out of shape even (*un peu contrefait*). But provided you, Wilhelmina, have the com-

* See *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxii. pp. 501 *sq.*
† Mahon's Hist. of England, vol. ii. chap. xvii.
‡ Carlyle, Hist. of Frederick the Great, vol. i. book v. ch. i.
§ Ibid., ch. iv. ‖ Vol. ii. book vii. ch. ii.

plaisance to suffer his debaucheries, you will quite govern him; and you will be more King than he, when once his father is dead. What glories for you in England!—But Wilhelmina was married, in November, 1731, to the Margrave of Baireuth, while "Prince Fred, not yet wedded elsewhere, is doing French madrigals in Leicester House; tending towards the 'West Wickham' set of Politicians, the Pitt-Lyttleton set; stands ill with Father and Mother, and will not come to much."*

For some years, indeed, after his arrival in England, the Prince of Wales seems to have remained quiet; but, as he became familiar with the English language and customs, and conscious of his own importance, he entered more and more into cabals against his parents. He professed a love of literature, and a patronage of men of talents; partly, Earl Stanhope believes, from opposition to his father, who had always despised the first, and neglected the latter. Thus it had happened at last, remarks the same historian, that nearly all the wit and genius were ranged on the side of Opposition. "To these the Prince's house was always open; Pulteney, Chesterfield, Wyndham, Carteret, and Cobham became his familiar friends, and the 'all-accomplished St. John' the Mentor of his political course. It was with a view to his future reign, and as an oblique satire on his father's, that the fine essay of Bolingbroke, the 'Patriot King,' was composed."†

It was some time in 1734, that the Prince, "now falling into much discrepancy with his father, and at a loss for a career to himself," supplied Mr. Carlyle with an ante-chamber episode, by appearing on a sudden in the ante-chamber at St. James's, one day, and solemnly demanding an interview with his Majesty. After conferring awhile with Walpole, George admitted his son; who made three urgent requests—for leave of absence to go upon the Rhine Campaign, for a fixed revenue as heir-apparent, and for a suitable consort. "Paternal Majesty received Fred and his three demands with fulminating look; answered, to the first two, nothing; to the third, about a Consort, 'Yes, you shall; but be respectful to the Queen;—and now off with you, away!'

"Poor Fred, he has a circle of hungry Parliamenteers about him; young Pitt, a Cornet of Horse, young Lyttleton of Hagley, . . . not to mention others of worse type; to whom this royal Young Gentleman, with his vanities, ambitions, inexperiences, plentiful inflammabilities, is importunate for exploding Walpole. He may have, and with great justice I should think, the dim consciousness of talents for doing something better than 'write madrigals' in this world; infinitude of wishes and appetites he clearly has;—he is full of inflammable materials, poor youth. And he is the Fireship those elder hands make use of for blowing Walpole and Company out of their anchorage. What a school of virtue for a young gentleman;—and for the elder ones concerned with him! He did not get to the Rhine Campaign; nor indeed ever to anything, except to writing madrigals, and being futile, dissolute, and miserable with what of talent Nature had given him. Let us pity the poor Constitutional Prince. Our Fritz [of Prussia, in *his* collision with Paternal Majesty] was only in danger of losing his life; but what is that to losing your

* Cf. Carlyle, vol. ii. book viii. ch. iii. and vi.
† Mahon's Hist. of England, vol. ii. ch. xvii.

sanity, personal identity almost, and becoming Parliamentary Fireship to his Majesty's Opposition?"*

Nothing, however, is more natural, as Lord Macaulay argues, than that, in a monarchy where a constitutional Opposition exists, the heir-apparent of the throne should put himself at the head of that Opposition;—a course to which he is impelled by every feeling of ambition and of vanity; since he cannot be more than second in the estimation of the party which is in, but is sure to be the first member of the party which is out. The highest favour which the existing administration can expect from him is that he will not discard them. But, if he joins the Opposition, all his associates expect that he will promote them; and, shrewdly continues the historical critic, "the feelings which men entertain towards one from whom they hope to obtain great advantages which they have not, are far warmer than the feelings with which they regard one who, at the very utmost, can only leave them in possession of what they already have." An heir-apparent, Macaulay therefore infers, who wishes to enjoy, in the highest perfection, all the pleasure that can be derived from eloquent flattery and profound respect, will always join those who are struggling to force themselves into power. This he believes to be the true explanation of a fact which Lord Granville attributed to some natural peculiarity in the illustrious House of Brunswick. "This family," said he at Council, presumably after his daily half-gallon of Burgundy, "always has quarrelled, and always will quarrel, from generation to generation." He should have known something of the matter, our most popular historian goes on to say; for he had been a favourite with three successive generations of the royal house. Lord Macaulay cannot quite admit Lord Granville's explanation, but owns the fact to be indisputable. Since the accession of George the First, said he, midway in the reign of William the Fourth, "there have been four Princes of Wales, and they have all been almost constantly in Opposition."† Happily we have, at this present time of writing, a fifth Prince of Wales, in whom, let us hope, history will recognise a signal refutation, not merely of Carteret's hereditary theory, but of Macaulay's explanatory comment.

More than once we have had occasion to supply incidental proof, in the course of these rambling notes, that Mr. Carlyle is not too much absorbed in the doings and sufferings of his Crown Prince of Prussia, to take notice from time to time of the heir-apparent of England, his cousin and namesake. In the fourth chapter of the tenth book of his History, prominent place and liberal space are given to the strange narrative of her Royal Highness's first accouchement, in 1737. He relates, after his own fashion, how "Fred and Spouse" are, in the month of August, in that year, "out at Hampton Court: potential Heir due before long, and no preparation made for it. August 11th, in the evening, out at solitary Hampton Court, the poor young Mother's pains came on; no Chancellor there, no Archbishop to see the birth,—in fact, hardly the least medical help, and of political altogether none. Fred, in his flurry, or by forethought,—instead of dashing off expresses, at a gallop as of Epsom, to summon the neces-

* Carlyle's Frederick the Great, vol. ii. book ix. ch. x.
† Macaulay's Critical Essays, vol. ii., "Earl of Chatham," *passim.*

sary persons and appliances, yoked wheeled vehicles and rolled off to the old unprovided Palace of St. James's, London, with his poor Wife in person! Unwarned, unprovided; where nevertheless she was safely delivered that same night,—safely, as if by miracle. The crisis might have taken her on the very highway: never was such an imprudence. Owing, I will believe, to Fred's sudden flurry in the unprovided moment, —unprovided, by reason of prior desuetudes and discouragements to speech, on Papa's side. A shade of malice there might also be. Papa doubts not it was malice aforethought all of it. 'Had the potential Heir of the British Nation gone to wreck, or been born on the highway, from my quarrels with this bad Fred, what a scrape had I been in!' thinks Papa, and is in a towering permanence of wrath ever since; the very Newspapers and coffee-houses and populaces now all getting vocal with it.

"Papa, as it turned out, never more saw the face of Fred. Judicious Mamma, Queen Caroline, could not help a visit, one visit to the poor young Mother, as soon as proper: coming out from the visit, Prince Fred obsequiously escorting her to her carriage, found a crowd of people and populace, in front of St. James's; and there knelt down in the street, in his fine silk breeches, careless of the mud, to 'beg a Mother's blessing,' and show what a son he was, he for his part, in this sad discrepancy that had risen! Mamma threw a silent glance on him, containing volumes of mixed terror; drove off; and saw no more of Fred, she either. I fear, this kneeling in the mud tells against Prince Fred; but in truth I do not know, nor even much care. What a noise in England about nothing at all!—What a noisy Country, your Prussian Majesty! Foolish 'rising sun' not restrainable there by the setting or shining one; opposition parties bowling him about among the constellations, like a very mad object!"*

Prince Fred never saw father or mother again. *She* died within a month or two of that mud manifesto. The Prince survived her for some fourteen years. But George and Frederick, in all those long years, were to meet again no more.

While Lord Hardwicke made it his earnest endeavour to reconcile King and Prince, Sir Robert Walpole, it is admitted, took the contrary course, and strove to keep open the breach, fearing lest his own removal might be made one of the conditions of a family settlement.† He urged, that the King had now, after the accouchement insult, a decided advantage, by the Prince having put himself so much in the wrong; which advantage ought not to be parted with: thus preventing the King's passion from cooling—an easy task, for, as Earl Stanhope says, although Frederick's apologies were now so humble and numerous, that they should, perhaps, have made some impression on the King, yet, as the son had been disrespectful and untoward, so the father continued harsh.‡ Walpole determined to strike while the iron was hot—the iron temper, just now at hissing heat, white heat, of his royal master; whom he therefore advised, as it seems, himself drawing up the document in that master's

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* Carlyle, Hist. of Fredk. the Grt., vol. ii. pp. 618 *sqq*.
† Coxe's Mem. of Walpole, I. 539.
‡ Mahon's Hist. of England, ch. xvii.

name, to forward a message to the Prince in very violent terms. It was better, Sir Robert said, "to take it short at first." We are told that the language was afterwards greatly softened at Lord Hardwicke's interposition; but it still remained sufficiently strong: it drew an angry picture of the Prince's conduct; declared that the King would receive no reply; and informed him, "It is my pleasure that you leave St. James's with all your family." This message, signed by the King, was delivered to the Prince on the 10th of September. It being peremptory, Frederick retired from the palace, and took up his residence at Norfolk House, St. James's-square, which immediately became the centre of all opposition and political intrigue. The King issued an order, that no persons who paid their court to the Prince and Princess should be admitted to his presence; and an official circular was sent to each of the foreign Ministers, containing the whole correspondence that had passed in this unfortunate transaction.

"Such," observes the noble historian, "was the public estrangement between George the Second and his son, nearly resembling in its particulars the estrangement, twenty years before, between the same monarch and his father. A christening was the occasion of the first—a child-birth of the latter. In both cases was the heir-apparent commanded to quit the Royal palace; in both was the scandal trumpeted to all Europe through the foreign Ministers."*

Yet, it is to be added, that amidst all this liberality of disclosures, there still, as in most domestic quarrels, would appear to be some secrets that remain untold. Sir Robert Walpole informed the Chancellor of certain passages between the King and himself, and between the Queen and the Prince, "of too high and secret a nature" to be trusted to manuscript, but from which his lordship "found great reason to think, that this unhappy difference between the King and Queen and his Royal Highness turned upon some points of a more interesting and important nature than have hitherto appeared."†

While Frederick was from that time forth a falling man as regards favour at Court, he gained no counterbalancing favour with that large portion of the public which loves to back any man of mark whom a Court delighteth to disfavour. Salient contrasts were drawn by Jacobite agents between the winning character of the Young Pretender and the pronounced unpopularity of his rival, Prince Frederick. Among the advantages which Mr. Carte assumes the old Pretender to have secured during the Session 1742-3, he reckons "the utter contempt into which Prince Frederick is fallen‡ by his conduct at that time, so that nobody

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* Mahon, vol. ii. pp. 206-7, 3rd ed.

† Lord Hardwicke's Narrative. (Hardwicke Papers.)

‡ It is pleasant to record that Frederick showed some generosity of feeling to fallen adherents of the foiled Prince Charlie, in 1746. When the conduct of Lady Margaret, Sir Alex. Macdonald's wife, and the Earl of Eglinton's daughter, who aided the fugitive Prince, on her being appealed to by the heroic Flora, was much inveighed against at Court, and on one occasion elicited some such censure from the Princess of Wales, "And would not you, madam," interposed Frederick, with creditable warmth, "would not you in like circumstances have done the same? I hope—I am sure you would!" It is also said to have been at his intercession, that Flora Macdonald was released from the prison in London to which she had been conveyed, after a twelvemonth's confinement.—See Mahon, vol. iii. p. 315, and *Quarterly Review*, No. xxviii. p. 330.

for the future will have any recourse to him or dependence upon him."* And though Mr. Carte writes of prejudice prepense, as a partisan should, the opinion he records is ratified in the main by writers entirely of opposite camps, entirely free from his prejudices, if not from others of their own. Moderate and impartial Lord Mahon, describing the low pitch the Opposition had sunk to, alike in reputation and in numbers, midway in the eighteenth century, observes that although nominally it had for its chief the Prince of Wales, its influence was in truth confined to a narrow circle of friends; "for so weak and fickle had been his conduct to all parties, that even the near approach of a throne could not make him an object of respect."† Lord Brougham ironically styles him "that very honest and sincere character, Frederick Prince of Wales—a man who, even in those times of falsehood, in all its ramifications of intrigue and job, stood unrivalled in the prevailing arts of his age."‡ Burke's latest, and singularly florid biographer, pronounces Frederick to have "deserved, even less than his royal father, the devoted loyalty of a high-minded and patriotic people. It has been the custom to ascribe all good qualities to a Prince of Wales; yet flattery itself found it hard to say that Prince Frederick possessed a single virtue."§

Nor should Fred's father or mother be applied to for a character for him, by any who might wish him well, or indulge a sneaking compassion for so friendless a Highness. It stands on record, damning to all parties, that the King would ask the Queen "if the beast was his son," and that while her Majesty affirmed his paternity, she would add, "My dear first-born is the greatest ass, and the greatest liar, and the greatest canaille, and the greatest beast in the whole world, and I most heartily wish he was out of it."‖ One would fain believe that the stories of her implacable aversion to him, as expressed on her very death-bed, were malignant fiction rather than malignant truth—the most heartlessly malevolent of fabrications rather than the most unseasonably malevolent of facts.

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* Mr. Carte (in the Stuart Papers) to "King" James, May 4, 1743.
† Mahon, vol. iv. ch. xxxi. ‡ *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxvii. p. 456.
§ Macknight's Life of Burke, vol. i. p. 42.
‖ Lord Hervey's Memoirs, II. 472.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

BY CARL BERNHARD, AUTHOR OF "COUSIN CARL."

FROM THE DANISH. BY MRS. BUSHBY.

IN the so-called good old times, when grown-up people could sometimes be childish—now-a-days even children themselves are above such infirmities—in these good old times one often heard a ballad, a favourite song, which was as common as the lively popular airs that are now repeated nightly at the casinos; but these old songs were by no means lively, for lively music was not then in vogue; the songs were almost all sentimental. There was one ditty about "Friendship, Hope, and Love," in which love was depicted as "light red," and of which I can now remember but two lines. It was very generally sung:

Friendship rarely doth abound,
Tell me where it can be found!

Yes, where can it be found? All mankind seek for it; every one wishes to have a friend. Most people believe, for a time, that they have found one, but when the friendship comes to be tested, it disappears, and they discover their mistake. Why does it disappear? Who knows why? But that it does most frequently disappear is quite certain.

Formerly, even in the grey olden times, long before anybody thought about friendship being violated, they must have had hard work enough to find the genuine article, else there would not surely have been such a fuss made about the three classical pairs of friends whose names we have all learned by heart—Damon and Pythias, Orestes and Pylades, Euryalus and Nisus—all of whom were never distinguished for anything, as far as I have been able to discover, except that they lived as friends, and ultimately died as friends.

It is surprising enough that, whilst every one understands the words *a friend* in a good sense, there should be some little hesitation about the exact meaning of *a good friend*, and that the more eulogising and confirmatory adjectives are added to it, the less respect it should inspire, until *a real good old friend* has become almost synonymous with a stupid old blockhead, or a cunning old rogue. If one were only to hear the following disjointed words of a conversation, "Oh yes, he is a good friend enough," nine out of ten would indubitably fancy that the speakers were alluding to some matter in which one party had been taken in, and would think that what had happened manifested the credulity of that saying, in which all the ten firmly believe, "Save me from my friends, and I will save myself from my enemies!" Undeniably, there is some truth in this sentence, and however little there may be, it is sad that one must admit there is any at all.

One of my——but I may be misconstrued myself if I say one of my good friends; I shall therefore, for the present, confine myself to calling him a worthy acquaintance of mine—had, from his earliest childhood, been an enthusiastic worshipper of friendship. Nothing more natural, for friendship is so inherent a feeling in the breast of every human being, of either sex, that it is a desire of the soul, which it strives to realise even

before it thinks of love. His predilection for friendship was, it may be said, born with him, as people may be born with a propensity for stealing or drunkenness; and when he was not more than four years of age, and his grown-up relatives would have it that his little cousin should be his "little wife"—for big people are always too ready to begin putting nonsense into the heads of children—he used to get angry, and declare that she should not be his wife, but his friend.

And when he had grown older, and had commenced his classical studies, he raved about being a Damon to some Pythias. He was an excellent lad, cheerful, good natured, good looking, and by no means deficient in talent; in short, he was in all respects a steady schoolboy, but perhaps he carried a little too far his ideas about friendship. He had not, however, then attached himself to any one individual among his companions; he was on good terms with them all, while he thirsted after one, only *one* true friend, as a celebrated author is known to have wished but one reader, but that one to be capable of understanding him thoroughly.

I withhold his name, for he is now in so conspicuous a station that many of my readers must know him, and it would, perhaps, annoy him to see his name in print, for he is one of those folks who have an old-fashioned dislike to what they call "appearing in print;" that is to say, being named publicly. I shall designate him by one of his first names, which he used in his boyish years—viz. Mikkel; it is an ugly name, but he is not to blame for that, since his opinion about it was not asked. When he was christened, his parents had him called after a rich old uncle, who, the good people thought, might, on that account, at a future day, leave him a large legacy. It is a bad custom to make innocent children suffer for their parents' bad taste in choosing names, and to inflict on them ill-sounding family names, either because these had been chosen by a generation who had queer notions, or from selfishness, and from speculation, as in the case in question. Mikkel was grown up, and had undergone much jeering on account of his frightful name, but his uncle did not leave him a stiver! It was a shameful trick—a positive fraud, the parents naturally thought. No one can blame Mikkel because he would no longer put up with the disagreeable appellation, especially as it had come to his ears that a young girl had given her suitor a basket solely on account of his name. She said, "he had such a shockingly ugly name, that she never could bring herself to say, my sweet Morten. Dear no! the sound made her shudder, and one really must be able to say *sweet* to one's lover." Morten and Mikkel are much on a par. He renounced, therefore, the name of the ungrateful uncle, and selected for the future one of the high-sounding names which had also been bestowed on him at his baptism, like that shoemaker's son who was christened Jens Napoleon Petersen. Nevertheless, I should prefer to call him Damon, that savouring more of the anonymous, and this I will do with the permission of my kind readers.

When he and I went to school together we got on very well, and were on good terms; but no sworn and patented friendship took place between us. It happened one day, as we were walking together outside of one of the gates of the town, on a Friday, and he was lost in his Damon-Pythias dreams, which went in at one of my ears and out at the other, we met a school companion, who was crying as he came out of a house. The good-hearted Damon stopped him, and asked what was the cause of his distress,

and we were informed that our comrade had been visiting *a good friend.* Damon could not see that there was any cause for howling about this; he would have been glad enough to have been in his place. Yes, but our unlucky school companion had received a sound drubbing from his good friend, and from some of the latter's good friends, because he would not be always their horse, and drag them in the little carriage; he wished to take his turn to go inside of it, at least for once, but they abused him like a pickpocket, and beat him; this was always the way he was served, and it was a great shame, for he had liked his friend so much; but now he would have nothing more to do with him. And when he had told him that he was going to break with him, the fellow had thumped him well, and turned him out of doors, and it was almost dinner-time, and now he had no friend——and he would get no dinner!

The soft-hearted Damon offered him forthwith his friendship and a dinner; the boy went home with him to his parents' house, where he dined, and immediately afterwards staunch brotherhood was sworn, and the empty place in Damon's heart was filled up! Fate had granted his wish, and he had providentially found a friend!

Mikkel was a happy boy; he had now truly become Damon, and the other was Pythias. It was a strong friendship, whose not few thorns seemed to Damon like so many roses. He had to thrash his companion's former friend, and fight all that friend's chums, in order to revenge his Pythias, and prove their misconduct to him; and he got many a bruise, and many a torn jacket in these battles, which merged into a long, lasting war—a war he had to sustain alone, for Pythias stood aloof. He had to write all his friend's exercises, and prompt him every day in his lessons, which Pythias, trusting to Damon's friendship, had neglected to learn, and this cost the latter many a scold from the master, who had observed it. But if ever he happened to require the least help himself, he got none, for Pythias was incapable of giving it. Damon not only shared all the nice things he had with his friend, but he often gave him the largest portion, and, indeed, sometimes the whole; but he never got anything in return. Pythias took care to eat all his good things by himself; but Damon never dreamed of finding fault with this; he was pleased and proud of being able to make various useful presents to his friend, and loved him the better for it. Thus passed the whole of his school-days; and in consequence of this sworn friendship the two were called by all the boys Damon and Pythias.

They were at length to separate, and each to go his own way. "I am sorry I am obliged to part with you, I shall miss you very much," said Pythias, when the farewell moment came.

"I don't know how I shall exist without you," said Damon. "I am truly wretched!"

They agreed to write to each other often. Damon did write letter after letter, but never received an answer; that grieved him extremely. He was taken ill about six months afterwards, but I will not say that it was disappointed friendship that made him ill; he had caught an epidemic which was raging then, and had a long illness. Though Pythias knew this, he had never once inquired for his school friend. As soon as he could hold a pen, Damon wrote to him over and over again—no reply! Then he buried his friendship in his silent, faithful breast, until at last it died, long after it had been buried.

His student-days arrived, and found him full of the enthusiasm of youth. Damon longed for all that was beautiful and noble, but especially for friendship. Love had not yet touched him. I believe that he looked upon it as a sickly, unmanly feeling, which could not be indulged in without relinquishing the energy and the strength of mind that ought to characterise a man! Poor Damon! I verily believe such was his opinion.

Well, Damon found at length his Pythias; but not the old Pythias, for whom he had toiled and fought, and who had repaid him with such ingratitude. No; a bran-new Pythias had he stumbled upon, one who, like himself, was "a master in the kingdom of mind;" one who, like himself, was devoted to the true and the beautiful; one who, he thought, could sympathise with him in everything, and to whom he attached himself with the strongest ties of friendship—a really good friend.

And this friendship lasted for some years—during the whole time they were at the university—and they were nicknamed Damon and Pythias, to the great satisfaction of one of the friends at least. Damon was certainly a kind and trustworthy friend. He wrote with untiring patience all the tedious college manuscripts; Pythias used them almost always, and, moreover, lent them to strangers, so that Damon never could get them when he wanted them himself. Damon bought all the books they both required, for Pythias needed his own money for other purposes; and when Pythias wanted them no longer, he sold them. Damon remained at home from balls, that Pythias might borrow his dress-coat, as he did not think his own good enough; and Damon rejoiced that he had a good coat which fitted Pythias so well. Not a week passed that Pythias did not borrow money from Damon, of which he never made any memorandum. Pythias was fond of going to the theatre, and he always went to the boxes. One day, when Damon suggested that it would be better for him to go to the pit with him, for the money which one box ticket cost would pay two pit tickets, and they might go there and amuse themselves together, as he really could not afford the more expensive places, Pythias replied that he by no means wished his friend to spend his money in going to the theatre on his account, that he only wanted *to borrow* the money for his own ticket, as he was out of cash at the moment, but he could not think of going to such a place as the pit. And the good-natured Damon gave him the last shilling he had, and remained at home, rejoicing that his dear friend was amusing himself in the boxes.

At length they were both to graduate, and Pythias held his ground only because Damon had been an unwearied grinder for him, and had devoted himself, early and late, to cramming him in order to pull him through. His success delighted Damon much more than his own.

There was some talk of a foreign tour—and they were both candidates for the stipend accorded for that purpose—what a pleasure if they could travel together! But this year there was only *one* stipend to be given away; Damon was sure of getting it, having been the cleverest student. Pythias adjured him, of course in the name of friendship, to resign his claim, because, for many important reasons, it was necessary for him—Pythias—to get away for a time; in fact, he could hold out no longer, while Damon had many other resources. Damon pondered on the subject, but could not find out what these resources were; nevertheless, he withdrew his petition, and left the field open to Pythias, but he endea-

voured in vain, also in friendship's name, to induce him to confide to him the important reasons which had influenced his dear Pythias to demand the sacrifice he had made for him. He was enlightened as to the truth, however, afterwards. When Pythias had obtained the stipend, and was off, it came out that he had been, for a long time, in the habit of gambling, and that he had lost a great deal at play. The debts he had left he transferred to his friend in an affected, high-flown, bombastic epistle to his "dear, faithful Damon," and in order that the latter, to whom he bade farewell for ever, might still more highly honour friendship, he had drawn without asking leave a few little bills of exchange in his name, wherein his writing was so cleverly imitated, that Damon himself had the utmost difficulty in distinguishing it from his own!

To one who had for so many years put entire confidence in the reciprocity of the ardent and sincere friendship he himself had felt, it was a severe blow to meet such scandalous treachery. Damon took measures to have the bills of exchange paid, and, with a bleeding heart, he buried Pythias the Second!

Damon now forswore friendship, and withdrew himself from society; it was easy to do this, for his circle had been principally composed of Pythias's acquaintances, and he did not much relish seeing them now—he did not like to hear them pulling Pythias to pieces, and recounting the many dirty tricks he had played them, to whom he had also pretended to have been a good friend. Damon commenced his professional career, and found comfort in his occupations; but his heart was lonely.

One evening he read in the work of a celebrated philosopher the following sentence:

"The dog is man's best friend—it alone is faithful."

These words made a deep impression on him. Within eight days he had purchased a dog, a large handsome Newfoundlander, of a good breed. It was then only in its puppy years, and had to be brought up to obedience and cleanliness; this cost him the trouble of bestowing sundry good thrashings on the animal, but Damon knew that he who loves the child spares not the rod, and he loved his dog as if it had been his child, until it should be educated to become his friend. Hector would receive his caning, steal up to his master's feet, lick his hand, sigh deeply, and at the slightest glance of encouragement would spring up joyfully and wag his tail. When Damon looked up from his employment, he always encountered Hector's friendly gaze. When he took his hat and stick, the dog would start up from his place near the stove, if he were even in the soundest sleep, to follow him through thick and thin, by day or by night. Truly, the philosopher was right; the dog is man's faithful friend, and Hector was not troublesome, and he obeyed no other being in this world but his master—they were friends.

This friendship lasted for a couple of years, and it filled up in a certain degree the vacancy in Damon's heart, and cheered his lonely hours.

But gradually this friendship took the same turn as love often does—the one loves, and the other allows himself or herself to be loved. The parts they played changed gradually; Damon assumed the dog's part, and became humble, obedient, and faithful, whilst Hector took the master's part, and turned capricious, tyrannical, and ungrateful. The four-footed creature had become almost like a man, from being the constant companion of his two-legged friend. Damon put up with all this,

and the dog imposed upon him in his canine fashion, exactly as the schoolboy and the student had imposed on him formerly in their human fashion.

Damon had had many disagreeables to encounter latterly. One day he came home very much fretted, with his head full of some tiresome business papers, which absolutely required his immediate attention. He patted his favourite, spoke to him as to a friend who could understand him, complained to Hector of the provoking chief of the department who had annoyed him, and Hector fixed on him a thoughtful look; it was as if the dog had comprehended how hard it is to be annoyed. This did his heart good; he recovered his spirits, and began to work away vigorously at the papers he had brought home with him. But Hector got angry at finding himself neglected, and also he wanted to go out to walk. "No, my friend, it is impossible—don't disturb me—down, down—there is no time for walking just now!" The dog became importunate, and was patted and dismissed; he then became obstinate, and laid his clumsy paw upon the table, so that the inkstand was upset over the numerous half-finished papers. For that he got a slap; he became enraged, and tried to drag his master off of his chair; Damon kicked him away, expecting that he would then be quiet, but it made him worse, and he rushed upon him. Damon also got angry; he seized the ruler, and struck Hector with it, who, however, dragged the chair from under him with his teeth and paws. The one swore, the other growled; it was, certes, anything but friendship that was displayed in this scene, which collected all the inhabitants of the house on the outside of Damon's door, in terror at this unusual dog-fight.

I arrived at that moment, having come to speak to Damon on some business. It was an awful plight in which I found him: excited, bitten, and with his clothes torn; whilst the dog stood snarling over the broken chair, with a brutal, triumphant look, flashing eyes, and teeth set. It was evident that he knew he was the master there, and he looked with anything but a friendly expression at the subdued Damon.

"And this illusion has fled also!" he said to me, when we had taken up the overturned chair, and gathered together the scattered and ink-stained papers.

"And thou also, Brutus!" he exclaimed, with a comical degree of gravity, and a melancholy glance at the sullen-looking dog.

"The bestia bruta!" said I. "This comes of choosing four-footed friends." And I seized the opportunity of bestowing upon him a lecture about his animal mania, which had made him quite an oddity, and had withdrawn him from the society of rational beings. Shame, suffering, and anger brought him over to my way of thinking; he made a threatening gesture towards Hector, who instantly rose up and showed his teeth; he was evidently ready to renew the battle at any moment. It was really too absurd.

After a great deal of persuasion, I prevailed on Damon to go home with me, and conclude that uncomfortable evening among my family circle. Before we left his lodgings, I privately requested the landlord to have Hector removed to an inn, where he could be tied up till the next day, when I should come to say what was to be done with him.

The evening passed off tolerably well; it succeeded in dissipating his chagrin. I accompanied him home towards midnight, and before I left

him I had obtained his permission to send Hector into the country, to a relation of mine, where he would be well treated and be useful as a chained dog, for Damon himself perceived that he could not be made a friend of, and that he was too ill tempered and dangerous to be allowed to go about loose. And thus was Pythias the third, the four-footed, deposed.

It was very strange that though he wanted sadly to have his Pythias's place refilled, he never made the slightest overture to me to occupy it. Nevertheless, we were very intimate. He often visited me, and found pleasure in the society of my family, and more especially in that of a young girl, who was a frequent guest at my house, and who was both pretty and good, though, perhaps, being a country girl, she wanted a little of that finer polish which can only be acquired in the capital.

I have no doubt it was her being so open, straightforward, unsophisticated, and natural, that charmed him with her; oddly enough, love was never mentioned by either of them; they always spoke of friendship alone, up to the very day of their betrothal. And, indeed, after they were betrothed there was no change in their manners to each other. I never saw him show her any of the usual little attentions, or bestow on her any of the little endearments so common during this period; he always spoke to her as if she had been a male friend; it seemed as if he could not perceive that she belonged to womankind.

This engagement delighted us all, especially my sensible wife, who augured a peaceful future for them, a life devoid of passion's storms, calm and even, and rendered comfortable by a competence sufficient for all their wants, though it could not be called a fortune, according to the common acceptation of the word.

The damsel's parents gladly gave their consent, and as Damon very justly considered a long engagement a wearisome affair, before six months had passed they were man and wife.

The young girl was certainly a sweet pretty bride, and I really cannot imagine how Damon could be satisfied with calling her "my friend," as he led her from the altar; and I was still more surprised next day to find that she had already begun to look after her household matters. There was nothing to be found fault with in this, to be sure, and neither of them seemed to think this out of the usual way. The young couple appeared to be quite happy, and it was to be supposed that Damon's heart had at last found its haven of rest. He had his young wife, all went as she wished, and his house was, therefore, a pleasant one; it was evident that it was under the care of a good and kind spirit.

I have observed that there is one thing which is a stumbling-block in almost all young ménages—that is, the continued intimacy, after marriage, of the husband's young men friends. Most young wives seem to think that they must keep a watchful eye upon these friends, and quietly strive to put an end to their baneful influence over the husband; for they suppose that these former companions will withdraw his thoughts from the sanctity of domestic life and lead him into naughty ways. These suspicions seem to be deeply rooted in the minds of newly-married women. I sincerely believe they are suggested by young wives, who ought to know better by experience, and might have perceived that their husbands' earlier associates would, in general, be glad to be received as members of the family circle. The wives imagine that their dominion is

insecure so long as these suspicious persons are on board; they think that when such is the case the ship of matrimony may be at any moment upset, or stranded on unknown shores, that they must steer with a skilful hand, and that they cannot be safe until they have had the husbands' early friends cast overboard. I can assert this from experience, for I have myself been cast overboard more than once on account of such groundless suspicions.

But a house can hardly be without visitors, and what is more natural than that these should consist of the young wife's friends and connexions? She believes she can depend upon them; she is accustomed to them; she likes to display to them her notable housekeeping; it is so very natural, and therefore one generally sees the husband's friends and relations by degrees supplanted by those of the wife.

Damon's wife, however, was not obliged to manœuvre at all to get rid of his especial friends, for, with the exception of myself, who had my own house, and was already a sedate and discreet person, he never invited a single old associate. It was not necessary for her to throw any one overboard to make room for her friends and relations; these were self-elected intimates at Mikkel's house, and all went on well there.

There was one of her cousins in particular to whom Damon soon attached himself. He was a young man who had exactly the qualities which were wanting in Damon. He was, among other things, witty, lively, amusing; he was at all times ready for anything, and knew how to make the best of everything. Damon soon found that he could not do without him, and he became a daily guest at his house, which there was nothing in the way of business to prevent his being, as he lived in a state of *il dolce far niente*, waiting until some good appointment might offer itself, which might suit a person of his talents and pretensions.

Before the expiration of a year, I observed that by degrees a change had taken place in their relative positions. Damon had this time nearly undermined his own happiness. His old Pythias folly had awoke again in him, almost without his being conscious of it. His interest in his young wife was actually cast into the shade by his friendship for her cousin, who had become Pythias the fourth. She discovered at length that she was quite set aside, and was jealous of this neglect; at the same time she grew more and more intimate with her cousin, whose lively conversation pleased her. That he had fallen in love with his young cousin I will not assert, but he paid her at times such marked attention, that I often thought this was the only reasonable inference to be drawn from his conduct; at other times, there was so much levity and carelessness in his manners, so much flightiness in his way of talking, that I felt myself compelled to discard the supposition. Certain it is, however, that he was always hovering around her; that her reputation might run the risk of being injured by his demeanour towards her, and that dangerous consequences really might arise from their being so much together in the intimacy of daily life, yet—who was to blame except Damon?

With his accustomed blindness, the husband could not see anything of this; he made quite sure that it was entirely for *his* sake that the young man played chess, talked politics, smoked tobacco, and went out to walk or to fish whenever Damon wished to go. In order that they might manage to be still more together, he had prevailed upon the cousin to come out and stay with him at a country-house he had hired at a few

miles from town, where they had plenty of room. This invitation was given much against the wishes of his wife, who had tried to prevent it, but she had consented to it when she found that Damon had set his heart on it. He said, jestingly, that he could not do without some male society, and a trio would be pleasant in their pastoral life. In this trio he himself voluntarily assigned the second part to the cousin, while he took the third to himself.

Damon, however, was a little changed; he felt no longer inclined to be *quite* so subservient in his friendship as he had formerly been with his two and his four-footed friends. By degrees, a desire had crept into his mind to take his revenge, and for once become himself the domineering party. He began to be somewhat importunate in his claims on the time and companionship of the cousin, who, on his side, showed decided symptoms of wishing to emancipate himself, especially from the tiresome and frequent fishing expeditions to the neighbouring lake; but fishing was perhaps Damon's greatest pleasure, especially when he had the company of a good friend. Damon was annoyed that the cousin had several times latterly excused himself from accompanying him, and, not caring to go alone, he had been obliged to relinquish his favourite amusement. One day—it was too bad—on a beautiful evening in the very height of summer, he refused to go fishing when there could be no earthly reason for his doing so—none that Damon could discover, except that he preferred to parade up and down the alley of linden-trees at the other end of the garden with his wife—while he himself sat at the top of the stone stairs, and fretted until he was quite out of humour. He could see that they spoke eagerly to each other, and laughed, and amused themselves, while he was wearying himself; and neither of them seemed to be thinking of him or his ennui. What were they going to do now? So! They were actually setting off to walk in the very direction of the lake, where he would so gladly have gone to fish; but *then*, it was too far to go, forsooth!—now, they could go notwithstanding the distance. It was almost like defying him; that was probably the cousin's intention.

A disagreeable light seemed to dawn on his mind. And when this operation first begins to take place, a man is apt to fancy more than he has valid grounds for supposing. And this was the case with Damon.

In an exceedingly unpleasant state of mind, he returned to the usual sitting-room in search of some employment to make time pass less heavily. The comfortable room spoke volumes to his excited mind, with its quiet and peace. It was arranged by his wife's taste, everything bore witness in her favour. There stood her work-table, there lay her work, the half-finished embroidery which she was preparing for his birthday, and at which he therefore avoided looking. Upon a table close by hers lay the cousin's portfolios and drawing materials. There was no necessity for the tables being so near each other, and he pushed the table with the drawings a little away from the work-table. The young man certainly had talent—there were comical sketches, and little landscapes, thrown off as illustrations of poems, not without genius; he thought he would just look into the portfolios, when, in opening one of them, a sheet of paper, with pencil drawings, slipped out of it. What were these? He must see. They were a whole row of caricatures, in doing which the cousin excelled. There was a man with his nightcap on, evidently asleep and

snoring; a man with a pipe in his mouth, half asleep over a fishing-rod; a man half asleep over a chess-board; a man half asleep over a Berlin newspaper; and lastly, a man half asleep over his tobacco-pipe, while his pretty young wife seemed dreaming over the work she had in her hand. Of what was *she* dreaming while *he* was dozing? This question forced itself upon him. The sleepy-headed man was no other than himself, caricatured in the most laughable manner; the young wife might have been taken from nature: it was a charming likeness. Damon sat as if he had fallen from the skies, with the sheet of paper in his hand; he could scarcely conceive the ingratitude which had suggested these sketches, or the barefaced impudence of leaving them in an open portfolio, in his own daily sitting-room, where any one might see them—not only himself and his wife, but his guests and his servants also.

Fate brought me to him for a second time at a critical moment. I came accidentally to pay him a visit, and found him somewhat in the same state as on the evening Hector had been doing battle with him. I entered into his angry feelings, but nevertheless could hardly refrain from bursting into a fit of laughter at the exceedingly impertinent, but very droll drawings. We had a serious conversation on the position in which he was placed; with great difficulty I brought him, at length, to perceive that much of the blame rested with himself, and that his young wife had nothing to reproach herself with. I combated his assertion that she must have been cognisant of the existence of these caricatures, and must have sat for the likeness of herself; and I even went so far as to promise to prove to him her ignorance of the drawings, though I did not know how that was to be effected without occasioning a *scene*—and I had the greatest horror of scenes.

We had a long conversation, we two, for the wife and the cousin remained a good while absent—longer than I thought was exactly right, especially as it was getting late; but Damon did not seem to think about it; he was engaged in speculating on the theme I had suggested for his consideration—namely, that a husband who never makes the slightest effort to find amusement for his young wife, but, without the least compunction, leaves her to solitude or weariness, has himself to blame if another succeeds in interesting and amusing her. It is this unfortunate transition from the devoted assiduity of the days of courtship, to the sleepy security of married life, that so often undermines love, and renders the heart empty; and nature has decreed that a woman's heart can never remain long perfectly vacant.

At last the truants returned. It was evident that the lady, at least, felt it was not quite right to have stayed out till so long after the usual hour for tea; she bustled about to get the tea ready, and was very attentive in helping us to it. Damon maintained a grave silence, and I felt somewhat embarrassed; the cousin alone seemed quite at his ease, and not at all gêné; I could not make out whether this was nature or art. Perhaps it was politic to appear as if he had no idea that there could be any cause for animadversion on account of their unusually long walk. My confidence in her began to waver a little, whilst my anger at him increased.

After tea the conversation fell, by mere accident, on portrait-painting. It was the lady who brought the subject forward, by speaking of the picture of a female which she had observed in passing, hanging like a

sign, over the open door of a garden. Nothing could have been more à propos. I hastened to ask the young wife if she had ever had her likeness taken. No, she never had, and she never intended to have it taken, for she could not bear the idea that any one should sit down and stare at her. The cousin declared this was a silly objection, and appealed to me if he were not right.

"Oh! that is because he wants to make a sketch of me himself," she said, in rather a hurried manner; "he has often begged me to permit it, but I won't do so."

The cousin remarked that there was no question of permission, only of complaisance; if he chose to make a portrait of her he could do it without asking her leave; he could take her likeness without her knowing anything about it; he could do it from memory. His cousin laughed at these assertions, and laughed so naturally, that I felt quite convinced I was right about her. Damon, on the contrary, looked more and more distressed as this conversation proceeded; it was quite apparent to me that he was miserable, and in a painful state of doubt, and I had promised him a proof of his wife's innocence. Without uttering a word, I laid hold of a corner of the paper on which were the treacherous drawings, drew it out of the portfolio, and handed it to her. I admit that this was very hard on the cousin, but why should I spare the young jackanapes, from whom no mercy for others was to be expected, as his caricatures showed plainly enough?

She evidently did not know what I meant by showing the drawings to her, or what she was to do with them. On the first glance at the paper she seemed about to burst into a fit of laughter, and no one who had seen these capital caricatures of Damon could have blamed the child of nature for doing so. But, on the second look, her eye had had time to run over the whole sheet, and she had beheld her own likeness; the contrast was too glaring, and there now did not linger the slightest trace of a smile on her countenance. She blushed crimson, threw the sketches far away from her, as if they had burned her hand, which, for a short time, she placed over her eyes, as one does when suddenly coming to the brink of a precipice. And her womanly tact had assuredly told her that such had been her position. It was a moment for a painter of scenes from domestic life to have taken a sketch. In the background were the open doors leading from the pretty sitting-room to the garden, whose trees seemed drawn on the clear evening skies in their full beauty. On the sofa sat a man, apparently very unhappy, with his cheek resting on his hand, and a look expressive of the deepest anxiety fixed upon a young woman, whose guiltless countenance rivalled the glow of the evening sky; whose whole bearing evinced mingled anger and humility, innocence and embarrassment, while her eyes were riveted on the paper she had cast from her, which had revealed to her one of the dark shades of life. At a little distance from her stood a grave-looking man, whose face expressed perfect confidence in, and esteem for, the young wife; he stood as if he wished to inspire her with courage to follow the dictates of her own heart. And nearest the door leading to the entrance-hall sat a young gentleman, whose assured, careless deportment formed a strong contrast to his perplexed and irresolute glances; no one could have doubted that he was the cause of the dismal mood which had seized upon all the rest of the party, and that he was aware of this himself.

But it was only for a few short moments that the young wife stood as described. Presently, she looked up fearlessly, although tears were streaming down her cheeks; without vouchsafing a single glance to the young gentleman, she swept past him, threw her arms round her husband's neck, and sank, weeping, by his side on the sofa. And this charming, natural act found a response in his heart; he flung his arm round her waist, and pressed her to his breast. It was a dumb and yet an eloquent scene!

The friend and the cousin were now de trop. I made a sign to him, and he left the room with me, without the others appearing to notice our departure.

It was rather an embarrassing situation in which we two found ourselves placed as we walked along the high road together. But as I have always considered that "honesty is the best policy," I did not, on this occasion, depart from my general rule. I began by telling him frankly that the ingratitude which he had displayed towards my friend, who was also his friend, and his cousin's husband, by caricaturing him so ill naturedly, and his hardihood in leaving the drawings in an open portfolio in a sitting-room common to all the family, as if he wished them to be seen by at least *one* member of it, had convinced me that his remaining in that house would be productive of unhappiness to his hosts, and would be disagreeable to all parties. It was Damon himself, who, by accident, had found the caricatures. It was impossible, of course, that he could pass them over in silence, and their discovery might have caused an extremely unpleasant scene. I had sought to avoid this, as I knew that no explanation or apology could have been accepted; in fact, none satisfactorily could have been offered. I pointed out to the young man that it was not likely his intercourse with the family could be renewed; that it would be necessary for him to determine what he was to do with himself for the future, as he could no longer reckon on their kindness.

"Soft and fair goes far," says the proverb, and its truth was shown here. My words were taken in good part; the cousin and I continued to walk back and forwards on the high road half the night. He accompanied me at length to town, and then there was nothing for it—if he were to have a roof over his head at all—but to give him a bed at my house. We laid our heads together to think of what could be done to procure a situation for him, which might give him some profitable employment for the present, and some prospect of advantage for the future; and at last we both agreed that he had better look after an appointment in one of the provincial towns, which had just become vacant, and in the disposal of which I had some influence. Security, however, to a certain small extent, would be required, but I would help him to obtain this. I was quite certain, I said, that if I asked Damon, he would be his security, for he had a most amiable and forgiving temper. I wished Damon to have this satisfaction, and the cousin this humiliation; *that* should be his only punishment. I am now inclined to believe, however, that he found the punishment tolerably light, and bore it with great equanimity, notwithstanding that he vapoured a great deal about obligation, mortification, contrition, &c. &c.

To cut a long story short, the plan we had hit upon that night was carried out. The cousin went to the country town and obtained the situation, Damon became his security, and was not sorry to have this little

revenge upon him. And his young wife, who, through my indiscretion, found out afterwards what Damon had done, was quite overcome by her husband's generosity, and thought more of him than ever. A man is never sorry that his wife should entertain the belief that he is generous and noble minded; that raises him much more in her estimation than if he gave her occasion for the vain satisfaction of admiring his wit. That, certainly, Damon's wife had no opportunity of doing, for he possessed neither wit nor genius, but he was a good, kind-hearted person. Their married life, which had been so nearly rendered unhappy, after the cloud above referred to had cleared off, glided on in a calm and even tenor, and nothing occurred to disturb their serenity.

But man is his own worst enemy, an old philosopher has said, and not without truth. Before twelve months had expired Damon's old whim had revived; he longed again for a friend, and began to lament that he had no one to whom he might speak on many subjects on which he could not converse with his wife.

"To speak the honest truth," he said to me one day, "I miss my wife's cousin exceedingly. He was a pleasant, sociable young man as could be, and I really do believe that we did him injustice—at least as far as my wife was concerned—and that she never would have troubled herself about him if he had remained in our house till doomsday. I really do miss him often."

I opened my eyes in amazement at hearing this speech. But he was in earnest. Notwithstanding his domestic comforts, and all his previous unfortunate experience, he longed for——his phantom, his patented friend, his Pythias the fifth! The old fixed idea was again in the ascendant! His folly almost made me ill, but it also made me very angry, and this time I did not let him off easily. I remonstrated with him on the injustice with which he had during his whole life treated me, who had always been his true friend, a fact which no one could deny, though he had scarcely considered me as such, while he had run up friendship after friendship with a set of worthless creatures. His Pythias-fancy was a positive frenzy with him, approaching to insanity. But he had never had the least idea of what friendship *really was.* And as he was ignorant of it, I would tell him that friendship is the reward of affection, and it is not to be found in the street, like acquaintances, the mere result of chance. But what had he gained by his various friendships? Had they not been for a long time a wretched slavery, and in the last instance an equally wretched attempt at governing? The absurdity had merged at length into a perfect monomania, which deserved no mercy, for it had nearly made his poor wife thoroughly unhappy. If he could not give up the indulgence of this caprice, I advised him to engage a Pythias by the month for certain stipulated wages; some poor devil whom he could order to go with him to fish, or sit down to a chess-board whenever he pleased, for he required no other companion. Such an arrangement would be very convenient, because he could dismiss the hired Pythias when he pleased without further ado. As to myself, I said, I should continue to visit at his house only on his wife's account, for, as she was to be so neglected by him, she might require in her isolation the occasional society of a sincere friend. I should not come any longer for his sake, as he had shown me plainly enough how little he cared, or had ever cared, for me.

Damon was quite dumbfounded at the warmth with which I spoke, and at the unvarnished truths with which I overwhelmed him; his conscience must have told him that my accusations were not without foundation. He gave in, and concord was restored between us upon the condition that, for the future, he should renounce all search after his Pythias puppets. It was further resolved that the pacification should be "firm and lasting," as it is called in all treaties of peace.

I had been two or three months travelling abroad, when I received a letter from Damon, giving me to understand that an event was expected in his house, which was looked forward to with much pleasure. I was delighted to hear it, hoping that it would add so much to the happiness of my friends in the future. At length, to my joy, came another letter, announcing the birth of a son, his exact image, and he was so expansive in his descriptions of the little stranger, whom he seemed to look upon as a prodigy, that he scarcely left himself room to mention his wife.

As soon as I returned home, I went to see him, and found him, like a fond papa, in the nursery, where he was pacing up and down, holding a monologue about the boy's education and future prospects. The young mother was sitting on the sofa with that languid, touching expression of heartfelt joy, which is so becoming to young mothers, and with a dreamy look, as if she, too, were beholding in her mind's eye the future for her child, and in thought were bestowing on him the cherub form more meet for an angel than a child of mortality. I congratulated them both with all my heart. Damon lifted his "exact image" from the cradle, raised the infant high in the air, and exclaimed with pleasure and pride:

"See here! here is my new-born friend—my rightful Pythias!"

I could not help smiling at this truly unexpected outburst. What obstinacy!

The young mother held out her arms, and cried: "Oh, give him to me—give me my child, my own little man, my darling!"

And when the infant was placed in her arms she caressed him with that tenderness which only a mother can show.

"My Pythias!—My darling!" They had both spoken from their hearts, and found the word which made them happiest.

When the boy was to be christened, the mother proposed that he should be named Charles, and the father that he should also be called Pythias. Charles was after me; Pythias was after him, the other—the phantom. I could not refrain from whispering to Damon, if it would not be well to have the child also christened "the fifth." He laughed, and pushed me so, that I had nearly gone head-foremost into the cradle to "the new-born Pythias."

And Charles Pythias united in his own person that which makes the happiness of marriage—love and friendship. I do not believe that either of the parents bethought them how long these feelings had been shared among various individuals, so entirely were they now united and concentrated in this one little child.

But I pleaded earnestly that the boy should on no account be called Pythias, and insisted that it was quite enough for him to bear my name, as his father's friend. I was determined to free myself from hearing anything more of Pythias. Happily I carried my point, and I *did* hear no more of him. The new-born Pythias, however, took, in due time, his rightful place, though he had escaped bearing the ridiculous name.

ABOUT A SENSATION.

BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL.

In the time of the Indian mutiny, the editor of one of the daily newspapers was pleased to assume that Lucknow had fallen. Charging the calamity to the remissness of government, he applied himself to a vigorous leader, which he commenced in grandiloquent fashion, somewhat thus:

"All is over. They have drunk their last cup of cold water. They have cast their final look to heaven," &c. &c.

He was an editor, you observe, with what Mr. Bright terms "a robust conscience." He was not satisfied with an inference, he dashed at a bold assertion of fact. I dare say many a worn, half heart-broken seeker of news saw those startling words, and quailed with horror. No matter. The worthy and sagacious editor had outgrown the weakness of caring for other people's feelings, and he appreciated an object of great importance in the composition of leaders; he knew the value of creating *a sensation*.

The love of "sensations" begins very early in life. Look at the apparent cruelty of a boy. I suppose there has scarcely lived the youngster who has not thrust flies into the tiniest of cages, "spun" cockchafers, pelted cats, and pulled the wings off butterflies. But it would not be correct to judge a boy as cruel as his actions seem to imply. Of course it is impossible to absolve him from the charge of cruelty altogether. The boy who tortures anything knows that he is doing so, and in not desisting, he is a young brute. But he does not derive pleasure purely and simply from the giving pain. In truth, it is in the thrill of horror excited by his own atrocity that his morbid gratification chiefly consists. Any strong sensation, either mental or bodily, not decidedly disagreeable, is, to a boy, agreeable. He would not, for instance, like your thrusting a pin into him, or acquainting him that he should have no dinner; the sensations you would excite would be decidedly disagreeable. But when a boy is very hot he proclaims himself "jolly;" when he is very cold he is equally "jolly;" and when he is torturing an insect to death I fear he is "jolly" too. He would find no gratification in poking the insect, he would find little in killing it outright. But as he deliberately divests a butterfly of one wing, and then of the other, there creeps through him a sensation that he is a very monster of cruelty, and in this sensation is pleasure. All excitement is agreeable to a boy. Thus a boy has a taste for slaughter-houses. Thus a boy is fascinated with tales of wonders, murders, and ghosts. Thus a boy has an openly-avowed yearning to see a man hung.

You remember that remarkably shocking case not long back of two children, the eldest, I think, not more than eight years old, murdering an infant about three. There seemed such an utter absence of motive. They had not quarrelled with the child or his parents, and they did not rob him of his clothes. But lo! the elder children saw the younger toddling their way. And, depend upon it, they were seized with an irrepressible longing for a great sensation. So they fell upon the infant,

and beat him, and dragged him through by-paths (it was in a part not much frequented) to a pond side, where they stripped him, threw him into the pond, and left him. The blood runs cold at the mere recapitulation of the harrowing facts. Now the young murderers had nothing to say in their defence. They at once admitted their guilt, if I recollect rightly, and they cried. Not a syllable of excuse or explanation was forthcoming. But there was an explanation, just as there is an explanation of everything, and I venture to assert its being that which I have given above. That same odd pleasure in a pungent sensation which I have alluded to as urging the young gentlemen to torture the butterfly, incited the young paupers to beat and drown the child. The only difference is, that it led the latter to greater lengths than it leads the former. The young gentleman mutilates the butterfly or pelts the cats, and his appetite is appeased. But, alas! for those unhappy young paupers. They longed for something stronger and more stimulating, so they laid hands on the baby, treated him brutally, and put him in the pond.

You would, of course, be indignant if I asked you whether you had ever voluntarily attended an execution. Yes. I thought so. Well, I ought to have reflected, you were a respectable person, and as the world would not have sanctioned your appearance, the Old Bailey could not possibly have seen you on one of those very sad mornings. But here you interpose, and say I am not rightly explaining your absence, for the restraining influence was not the world's opinion, to which you are always indifferent, but that natural aversion which, as a person of refined and proper feeling, you necessarily entertain to so dreadful a sight. Yet, forgive me, I adhere to my own way of putting it. I submit to you that you were scared from the Old Bailey by the world's judgment alone, and that so far from having a natural aversion, you had a natural inclination for the spectacle. You may be one of the gentler sex; never mind, I hold to my view. And consider for a moment—is it so preposterous? You are aware that in Spain they are very fond of bull-fights. The contest is often severe; generally the bull, but sometimes the torador is killed. There was a shocking case only the other day. Now, very great ladies witness these bull-fights, and evidently delight in them. These ladies, I fancy, would claim to rank with you, every whit, in refinement and good feeling. And if you reproached them with barbarity in respect of their fondness for such sanguinary exhibitions, they, turning round, would represent you as a poor mawkish thing, incapable of appreciating a really grand sight. Of course I, for one, see no beauty in the spectacle; I think it horrible, but I can quite understand other people thinking it just the reverse. For you see to what a number of great sensations must it, during its continuance, give birth. There is the tremendous animal slowly rising to ungovernable wrath. How appalling he looks, and how delicious must be the feeling to the spectators, as they think of the terrible danger below, that they may loll in their seats, shut their eyes or open them, chat or be silent, for that they sit in perfect security above. And as the interest of the fight increases, and the noble creature, grievously wounded, summons all his remaining energies for a final assault on the wretched (and one is almost tempted to say, the rather *inferior*) creature who is torturing him, how pleasantly stimulated by the blood and the agony are those great ladies, and how eagerly they

watch the termination of the struggle. Probably the bull is killed. That is quite right. But perhaps the man is killed. Well, that is a pity. But there are plenty more toradors.

Now, of course, there is not an actual parallel between the bull-fight and the execution. In the one case the man is a voluntary performer; his life may not be sacrificed, and he may receive the reward for which he endangered it. In the other, the man is an involuntary sufferer, and, humanly speaking, scarcely anything could prevent his life being taken. But then, again, on the other side, the agony of the bull must be awful to witness. Undoubtedly, the leading feature in both spectacles is the same—the terrible. And if great ladies, well-born and bred, can be so absorbed in admiration of bravery and address that they can delightedly watch a bull-fight—a contest wherein either the man or the animal must be, and both may be, killed—it really seems to me but a step or two farther to be susceptible of pleasure in seeing a man hung.

When, dear young lady, I first proffered you the card of a good seat whence to witness an execution, I knew certainly you would roughly reject it. You would scorn me immensely. But stay a minute; I might be able to tell you that in the matter of attendance at executions, a brilliant new view had suddenly flashed on the fashionable world. I might be able to tell you, that in consequence of that view (it is quite beyond me to suggest its character—who, indeed, would venture to say on what magnificent idea the fashionable world might not at any time fasten!), the Old Bailey now, on an execution morn, looked on a goodly crowd of nobles and gentles of both sexes, and that they were gathered there without the slightest frown from propriety and good feeling. You would be staggered at this. You would cease your indignant protest of a natural aversion for the sight. You would scan the ticket. My friend, you would take the ticket. My gentle and kind young lady, when I, on the dreary morning, sought you in the seat indicated on the card, *there you would be.* You would look pale, I dare say; you would grow paler as eight o'clock approached. You would turn sick at the first stroke of the hour; you would faint, perhaps, at the last. But now, mark you, throughout the time you would be receiving a certain gratification, and it would consist in the *very intensity of your horror.* There would run through your whole nervous system a thrill—you would say simply of dread—I say of dread *with a relish.* You would, in short, be experiencing the pleasure of a great sensation.

The lower orders are very fond of sensations. You have an evidence of this in the advertisements of their favourite newspapers. You know how prominently "Accidents and Offences" shine in the appetising announcements of those rather marked journals. I fancy a dreadful murder must ensure an extra sale of many thousands of copies. And you can well understand that that which is highly interesting to the man of education must be very insipid to the man with none. Brown, the bricklayer's labourer, sitting on a summer evening in front of a public-house, smoking his pipe, and spelling through last week's news, is not minded to weigh critically the *pros* and *cons* as to Prince Alfred becoming King of Greece, but he will read every word about the garotting cases, and arrive at a perfectly independent judgment as to the correctness of a verdict in a trial for murder. Then the working classes have their own peculiar

periodicals. We all know them. There is the time-honoured illustration, designed, not to help the story, but to create a sensation. In it certain characters are almost sure to be present. There are the villain with scowling face, and the distressed damsel of tender beauty. There you see the gay gallant of licentious bearing, and the haughty matron with unbending mien. James, the butcher-boy, gazes at these stirring pictures, and pleasantly is his imagination stimulated. It bears him far away from the painful subject of heavy trays of meat, of forgotten orders, angry customers, and a furious master. It takes him into the land of beauteous maidens, shocking villains, hair-breadth escapes, dreadful tortures, and terrific combats. The leading tale (I should suppose, for I never read one) is full of highly-spiced incident. Well. I do not object so far as Jones is concerned. The man or the boy who has to cut up meat and carry great burdens in the day will not suffer much from a little warming of the imagination over-night. It must be an amazingly strong dose of bad fiction which could upset *him*. But I am not sure about the women who read these tales. I am not sure that the now well-principled cook may not have her head sadly turned by that profligate in the loose clothes and with that lovely sword. There is something dangerously fascinating about that scamp. And I would, too, the Susans and Marys in our kitchens read very sparingly about charming ladies who went out of the way a little, but who were subsequently so repentant and so sweetly gentle, that one liked them perhaps better than the stiff puritans who always kept right. I am afraid of cook trying to transform honest Joe Smith, the beer-man, to whom she is plighted, into a gay gallant. I am afraid she may succeed. I am afraid that while she is dreaming of living in marble halls, she may be preparing the way for most untoward events.

And in other things, the lower classes are equally lovers of great sensations. A melodrama, hot and strong, delights the gallery; "a tremendous header" is the thing to elicit overpowering cheers from that sublime region. Blondin, walking the rope at a prodigious height, must have been intensely relished. The coming fight between Sayers and Heenan kept all England in a full boil of excitement for weeks before. Think of a man travelling all the way from America to try whether he could not pommel a man with whom he had no sort of quarrel, more than that man could pommel him. What a sensation the idea gives you! Who can wonder at an immense mob having years ago attended to see a man fulfil his pledge of getting into a quart bottle? See how both English men and women shove in a crowd; how nice it is to dig your elbow with all your might and main into your neighbour's ribs! What do you think of a grand footman's knock? State your opinion of a butcher-boy's driving. Is it not a treat when you are in your bedroom, up two or three flights of stairs, to hear the magnificent clicking with which Mary "sets" the tea-things in the kitchen?

I can understand the partiality of a certain class for Mr. Spurgeon. I allude to the section embracing the gradations between the middle and the lower classes. They revel, doubtless, in Mr. Spurgeon's bold, buoyant, half-jocular, familiar style. To me that style is exceedingly distasteful. True, the opposite is dreary enough, and we have many examples of it in the Established Church. It is painful enough to hear a man address

his fellow-men on the most important of subjects in a manner showing him to be well-nigh disqualified for addressing them on any subject at all. Still I, myself, would infinitely rather put up with this—with the dreary, with the lugubrious, with the shallow, with any style, in short, however defective—rather than with *the amusing*. Save me from the lively preacher. I have a notion that our Common Father and our Great Salvation are subjects beyond description awful, and that every sinner drawing near to them should indeed feel, and manifest the feeling, that he is on holy ground. I confess I cannot altogether reverence the memory of Rowland Hill. That he was a sincerely good man is, I suppose, indisputable; but from his eccentricities, and his style of preaching, I shrink greatly. Take only one of the anecdotes of his objectionably odd ways. Once while in the pulpit, he looked over, and saw his clerk asleep. He seized his Bible, and banged the delinquent on the head with it smartly. "There," he cried, "if you will not hear the Word of God, you shall feel it." How such an act, and such words, must shock every right-minded person. Yet Rowland Hill's preaching was greatly admired, and so is Mr. Spurgeon's. And it is only just to say that it probably reaches many hearts which no other style would reach. It excites the emotions of an auditory which, possibly, might be very little moved, either by the brilliancy of Mr. Melvill, or the impressiveness of the Archbishop of York. For it creates a great sensation, and one hesitates to say too much against it. You see you cannot instil into Smith, the bricklayer, or Stagg, the carpenter, any very refined ideas of religion. You cannot lift them to any very lofty heights, they are too heavy; but both Smith and Stagg have brains and hearts, nevertheless. They are quite open to reason and to appeal, such as Mr. Spurgeon drives home.

If I should ever be so unfortunate as to become a party to an action before a common jury, I should certainly like for my counsel a man of vast bodily dimensions, and with an overpowering voice. He might not be very learned or astute. I would forgive him that; I should only ask that he roar so as to make the court walls shake, and thump the table with giant strength. He would be sure to create a sensation in my favour. A very little man once said to me, "There is a great deal in size." No doubt of it; and be assured the little man had grievously experienced the truth of his remark. Even if you are of average dimensions, you cannot look up to the face of a man who is six feet high, and proportionately broad, without some amount of involuntary respect. And if to these physical advantages your friend add but a moderate allowance of intellectual, what a fortunate fellow he is! What up-hill work it is to struggle in an argument with a man whose voice can drown yours at any moment when the tide runs against him, and who is taking a leisurely survey of the top of your head all the while you are speaking. How impossible it is to shake off altogether the feeling of your bodily inferiority, and the mortification such feeling occasions.

It is quite essential to creating a sensation in the pulpit, at the bar, or on the platform, that you appear entirely in earnest. Of course as regards the two first, you may be very earnest without being vehement or noisy. But on most platforms the more vehement and noisy you are the better. You should utter the strongest sentiments in the strongest language. Follow that course, and a general uprising of hands, and stamping of

feet, will surely reward you. A mob is very impatient of the slightest approach to tediousness. Even if the orator's communication be seemingly of a most unwelcome character, they will receive it applaudingly, so long as it be conveyed with vigour. Thus Hunt, the demagogue, once, when addressing a multitude, shouted at the top of his voice, "You'll all be starved! I tell you, you'll all be starved!"—a prediction, one would suppose, the reverse of exhilarating, but which was, nevertheless, greeted with prolonged and uproarious applause.

There is a time in life when the desire for excitement will hardly take denial. A young man of certain age chafes under anything like quietude. He pines after strong sensations. The hot blood in his veins stimulates him to all sorts of extravagances. To him those considerations which weigh upon a few of his class who stand apart, and look a little beyond the immediate present, only mark the Slow Coach. To him the rollicking indifference which regards that immediate present as all in all, and cares not a straw even for the next half-hour, marks a free and glorious spirit. Dr. Johnson, even, you recollect, went out readily for a spree, and assisted the greengrocers in Covent-garden Market. It is a state of feeling which does not last long, but while it lasts it is immensely pleasant. I am one of the quietest men breathing, but I confess I can form some conception of the huge delight experienced by revellers in former days, who, having become hilariously drunk, fell to fisticuffs with the watch, and superbly triumphed. As we grow older, shadows fall upon us, and we view such exploits in a better light. We see how coarse, degrading, and selfish they were, how utterly undeserving of the esteem in which we once held them. Still the recollection of that esteem is wonderfully keen within us. There is never any doubt but that then those wild performances rendered us supremely jubilant. Men remember the time when they, so to speak, lived on excitement, when they were incessantly goaded by the spirit which we may suppose to have animated the Irishman, who, on taking his son to the theatre, thus solemnly admonished him: "Now, Pat, remember, when the music begins, wherever you can see a head, *hit it*."

We are naturally incredulous about any very startling news. We quickly begin to consider what allowance we must make for colouring. We know how certainly the information will hardly have passed through a single channel without receiving a little additional paint. Still we, so to speak, let the paint remain; nay more, the chances are, that when, next minute, we, in turn, present the news to some one else, it will display the effect of a few heightening touches from our own brush. Everybody likes to try and stagger other people a trifle more than he has himself been staggered. This is but natural. It is so pleasant to create a sensation even by this mild means. Suppose to-day an influential City man had said jocularly, in a public place, that he had just returned hastily from France, for having seen the little Prince Imperial shake his tiny fist in the direction of Dover, he had thought he had best be off. When the story came to be repeated, the action would be transferred to the emperor, and men would look grave. The next version would be that the emperor not only shook his fist, but frowned most horribly. A further improvement would then be acquired in the addition that the emperor had sworn upon his sword to do something very great and

dreadful without a moment's delay. Finally, a man would burst in upon you, declaring he had it from an undoubted source that war between England and France was absolutely imminent. All this, you see, would arise out of the love of creating a sensation. If, in these garotting times, a butcher-boy be told by the baker-boy that a gentleman's hat has been knocked off and his pocket picked, you may be sure that, passing onwards through the baker-boy, the grocer-boy, the lamplighter, and the cook, the account will ultimately come out somewhat thus: "The most awful garotting case yet perpetrated has just been heard of; a gentleman has been robbed of everything, and was so horribly injured that he died on his way to the hospital."

It was rumoured once that the first Napoleon really contemplated a spring upon this island. It must have been rather a stirring fancy, that you might be waked up in the middle of the night by the noise of a French army marching on London. The bare possibility of morning dawn seeing a dozen or so of French soldiers quartered upon you, doubtless sent a little thrill through your nervous system. But, depend upon it, there was a grim sort of pleasure in the suggested peril. You observe, there was probably no real belief in it. People, I dare say, just wafted the notion of danger gently before each other's eyes as a kind of amusement. They talked about it sufficiently to excite an agreeable sensation of horror, and then dismissed it. It would have been anything but a lively theme had there been actual apprehension. But there was not, so even timid women, as they lay on their feather-beds under a load of blankets, could rouse at night and joke as to sounds in the streets being those of the French host, and could nevertheless turn round in perfect comfort to sleep again.

It would be a dreary thing if you were one of very few inmates in an ill-protected country-house, to go to bed really anticipating a burglarious attack. But there would be a half-pleasurable sensation in contemplating the possibility of such an attack if you had plenty of stout companions with you quite prepared to give the intruders a warm reception. If a singularly well-authenticated story went round of a ghost walking in a churchyard at midnight, few persons would care to test it singly, but what a curiously pleasurable excitement there would be among a small merry party who should allow themselves to be shut up for the purpose. In these different cases you have further illustrated my idea of "a sensation." The fear, you see, would just rise up to the point at which it would be amusing and stimulating; it would keep below the point at which it would be painful.

I abhor the silliness and selfishness which seek a very mild sensation in practical jokes. It is very inconsiderate nonsense, for instance, to advertise for persons to fill some good situation, directing them to a much-occupied man of business, who will be almost driven mad in consequence. There was recently in the *Times* an announcement of the marriage of a certain reverend gentleman. Directly after a letter appeared, purporting to come from the reverend gentleman, denying the truth of the announcement. Behold, next day, another letter appeared, bearing the same signature, declaring the previous letter to have been a hoax, for that the marriage really did take place. Now, what inconsiderate absurdity was manifested in the false communication. My friend, if you cannot create

a good wholesome sensation, remain quiet. Sensible people have a profound contempt for the man who is always fidgeting himself into petty notice. He accomplishes his object at last, and he gets his reward, but the reward is not always of the character he expected.

What a wretched thing it is to hear a man give utterance to sentiments so odd or so objectionable that you can imagine them expressed solely to excite wonderment. A man once in Dr. Johnson's presence launched out in praise of drinking, and having urged that it drowned care, and made one forget what was disagreeable, asked the Doctor whether in the face of these advantages a man might not be allowed to drink? "Yes," replied the Doctor, "if he sat near *you*."

What nonsense there is in a man performing, merely for the sake of vaunting, a preposterous feat. A City clerk gets one poor holiday, and walks to Brighton, a distance of fifty miles. Then he tells everybody about it. He wants you to understand that he is a marvellous pedestrian, for that the effort was to him a positive pleasure. Of course you do not so understand. You know perfectly well that a man whose average exercise is about five miles a day, cannot on a particular day walk fifty without great inconvenience. In your mind's eye you see the silly fellow as he arrived at Brighton, looking so pale and haggard that he was quite an object. Still you do not like to keep from him his poor reward. He thought he should create in you a sensation, so you lift your hands, cast up your eyes, and exclaim, "Prodigious!" Now the man who acts thus; the man who tells you, with satisfied simper, that he was drunk last night; the man who drawls out that he has been to five balls in succession, wishing you to believe him a most captivating person; the man who puts on a dreadful scowl and declares against Brown, who, he says, has injured him, hostility so bloodthirsty that women-folks are aghast, but which gives you no concern, because you know that the mere appearance of Brown would put him to silence in a minute; the man who assures you that his love for Susan Tomkins is killing him, whereas you know he cannot boast a heart large enough for the love of a canary-bird;—these, one and all, I hold to be mere ninny-hammers, very absurd and very contemptible.

I know, indeed, that you may legitimately seek to create a sensation, and may cut a very poor figure. You may make your effort prematurely. Sheridan did so, in oratory; so did Disraeli. But if your end be good, and you have a reasonable chance of success, you can afford many failures. You will most likely succeed at last. Behold a choice illustration. Tom King said he could conquer Jem Mace. He tried, and was beaten. He said he was foiled only by an accident, and he repeated his assertion. He tried again, and he conquered. So, my young friend, if you feel a strong conviction that you have it in you to create a sensation in a good and honourable way, and you are bent on trying, do not be discouraged even by a knock-down blow (remember, they were terrific blows which Sheridan and Disraeli received), but rise up and address yourself to the fight again. Mind, I only say if you are "bent on trying." I leave to you to decide whether, even should you succeed, you will find an adequate reward. Perhaps it might be better for you that you should be content with a quiet path, and travelling onwards, doing a little good here and a little there, and nothing great anywhere, come at last in a very peaceful mind to a very peaceful home.

RUINED ABBEYS AND CASTLES OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

The publisher has availed himself in this work of the accuracy of photography to present to the reader the precise aspect of the places, which are at the same time commended to his notice by two practised pens—those of William and Mary Howitt. There is no doubt but that this is a step in the right direction. We are no longer at the mercy of the imaginations, the caprices, or the deficiencies of artists, but have before us the genuine presentment of the object under consideration, and we are thus led to hail it not only as a great improvement in modern illustration, but also as an evidence on the part of the publisher of a praiseworthy desire to assist in authenticating literature by the achievements of modern art.

A pleasant selection from among the more noted of the Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain herald this important innovation in the system of illustrating works. Bolton Abbey is appropriately introduced by the Strid, where the young lord of Egremont was drowned, and in consequence of which catastrophe

> A pious structure, fair to see,
> Rose up, this stately priory!

at the bidding of an afflicted mother, the Lady Aäliza. Bolton is followed by Glastonbury, with its mock legends and rich reminiscences of a luxurious reality; by the remote and islanded Iona, once the luminary, not of the Caledonian regions only, but of the whole world, and, by the Norman-Gothic Lanthony, the predecessor of Gloucester, and where Walter Savage Landor appears to have sunk and lost large sums of money in our own times. He was curiously enough driven out of the place, like the monks of old, by the lawless, plundering habits of the dwellers in the Black Mountains.

These picturesque ruins are followed by the more formidable-looking castle of Chepstow, with an especial view of the scene of imprisonment of Marten the regicide, and by the truly English Tintern, an almost unrivalled scene of quiet monastic beauty. Then we have Raglan, the rival of Chepstow in magnificence, and which once, with its demesnes, supported a garrison of 800 men, including 4 colonels, 82 captains, 16 lieutenants, 6 cornets, 4 ensigns, 4 quartermasters, and 52 esquires and gentlemen! Conway, the portal to the mountain scenery of North Wales, is well known as one of the most picturesque ruins in England, and to its chronicles, replete with equal interest, the editors have imparted all the charm conveyed by pictures of actual life. The fragmentary remains of Goodrich, once a stout castle and a formidable stronghold, as testified by Lingen's resistance to those rebels, whom the editors favour only too much, now sink into insignificance by the side of the modern pretensions of Goodrich Court.

Fountains Abbey stands in the same relation to Glastonbury that Raglan does to Chepstow—as olden rivals in pomp, pride, wealth, and luxury. Among the fairest structures of the land, the possessions of

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* Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain. By William and Mary Howitt. The Photographic Illustrations by Bedford, Sedgfield, Wilson, Fenton, and others. London: A. W. Bennett.

Fountains Abbey spread over an uninterrupted space of more than thirty miles. Roslin Chapel and its prentice pillar, and Hawthornden with its caves, the hiding-place of Bruce and his followers, are endeared to us by the reminiscences of youth; and Elgin has an almost more than human interest in the story of the young vagabond once sheltered by its ruins, returning a wealthy hero from the Orient, to found a free school which provides clothing and maintenance for such children as cannot be supported by their parents. Pious Andrew Anderson!

Holyrood Abbey and Palace, replete as they are with historical interest, can scarcely be classed among our picturesque ruins; not so Melrose, celebrated by other pens besides Scott's:

> Pile of King David, to thine altar's site,
> Full many a footstep guides and long shall guide;
> Where those are met, who met not save in fight,
> And Douglas sleeps with Evers, side by side.

Melrose is one among many a superb relic of that pure and beautiful British church which existed prior to the Roman hierarchy in these islands. The sweetest reminiscences associated with the ivy-clad, mouldering battlements of Carisbrook are not so much of the persecuted Charles as of the beautiful, pale, and proud Princess Elizabeth, sitting in her prison, meditating in her solitude on the calamities of her father, and expiring there, her fair cheek resting on her Bible.

It is, alas! beyond the power of photography to reproduce this touching picture, but imagination helps to fill up the canvas.

Rievaux, or the abbey in the vale of Rye, owed, like the abbey at the Fountains, its origin to the untimely end of a youthful heir. Human afflictions have often won prosperity to the Church. The scene is much changed, however, since a small and rude monastery was first founded by Walter Espec, in a spot of almost frightful solitude and savageness, or even when the black-hooded Cistercians toiled with exemplary diligence at the mines and founderies of their rocky tenement. Rievaux, now in utter ruin, is approached by carriage-drive and lodge-gate, and is contemplated from a terrace adorned with Grecian temples and paintings by Bernici. Out upon it! The association is as incongruous as it is misplaced. We remember astounding a distinguished antiquary, on the occasion of a visit to Furness Abbey, the last subject of illustration in the volume before us, by exclaiming, on emerging from the hollow in which that proud ruin lies embosomed—Beckansgill, or the Glen of the Deadly Nightshade—and climbing the heights from whence opened a magnificent view of Furness Forest, the chase and isle of Walney, the vale of Duddon and Morecombe Bay, and of the hills of Cumberland beyond, "How much more magnificent is nature than the most pretentious creation of art!" Our friend's ideas were wrapt up in the lofty walls and arches, the clustered columns, and long-drawn aisles of the colossal ruin below, and he was proportionately indignant at the outrageous solecism. But, after all, when the founders of these once prosperous and truly magnificent edifices selected the most picturesque sites in Great Britain for their erection, they never purported to rival nature; they merely placed an exquisite structure on her bosom, as a fair lady does a brooch, not to outdo, but to heighten the charms in which architecture or gem are set; and there was nothing, after all, so very heterodox in our ejaculation.

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

I.

THE WIFE TO WHOM SABRETASCHE WAS BOUND.

It was April. The first chesnut-leaves of the Tuileries were silvered in the moonlight, and the dark Seine dashed onwards under the gloomy bridges of the city, out under the wooded heights of fair St. Germain, where the old oaks that had listened to the love of Louise de la Vallière were thrusting out their earliest spring buds. It was a fair spring night, and the deep, calm heavens bent over Paris, as if in tenderness for the fair white city that lies in the valley of the Seine, like one of the gleaming lilies of its own exiled Bourbons. Around it, in the grand old chase of St. Cloud, in the leafy glades of St. Germains, in the deep forest aisles of Fontainebleau, among the silent terraces of Versailles and Neuilly, the spring night lay calm, still, hushed to the holy silence of the hour; in Paris, the city of intrigues, of pleasures, of blood, of laughter, of mirth, of death; of gay wit and fiery strife, of coarse brutality and exalted heroism; in Paris, the Paris of Mirabeau and André Chénier, of Rivarol and St. Just, of Marie Antoinette and Theroigne de Mirecourt; in Paris, the spring night was full of jests, and laughter, and merry chants de bivouac, while the gas-flowers of Mabille gleamed and scintillated, and the Imperial household thronged the vacated palace of the D'Orléans, and the light-hearted crowd filled the Boulevards and the cafés; and women, with forms more lovely than their minds, were fêted in cabinets particuliers, and the music and the revelry rang out from the Chaumière and the Château des Fleurs; and Paris was awake, crowned with flowers, with laughter on her lips and sparkling in her eyes, gay as a young girl at her first ball—gay as she has ever been, even on the eve of her darkest tragedies, her most terrible hours.

The soft spring night came down on Paris. Before the cheval-glass in her luxurious bed-chamber, with all the entourages of grace and refinement, with bright jewels on her hair, and her white cloud-like dress, and her priceless necklet of pink pearls, and her exquisite beauty, which other women envied so bitterly, stood the belle of its most aristocratic réunions—Violet Molyneux; shuddering, even while her maid clasped the bracelets on her arm for a ball at Madame de la Viellecour's, at the memory of those cruel words from her brother's lips, which bade her choose between infidelity or death. At the window of her own room, looking up to the clear stars that seemed to gaze from their calm and holy stillness on the gay and feverish fret of the human life below, Alma Tressillian gazed on the spring night, her dark-blue eyes brilliant once again with the radiance of joy and hope; he was coming home—her lover, her idol, her worshipped "Sir Folko"—what could await her now but a return of that heaven once so rudely shivered from her grasp? Not very many yards off, in her crowded and bizarre boudoir, where finery stood the stead of taste, and

over-loading passed for luxury, the Trefusis read the line in the English papers which announced the arrival of her law-termed husband's troop, and threw it with an oath to Lady Fantyre, that the Crimea had not rid her of his life, and left her mistress of the portion of his wealth that would have come to her—for the law would have recognised her rights as his "wife," and she was in difficulties and in debt. Underneath the windows, that shone bright with the wax-lights of Violet's toilette-table, stood a woman, once as beautiful as she, but now haggard, tawdry, pitiful to look upon, with the stamp of a she-devil's furious temper on her features, begging of the passers-by for the coins that would procure her the sole thing she now loved or craved—a draught of absinthe; that deadly tempter, that sure, slow, relentless murderer who, Jael-like, soothes us for the moment to drive the iron nail into our brain while we slumber, and whom, madman-like, we seek and crave and thirst for, though we know the end is death. Those four women—how unlike they were! Dissimilar as night and dawn; as fragrant, spotless roses and dark, dank, deadly nightshade; as the two spirits that in fable and apologue hover over our path, the one to lead us to a Gehenna, the other to an Eden; dissimilar enough, God knows. Yet the same stars looked down on them, the same men had loved them, and, in one chain of circumstance, Fate had bound and woven them together.

That same night Sabretasche arrived in Paris. Rumours had reached him of Violet's engagement to Prince Carl of Vallenstein-Seidlitz. Believe them for an instant he did not. Though his fate had taught him that delicate and satiric sneer at men and women, at the world and its ways, which made his soft voice and polished words so keen a weapon to strike, he was by nature singularly trustful and loyal, and, where he loved, believed, nor allowed hints, or doubt, or suspicions to creep in; nothing but her own words would have made him believe Violet had changed towards him, and with those letters of hers breathing such tender and unalterable affection, he would have refused to credit any second-hand story of her which would have thrown a shadow of doubt upon her truth.

But the rumour of her projected union with Vallenstein struck him with a sudden and deadly chill; he realised for the first time the possibility that, one day, if he could not claim her, another might; that another man might win what fate denied to him. He knew her family was proud, and, for their station, very poor; and though he trusted Violet's truth and honour too fully to believe she would give her beauty to another while her heart was his—though he believed her to have spirit, courage, and fidelity passing that of most women—though he knew that she would never, like some women, find consolation either in a brilliant position or in calmer affections, still—still—he knew what Lady Molyneux was. He remembered women who had loved, perhaps, as fondly as Violet, who had gone to their husbands' arms with hearts aching for another; and Sabretasche, despite his faith, trembled for the treasure of which another man might rob him any moment, and he have no right or power to avenge the theft! I know he *ought* to have rejoiced if Violet had been able to have found that happiness with some other which he was unable to give her—at least, so some romancists of a certain order, who draw an ideal and immaculate human nature, would tell us, I suppose—but Sabretasche was only mortal, as I have often told you, and before we can love quite so exquisitely, I fear we shall have to

ostracise love altogether. He cares but little for his jewel, who sees it gleaming in his rival's crown and does not long to tear it from his hated brows and hide it in his bosom, where no other eyes, save his own, shall see its radiance.

So Sabretasche went to Paris as soon as his troop was landed at Southampton, to learn what truth or untruth there was in this report of Violet's marriage; to look—if unseen himself—once more upon his darling, before another's right should claim the beauty once his own. He had many friends in Paris, for he had often spent his furloughs in that fair city, where life is enjoyed so gaily, and wit current in its fullest perfection; and even as he reached the station, a man he knew—the Marquis de St. Cloud—met him, and chatted with him some minutes of the Crimea, and of their mutual friends who had fallen at Inkermann and the Tchernaya.

"One of your compatriotes is the belle of our salons just now," began M. de St. Cloud, who, having been long absent, attached to the French embassy at Vienna, had heard nothing of Sabretasche's brief engagement. "We are consolidating the alliance by worshipping at an English shrine, and parbleu! Violet Molyneux would excuse any folly on anybody's part. You know her, of course, mon cher? She is going to be married to that fool Vallenstein, who has gone into as great ecstasies as his German phlegm will allow about her jolie taille. However, you will know plenty about her before you have been four-and-twenty hours here, so I need not bore you beforehand. Ah! bon Dieu, there is my train! I shall be back in two days. I am only going to Vivenne for a bear-hunt. Au revoir! I shall see plenty of you, I hope, when I return."

Away went St. Cloud, in his carriage, and Sabretasche threw himself into a fiacre to drive to his accustomed locale, the Hôtel de Londres. The report was current, then, in Paris; and though he knew that reports are idle as the winds, based upon nothing very often, and circulating their poison without root or reason, still a sickening dread came over him; he felt as though, do what he would, a thousand mocking fates were leagued together to drag Violet from him; and he felt an imperative demand, a craving thirst to see her, to hear from her own lips whether or no she would be this man's wife, against which he had no strength to contend. He must see her, and if she told him she could, without regret or lingering pain, wed Carl of Vallenstein, or any other, he would not curse her nor reproach her, poor child! he would have no right to do so, and he would have loved her too well to do it if he had; but he would pray God to bless her, and then—leave her, and never look upon her face again.

It was nine o'clock—the still spring night slept softly, rocked on the boughs of the great belt of boulevard trees round Paris—when Sabretasche, alone, walked from the Hôtel de Londres to the house where the Molyneux lived in the Champs Elysées. He had stayed but a few minutes at his hotel; he had taken nothing scarcely since his chocolate at eleven; he could not rest till he had seen her again; his darling, whose fair face had been present to him in the silence of those long night-watches, only broken by the booming of the Russian cannon; whom he had longed so yearningly to see in all those weary months since he had parted from her—that terrible parting, on what should have been his marriage-day, when instead of his bridal caresses he had pressed his last kisses, his fare-

well to all hope, all joy on her lips, that were white with pain as she lay fainting in his arms, too dizzy with suffering to be wholly conscious of it.

His heart beat thick with a very anguish of longing as he drew near the house in which she dwelt. A carriage stood before the entrance, the door was wide open, the hall was bright with its wax-lights, the servants were moving to and fro, and in the full glare of the light, waiting for the fan she had forgotten, stood, on her father's arm, Violet—Violet, two years before his promised bride; and once more he beheld that form, that face, that with the din of war and death around had never for an hour ceased to haunt him with their surpassing loveliness. There she stood, unconscious of the eyes whose gaze she often thought would have power to recal her from the tomb; there she stood, with her white cloud-like dress, from whose gossamer folds that slight and perfect form rose, like Aphrodite from the sea form; a narrow band of gold and pearls clasping her wavy chesnut hair; her large eyes darker and more brilliant still from the shadow beneath their lids; all that grace and fascination and delicate beauty about her which the Parisians merged in one word—ravissante; there she stood, and his brain reeled, and his heart beat with laboured throbs, and he grasped the lamp-post to save himself from falling, as he looked upon the woman that he loved.

As he leaned there in the darkness, holding down with iron strength the mad impulse that rose in him to spring forward to her, nothing but the dread of shocking her too suddenly keeping him back, even in such a scene and with such spectators; Violet, taking her fan from a servant, crossed the pavement and entered the carriage, still unconscious that in the darkness of the night the life she held so dear was beating close to hers!

The carriage rolled down the Champs Elysées. Ere the door closed, Sabretasche went up to a servant, lounging against the portal to talk to a pretty bouquetière of his acquaintance.

"Où va t-on?" he asked, rapidly.

The man—Lord Molyneux's own man—started as he recognised Sabretasche, whom he had known so well two years before.

"Pardon, monsieur! Milord et miladi et mademoiselle, vont au bal masqué chez Madame de la Viellecour. Puis-je oser dire à monsieur combien je suis bien aise de le voir arrivé en bonne santé de la Crimée?"

"Merci, Alceste!" answered Sabretasche, absently; his brain was still dizzy, his pulses were still beating loudly with the sight of that exquisite beauty that might never be his, that might soon be another's!

"Puis-je offrir à monsieur——?" began Alceste, hesitatingly, noticing the deadly whiteness of his face. The question roused him to his old refined hatred of notice or publicity, and with a hasty negative he turned, summoned a fiacre, and drove back to the Hôtel de Londres. As he had entered it first he had met Léonce de la Viellecour, the Duc's son by an early marriage, who, always accustomed to see the Colonel come to Paris for pleasure and beaux-yeaux, had laughingly bidden him go to see his handsome belle mère at her bal masqué that night; to which Sabretasche, impatient to rid himself of Léonce, had given a hasty negative. Now he was as eager to go thither, and dressing rapidly, drove to Viellecour's rooms in the Chaussée d'Antin, and asked him to take him with him to the Duchess's ball. Léonce gladly assented, gave him a domino and a mask (it was a fancy of the Duchess's to have it masqué; I fancy her belle position was not so all-sufficient for her, but that she was driven to

lionneism as a divertissement from the stately grandeur that *would* pall sometimes), and drove him off to Gwen's palatial house in the grim court-yard, among the dead glories of the Faubourg, lighted up for one of the most brilliant and amusing réunions of the season, for all the most celebrated and beautiful women in Paris were there; and the mask gave it much of the zest, the méchanceté, and the freedom of a bal de l'opéra —a bal de l'opéra where all the revellers had pure descents and stately escutcheons, though not, perhaps, much more stainless reputations than the fair maskers of more "equivocal position," who were treading the boards and drinking the champagne of the opera festivities.

Not desirous of recognition; only waiting to watch that face so unutterably dear to him, Sabretasche persuaded Léonce to leave him, telling him he was tired, and would rather look on than join in the conversation, the intrigue, the waltz, the smooth whirl, and subdued murmur of the society around him. Viellecour, a man who always allowed others to please themselves, as he on every occasion made a point of pleasing himself, quitted him at his desire, and threading his own way amidst the courtly crowd of glittering dresses and dark dominoes, left Sabretasche, the best-known man in Europe, the courted *lion* of both France and England, the bel esprit whose wit was quoted and fashion followed, whose bow was a brevet of rank to whoever received it, alone in that truest solitude, the solitude of a crowd. Had he made himself known, few there but would have made him welcome; but incognito, no one remembered him, nor looked twice at the little of his features his mask left uncovered, to recollect that they saw Vivian Sabretasche—for he had been two years out of society, and for any chance of being remembered in society, however before it may have courted us, and however we may have amused and delighted it, one might as well be lying dead among the sands of the Seine or the mud of the Thames, as have ceased to have shone in it or been of use to our bons amis for two long twelvemonths. Hors de vue hors d'esprit is the motto of the great world, which buries its greatest hero in Westminster Abbey and its fairest beauty in Père la Chaise, then fills up their places, and thinks no more of them in its ebb and its flow from the day when the dust of their tombs fell on their coffin-plates!

Sabretasche was alone in that brilliant crowd where he owned so many friends, but where heart, and eye, and thought sought for only one his love for whom had dragged him hither, to a scene so uncongenial to all his thoughts; but after well-nigh two years' absence from her, never looking on her face save in torturing memory, he would not have stayed twelve hours in voluntary absence; to breathe the same air with her, to gaze upon her loveliness, was better than that utter absence which so nearly and so horribly resembles death that we may well shrink from it as from the absence of the grave.

He moved through the rooms, threading his way through the groups of men and women occupying themselves with the light love, the exciting intrigue, the laugh, the witticism, the badinage, which while away such hours for the beau-monde—those brilliant butterflies who toil so wearily on the treadmill of fashion; those fair women with such soft eyes and such scheming brains. He passed through them, and as yet he saw her not; though now and then he heard from men as they passed by him praises of her beauty, praises which turned his blood to

fire, for how could he tell but that some of these might be his rivals, one of these be some day her husband? A man as tall as himself, in a violet domino powdered with violets in gold passed him quickly; and Sabretasche, gentle though his nature was, could have fallen on him and slain him without shrive, for jealousy quickened his senses, and, despite his mask, he recognised Prince Carl of Vallenstein-Seidlitz, the man with whom in days gone by he had drank Johannisberg, and played écarté, and smoked Havannahs under the linden-trees of his summer palace, little foreseeing that the day perhaps would come when Vallenstein would rob him of the one once promised him as his own wife.

He lost the Prince in the crowd; and still nowhere could he find Violet, whom his eyes ached with longing to gaze upon again. He caught a fragment of conversation as he passed between a faded beauty and a young fellow in a régiment de famille.

"So that English girl is really going to marry poor dear Carl! What a dexterity these English have in catching the best alliances, though they *do* forswear marriages de convenances, and cry them down with such horror."

The young man laughed. "Ah, madame, the Englishwomen are like their country, they boast of a great deal which they do not carry out. Yes, La Violette Anglaise is going to marry poor Carl—so her brother told me, at the least, and he has good cause to make that marriage, I fancy, for he has lost, pardieu! I should not dare to say how much, to his future beau frère, and Monsieur le Prince is no easy creditor when his treasury is as empty as it is just now."

Sick at heart, Sabretasche moved on—how dare they seek to sell his darling to pay her worthless brother's debts! Yet still he trusted her too well to believe that any persuasion, coercion, or allurements, would force her into a marriage-vow that would be a lie. He loved her, therefore he trusted her, through good report and evil report. At last he found himself in the ball-room, but amongst its waltzers he failed to find Violet; in her stead he saw a certain Comtesse de Chevreuil, who, many years before, had looked into his beautiful mournful eyes too long and dangerously to forget them now, and who, recognising him with a quickening pulse, though she was a woman of the world, opened a conversation with him that she would fain have turned into the same channel as long ago. When at last she turned away from him, with a laugh that covered a sigh, to a man who would have given a good deal to win the softened tone to which the Colonel was deaf, Léonce de la Viellecour dragged him perforce to see the Duchess, to speak to Madame of the Crimea and of Curly. She bade him welcome with that smile which no woman ever refused to give to Sabretasche.

Gwen Brandling and Madame de la Viellecour must truly have been two different beings, that she could talk with scarce a tremor of that terrible death-scene in the hospital of St. Paul—talk of it flirting her fan, and glancing through her mask with those magnificent eyes, while the dance-music rang out in her ears! Did she really think so little of her brother, of the fair child with his golden curls and his gleeful laugh, who had played with her under the shadow of the lime-trees in their old home, long, long years before, when the world and its prizes were no more to her than the polished chesnuts lying at her feet, and no prophetic shadow foretold to him his dying hour in the horrors of Sebas-

topol? Did she really think no more of him, as she waltzed in that brilliant circle with the arms of a royal Prince around her splendid form? Had the "belle position" she worshipped so utterly chilled all remnants of Gwen Brandling out of Madame de la Viellecour? God knows! I will not judge her. Because there are no tears seen in our eyes, it does not follow we are dead to all grief.

The windows of the ball-room, that magnificent ball-room, equalling in size and splendour the famous Galerie de Glaces, opened at the far end on to a terrace overlooking the cool shadowy gardens behind the hotel, with their dark yews and cedars, formal alleys, and white ghost-like statues; and dropping the curtain of one of the windows behind him, Sabretasche stood a moment to calm his fevered thoughts. At the end of the terrace, having evidently quitted the ball-room as he had done by one of the twelve windows that opened on the terrace, stood a woman and a man. With all his trust in her, Sabretasche's heart beat thick with jealousy, doubt, and hate, as he saw in the clear starlight the white gleaming dress and the jewelled band upon her waving hair, which he needed not to tell him that the woman was Violet; and beside her, bending towards her, was the violet domino of Carl of Vallenstein, his mask in his hand, and on his impassive Teuton features an eagerness and a glow but very rarely wakened there.

Not for his life could Sabretasche have stirred a step from where he stood; fascinated, basilisk-like, he gazed upon the woman he loved so madly, and the man whom the world said had robbed him of her, and would soon win from her the title by which but two years before he had hoped to have called her. He stood and gazed upon them, upon the sole thing that bound him to life, the one for whom he had suffered so much, whom he would have cherished so fondly; and upon him, the spoiler, the rival, who had stolen from him all he valued upon earth. They were speaking in French, and some of their words came to him where he stood.

"That is your last resolve?"

"Yes," answered Violet; and at the sound of that sweet and musical voice, whose harmony had been so long silent to him, Sabretasche's veins thrilled with that strange ecstasy of delight which borders so close on pain. "I am not ungrateful, monsieur, for the honour you would do me; but for me to accept it would be a crime in me and a treason to you. I know—I grieve to know—that others may have misled you, and not replied to you at the first as I bid them, and I sought this opportunity to tell you frankly, and once for all, that I can never be your wife."

"Because you love another!" said Vallenstein, fiercely.

Violet drew away from him with her haughtiest grace.

"If I do, monsieur, such knowledge should surely have prevented your seeking me as you have now done. I should have thought you too proud to wish for an unwilling bride."

"But I love you so tenderly, mademoiselle; I would win you at every risk, and if you give me your hand, I will do my best to make your heart mine too——"

Violet put out her hand with an impatient deprecatory gesture.

"It is impossible, monsieur! Do not urge me further. Leave me, I beg of you. I shall never marry. I should have hoped my friends had made you understand this; but since they misled you, there was but one

open and honourable course for me to pursue—to tell you at once, myself, that, much as I thank you for the honour you would do me, I can never be your wife, nor any other's. Your words only pain me; you are too true a gentleman to press me longer. Leave me, I entreat of you, sire."

He was too true a gentleman to press her further; he bowed low, and left her; he would not honour her with another word of regret, though it cut him hard, for *he*, Carl of Vallenstein, who might have mated with almost any royal house in Europe!—to be rejected by the daughter of a poor Irish peer; and as his violet domino floated past Sabretasche, Sabretasche heard him mutter, under his blondes moustaches,

"Que le diable emporte, ce peste d'homme marié!"

He lifted the curtain of one of the windows, and went back into the brilliantly-lighted ball-room; and Sabretasche was at last alone with the woman he loved so utterly, who stood clenching her hands convulsively together, and looking up to the spring-night stars, the moonbeams shining on her face with its anguished eyes and the costly pearls gleaming above her brow.

"Vivian—Vivian, my husband!—I will be true to you—I will. Truer than wife ever was!"

It was a stifled, heart-broken whisper that scarcely stirred the air, but it roused a tempest in the heart of the man who heard it. With an irrepressible yearning love he stretched out his arms, murmuring her name—that name that had been on his lips in so many dreams, broken by the din of hostile cannon. Violet turned, and, with a low, faint cry of joy unutterable, sprang forward, and fell upon his heart. That meeting was sacred; unseen by any eyes save those of the pale calm stars, which watch so much of this world's deepest grief and sweetest rapture. For a while, in the joy of réunion, they forgot all save that they were together—forgot that they met only for fate once more to tear them asunder—forgot all, save that he held her in his arms with that heart beating against his which no man as yet had had power to win from him—save that he once more was with her in this life, come back to her from danger and suffering, out of the very shadow of the valley of death, from under the very stroke of the angel of destruction.

On such a meeting we will not dwell; there is little such joy on earth, and what there is, is sacred. As, after a dream of the night in which those we have lost live again, and the days long gone by bloom once more for us with all their sunshine and their fragrance, we awake in the grey dawn of the winter's morning with all the sorrow and the burden, the darkness and the weariness, of our actual life rushing back upon us, the more dreary from the glories of the past phantasma, so they awoke from their joy to the memory that they had met only to part again—that they had had an interval of rest, given them only like the accused in the torture-room, even that they might live to suffer the more.

They must part! If it be hard to part a living member from a quivering human body, is it not harder to part and sever from each other two human hearts such as God formed to beat as one, and which are only torn asunder at the cost of every quivering nerve and every clinging fibre? Heaven knows, few enough hearts in this world beat in unison for those that do, to need be parted! Yet—they must part; and as the memory of their inexorable fate rose up before him, Sabretasche shuddered at the sight of that exquisite loveliness condemned for his sake to

a solitary and unblessed life, desolate as a widow without even the title and the memories of a wife. Involuntarily he drew her closer to him—involuntarily he murmured,

"Oh, my God! Violet, we cannot live thus!"

What comfort had she to give him? None. She could only weep passionate tears, clinging to him and vowing she would be true to him always—true to him, whatever chanced.

"'True to me!' God bless you! But, my darling, worse than anything else to me is it to see your young bright life so sacrificed," murmured Sabretasche, with that deep and melancholy tenderness which had always tinged his love for Violet Molyneux, even in its happiest moment—a tenderness which would have made this man whom the world, with characteristic keen-sightedness, had called a heartless libertine, give up every selfish desire, if by so doing he could have secured her happiness, even though utterly irrespective of his own. "True to me! God bless you for your noble love! And I have nothing to give you in return but suffering and tears—I have nothing to reward you with but anguish and trial! If I could but suffer for both—if I could but bear your burden with mine! I made you love me! Oh, Heaven! if I could but suffer alone——"

"No, no," murmured Violet, vaguely; "not alone, Vivian—not alone. What we suffer, let us suffer *together*. You would not have me cease to love you?"

"My God! no. Your love is all I have in life. And yet, if I were not selfish, I should bid you forget me, and try to rejoice, if you obeyed. Violet, if ever you should"—and, despite all his effort, his voice was all but inaudible with the anguish and the tenderness he tried to hold down and rein in—"if you should think at any time it were possible to find happiness with another—if you could go joyfully to another's heart—if you fancy you could in other loves forget my fatal passion, which would have given you every earthly joy had fate allowed me, and has been only doomed to crowd your years with suffering—if you ever think another love could make you happy, *be* happy, my darling; I will never reproach you. Do not think of what *I* shall suffer; no complaint of mine shall ever trouble you. If you are happy—whom I love better than myself—I will try and thank God that he has not through me cursed the life dearer than my own, and in time, perhaps, I may learn to bless the one who has given you the joy I would have——"

He ceased; his voice was low and broken; he could not complete his generous speech; the great love in him overpowered every other feeling; he could not bid her wed another! Who amongst us would ask of any man to sign his own death-warrant? Who can wonder that Sabretasche shrank from consigning himself to a living death, to an existence hopeless as the grave, with throes of mortal agony that would never cease as long as there were blood in his veins and vitality in his heart? Violet looked up in his face, the moonlight gleaming in her eyes, so full of anguish, and on her lips, on which was the smile of a love without hope, yet faithful to the end—such a smile as a woman might give from the scaffold to one whom she would fain comfort to the last.

"Do you remember, Vivian, when you first told me you loved me, I said I was yours—yours for life and death—yours for ever? That vow I did not make to break; it is as sacred to me as though it were my

marriage oath to you. Love, happiness, home—and with another? You can know me little, my own dearest, to speak so to me; who, loving you, could care to look upon another, could tolerate another's vows, could think of peace where *you* were not? Others have tried to urge me to infidelity. I never thought *you* would insult me too. Noble, generous, unselfish as your love is, I, your own Violet—I, who thought once to be your wife—I will be worthy of it, and I count sorrow from your hand far dearer than joy from another's!"

Sabretasche could not answer her; he tried to thank her, he tried to bless her for her words, but his voice failed him. To have such a heart laid at his feet, and to be compelled to reward it only with suffering and trial; to have such a love as this given him, and to be forced by fate to live as though he had it not!—to leave her as though she were nothing to him, when only grown dearer by absence, to part from her was to wrench away his very life. His burden grew greater than he could bear. He shivered at her touch, at the sight of that eloquent and tender loveliness which alternately chilled his veins to ice and fanned them into fire. Violet's nobility and devotion tempted him more cruelly than her beauty. Fair faces, well-nigh as fair as hers, he had often won in the long years before, while he was a man of the world, and she a young child playing by the blue waters of Killarney; but such a love as hers, never. They might have been so happy! if in his early youth he had not wedded—in his eager trust, and generosity, and honour—a woman he had thought an angel, and who had proved a fiend. They might have been so happy! Ah, me! what words in life so mournful as that "might have been," which banishes all hope, and speaks of the heaven which had been ours if our own folly had not barred us out. "*Might have been!*" There is no heavier curse on any human life.

His burden grew heavier than he could bear. With her words dawned the ideal of so fair a life! A life with thoughts, and tastes, and hopes in unison—a life such as his poet's mind, weary of the hollowness, and satiated with the pleasures of the world, had sometimes pictured, but never hoped to find—a life of mingled poetry and passion, of every refinement alike of mind and sense—a life of love so precious, such as the fondest fancy, the wildest dream of his earliest days, his softest romance had never hoped to win. It dawned before his eyes, it rose up before his grasp with all its sweetest glories. The world—the world—what was that to them? he had but to stretch out his hand and say to the woman who loved him, "Come!" and both might go to a life beautiful as a summer's dream, where love alone would be their world—a world sufficient to them both, for here he dreaded no inconstancy from her, and here he feared no satiety for himself.

His burden grew heavier than he could bear. He grew more deathly pale; great tearless sobs heaved his chest; his head was drooped till his lips rested on her hair; he stood immovable, save for the fast thick throbs of his heart, and the convulsive strength with which he pressed her against his breast. The physical conflicts he had of late passed through were peace, rest, child's play, compared with this deadly struggle that waited for him the first hour of his return!

Suddenly he lifted his head.

"I have no strength for this! Let us go into the world. I must put some shield between us and this torture."

He spoke rapidly, almost harshly; it was the first time that his voice had ever lost its softness, his manner the tenderness natural to him at all times, and doubly gentle ever to her. She lifted her eyes to his with one heavy, hopeless sigh, and Sabretasche, as he heard it, shivered from head to foot. He dared no longer be with her alone, and—he led her back into the crowded ball-room. There were many masks worn that night at that bal masqué of the Duchesse de la Viellecour's!

"I wish I were Violet Molyneux," thought a young girl, who, plain and unattractive, was brought to all such scenes to sit unnoticed and spiritless. God knows, brilliant belle though Violet was, there was little enough to be envied in her lot. They who did envy her, little guessed how her heart echoed the last words Sabretasche had murmured in her ear.

"Would to Heaven we could die together, rather than live apart thus!"

Violet left immediately; she told her father she felt unwell and wanted rest. It was true enough! Sabretasche had quitted the house at once; he could not be with her before the eyes of others, and standing on the pavé, he watched her as he had watched her in the Champs Elysées, going to her carriage, with all her high-bred and delicate beauty—that beauty that must never be his.

He reproached himself for having given her the torture of the past hour. He knew she, like him, would buy their meeting at any price of suffering, but he felt the cost was too great for her to bear. She endured anguish enough in their mutual doom; and such conflicts as these would wear out her young life. Such tempests of the heart as they had passed through that night do the work of years upon those who endure them. Tender and gentle as he was ever over her, thinking of her trial before his own; ever willing to spare her before himself, Sabretasche, who felt as if he could never make reparation to her for having drawn down on her head the curse of his own fate, though he had done so all unconsciously and unwittingly, in ignorance of the chain that dragged upon him; at any cost to himself would, had he been able, have spared her, were it but an iota of the weight of grief which love for him had brought on her young head. He loved Violet Molyneux with such love as is but very rarely seen among men or women!

He walked along under the silent April stars, heedless of where he turned his steps, unconscious to everything in that brilliant capital, where he had often shone, the gayest and most witty in its fashionable coteries, the most careless and most dazzling in its many revels; unconscious he, its once reckless and courted lion, of all but the weary burden which it was his greatest grief that he could not bear *alone*. He walked along under the calm April skies, the air around him sweet with the fragrance of the dawning spring, careless of the groups that jostled him on the trottoir, from the gay students, chanting their chansons à boire, to the piteous outcasts whose last home would be the Morgue; from the light-hearted, bright-eyed grisette of the Quartier Latin, to the wretched chiffonnier of the Faubourg d'Enfer, stopping to carry rags and filth away as wealth. He walked along, blind to the holy beauty of the midnight stars, deaf to the noisy laughter of the midnight revellers. He walked along, till a shrill voice struck on his ear, the voice of a woman, "Limosina per la carità, signor!"

The language of his childhood, of his youth, of his only cloudless days, of his poet's fancies, penned in its silvery rhythm under the fair skies of

Italy, with all a boy's romance and all a boy's fond hope, while hope and romance were still in the world for him; always stirred a chord of tenderness and regret in his heart. For his fondest endearments Italian words rose to his lips, and in his hours of strongest passion Italian was the language in which he would first and most naturally have spoken. Despite the chain that Italy had hung upon him, he loved her and he loved her language with one of the deep and mournful attachments with which we love what has cost us heavily, and which is yet dear to us. From his musing, that shrill voice, with its "Carità, carità, signor!" startled him with a sudden shock. Perhaps something in the tones stung him with a vague pang of remembrance, a pang as of an old wound suddenly struck in the dark by an unseen hand. At any rate, involuntarily, for the sake of the Italian words, he stretched out his hand with the alms she begged.

The face was haggard, faded, stamped with the violence of a fiendish temper, inflamed with the passion for drink; the eyes red, the lips thin, the brow contracted, the hair grey and spare—the face of a virago, the face of a drunkard. Still, with an electric thrill of memory, it took him back to another face, twenty years younger, with delicate colouring, smooth brow, coral lips, long shining hair, and dark voluptuous eyes—another, yet the same, marked and ruined even then with the stain of the same virago passions.

He gazed upon her, that dim and horrible memory struggling into birth by the light of the gas-lamp; her bloodshot eyes looked up at him; and *thus*, after twenty years, Sabretasche and his faithless wife met once again in life.

He gazed upon her as men in ancient days gazed on the horrible visage of the Medusa, fascinated with a spell that, while they loathed it, held them tight bound there, to look till their eyes grew dim and their hearts sick unto death on what they dreaded and abhorred; fascinated, he gazed upon her, the woman who had betrayed him; fascinated, she gazed on him, the husband she had wronged. They recognised each other; the tie that had once bound them, the wrong that had once parted them, would have taught them to know each other, though twice twenty years had parted them; he who had wedded and loved her, she who had wedded and dishonoured him.

There they stood, in the midnight streets of Paris, face to face once more. They, husband and wife! They, those whom God had joined together! Oh! farce and folly and falsehood! There they stood together. The man, with his refined and delicate features, his noble bearing, his gentle and knightly heart, his generous and chivalric nature, his highly-cultured intellect, his fastidious and artistic tastes, his proud, poetic susceptibilities, so sensitive to dishonour, so incapable of a base thought or a mean act; and *she*—the beauty she had once owned distorted with the vile temper and ravings of a shrew; in face and form, mind and feeling, the stamp of an unprincipled life, a vulgar bias, a virago's passions, of a conscience dead, of a heart without honour, of a brain besotted with the drink to which she had latterly flown as consoler and companion; a creature from whom a passer-by would shrink with loathing of the evil gleaming in her eyes; the type of that lowest, most debased, most loathsome womanhood, ruined by the worst of passions, drink; from whom, if such reeled out before him from a gin palace, or

passed him on the pavé, he shrank with the disgust of his fastidious taste, and the compassionate pity of his gentle and generous nature.

Yet these were husband and wife. Church and law bound them together, and would have thought it sin to part them!

She looked up in his face—up into those melancholy and lustrous eyes, which seemed to her the eyes of an avenging angel, for the last time that they had gazed upon her he had flung her from him in self-defence—a murderess in her mad and vengeful temper, in her dire hatred of him for coming between her and the love that wronged him—the man so young, so fond—the husband who had borne with her so unwearyingly, trusted her so generously, who should have won, if ever man had a right to win, loyalty and tenderness in return.

With a stern severity foreign to his nature, Sabretasche gazed upon her. All his wrongs, all the memories of that betrayal of which he had no *proof* to give the world, but which had stung and eaten into his very soul—all the torture which his tie to this woman had brought on his head and on hers who was dearer than his life—all the joys of which this wife, so false to him, had robbed him—all the happiness which she, traitress to him, denied him, with that title which law gave her, but which nature refused—all the horror, the bitterness, the misery of his bondage to this woman, and the separation from the one who so truly loved him—all rushed upon him, with a tide of fierce and cruel memories, at the sight of the wife to whom fate condemned him. His face grew yet paler and stern, with an iron bitterness rare with him. Wronged pride, outraged trust, violated honour, grief, loathing, scorn, pity, an unspoken accusation, which was more full of reproach and rebuke than any violent words, were written on his face as, sick unto death, he turned involuntarily from her—deeply as she had wronged him, she was sunk too low for him to upbraid. With a shudder he turned from her; but—with an inarticulate cry and a gurgle in her throat, she fell down on the flagstone of the street. Confused, and but half-conscious from the draught with which she had drugged her thoughts and satisfied the passion which had grown upon her, as the passion for drink grows ever on its victims; strongly imbued with the superstition of her country; while vague and stray remnants of the miracles, the credulities, and the legends of her religion still dwelt in her mind too deep for any crime, or any deadened conscience, to uproot her belief in them—the pale stern face of her husband, with those dark, melancholy, reproachful eyes that gazed upon her with a voiceless rebuke that touched even her into remorse for the lengthened wrong her life had done him, seemed, as he stood suddenly before her in the faint cold light of the moon, as the face of an avenging angel beckoning her to the chastisement of her crimes; as the face of an accusing spirit come from the land of death to summon her to follow him. Debilitated and semi-conscious, her strength eaten and burnt away by the deadly potence of absinthe, her mind hazy and clouded, more impressionable at such times than at any other to the superstitions of her creed and country; struck with terror at what her weak mind fancied was a messenger of retribution from the heaven she alternately reviled, blasphemed, and dreaded; with a shrill cry of horror and appeal, she fell down at Sabretasche's feet a helpless, moveless mass, lying still, death-like, huddled together in the cold, clear moonlight, on the glistening pavement, before the man her life had wronged.

Sabretasche's impulse was to leave her there; to fly for ever from the spectacle of the woman he had once loved so fondly, and who had once slept innocently on his heart, who was thus lost and thus degraded; to leave for ever the sight of a wife who outraged every sense, every delicate taste, every noble feeling, but to whom the law still bound him, because from a drunkard no divorce is granted! That was his impulse; but pity, duty, humanity stayed it. Though she was his enemy, she was a woman; though she had wronged him, she was now in want; though she had forsaken, betrayed, and robbed him of more than twenty long years' peace and joy, she had *once* been his love. He had once vowed to cherish and protect her, and, though Heaven knows, she had long ago lost all right or power to appeal to those vows, or that care, he would not leave her there, alone in the Paris streets at midnight, lying in the kennel like a dog. A crowd gathered round them in an instant—round the man with his patrician's grace and beauty, and the woman lying at his feet, squalid and repulsive—all the more loathsome, for the shadow of past loveliness that remained, showing all that nature would have left so fair, but for the vile human passions that had ruined and destroyed it. Among the crowd was a young medical student from the Quartier Latin, on his way from the Bouffes, who stooped down to look at her as she lay, and then raised his eyes to Sabretasche.

"Monsieur! regardez comme elle saigne!"

A dark crimson stream was welling from her lips out on to the pavement, white and glistening in the moonlight. With a sickening shudder Sabretasche turned away. He had seen the horrors of the Great Redan; he had looked on suffering and bloodshed with that calmness and tranquillity of nerve which soldiers learn perforce; but a sudden faintness seized him at the sight of that life-stream which, perchance, bore with it the last throbs of an existence which was the curse of his own. The street faded from his view, the voices of men grew confused in his ear, the grey moonlight seemed to whirl round and round him in a dizzy haze, out of which glared and laughed in mocking horror the face of a fiend—the face of his wife. His brain lost all consciousness; life seemed slipping from his grasp; he saw nothing, he heard nothing, he was conscious of nothing, save that horrible loathsome face close to his, with its wild bloodshot eyes dragging him with her down, down, down—away from life—into a vague hell of horror.

The soft night wind fanning his brow awoke him from his swoon; the voices around him seemed to bring with them a glad rush of free, healthful, welcome life; the terrible phantom of his brain faded away in the clear light of the moon, and in its stead came the memory of Violet's sweet, fair face. The truth rushed on him with the questions of the medical student as to his own health, the young fellow having noticed the sudden stagger with which he reeled back, and the deadly pallor of his face, and he answered the glance with which Sabretasche asked the question his lips refused to put into words.

"They have taken that poor woman, monsieur, to the Café Euphrosyne to see what's the matter with her before she goes to the hospital. My friend Lafitolle is with her."

Sabretasche thanked him for his care, and asked him to show him the Café Euphrosyne. He longed to leave the place, to go where he could run no risk of hearing, seeing, coming again in contact with the terrible phantom of the night—the phantom that was no spirit-form

moulded by the fancies of his brain and dissolved in the clear and sunny light of morning, but a dark and hopeless reality from which there was no awakening. But he knew by her prayer, "Carità! carità!" that she must be in want, poverty-stricken, and probably, now that he could make no more money from her claims on Sabretasche, deserted by her brother; and the heart of Sabretasche was too generous, too gentle, too full of knightly and chivalric feeling, to leave her without aid to suffer, perhaps to die, homeless and destitute in the hospital of a foreign city.

The Café Euphrosyne was a rather low and not over-cleanly house in the by-street into which Sabretasche unconsciously had wandered, chiefly frequented by the small shopkeepers of the quartier; but the people of the house were good-hearted, good-natured, cheerful people—a man and his wife, with whom the world went very well in their own small part of it, and who, unlike the generality of people with whom the world goes well, were very ready and willing to aid, if they could, any with whom it went ill. Their café was open, and lighted; Gringoire Virelois—the young épicier over the way—was giving a supper after the Cirque Olympique to his fiancée, Rose Dodu, and her friends, and in an inner room the good mistress of the house was venting pitiful exclamations and voluble compassion on the poor woman whom her bon ami, the water-carrier, had lifted on his broad Auvergnat shoulders and borne into her café, at the instance of M. Lafitolle, a medical student.

There, on a table, lay the once beautiful Tuscan, surrounded with a crowd—the many curious, the few compassionate—the life-blood still dropping slowly from between her thin ashy lips, her bloodshot eyes closed, her haggard cheeks more hollow still from their leaden hue, the hair that he remembered so golden and luxuriant now thin and spare, and streaked with grey, far more so than her years warranted. As Sabretasche drew near the door of the chamber a murmur ran among the people that the English milord knew something of her, and on the strength of it Lafitolle came forward to Sabretasche.

"Pardon, monsieur, but may I ask if you know anything of this poor woman, of her family, of where she comes from? If not, she shall go to the hospital."

The flush of pain and of pride that passed over Sabretasche's face, and then passed away, leaving it pallid as any statuary, did not escape the young student's quick eyes.

"No," he answered quickly. "Do not send her to the hospital. Let her remain here; I will defray the expenses."

He took out his purse as he spoke, and at sight of the glittering gold within it, and the sum he tendered her out of it, Madame Riolette, though as little mercenary as a woman can be who lives by the money she makes, thought what an admirable thing it is to fall in by fate with an English milord, and immediately acquiesced in his wish for her to receive the stranger, and listened with the humblest respect while he bade her do all that was necessary, and send for some surgeon, whom the young student recommended as the nearest and the cleverest.

Sabretasche waited there, leaning against the door of the café, the night wind blowing on his fevered forehead, a thousand conflicting thoughts and feelings at war within him, till the surgeon who had been brought thither came down the stairs and out of the door. As he passed him, Sabretasche arrested him.

"Monsieur, allow me to ask. Is she—will she——"

He paused; not to save his life could he have framed the question to ask if hers were in jeopardy; hers, dark with the wrong of twenty years' wrong to him; hers, so long the curse upon his own; hers, the sole bar between himself and Violet.

"Will she live?" guessed the surgeon. "No, not likely. She has poisoned herself with absinthe, poor devil! I suppose you found her on the pavement, monsieur? It is very generous to assist her so liberally. Shocking thing that absinthe—shocking! Bonsoir, monsieur."

The surgeon, without awaiting a reply to any of his questions, went off, impatient to return to the écarté he had left to attend his summons to the Café Euphrosyne, and Sabretasche still leaned against the door-post in the still, clear starlight, while the soft, fresh rush of the night wind, and the noisy revelry from Rose Dodu's betrothal supper, alike passed by him unheeded.

His heart throbbed, his pulses beat rapid time, his brain whirled with the tide of emotions that rushed through him. For twenty years he had not seen his wife; he had left her that day when he had flung her from him, in self-defence, as he would have flung a tigress clinging to him with its cruel griffes, a young and beautiful woman, with the rounded form, the delicate outline, the luxuriant hair, the rich colouring of youth. As such he had always thought of her. In absence we seldom give account for the ravages of time; and this haggard, wild-eyed woman, with her whitening hair, her thin lips, her hollow cheeks, her remnant of bygone loveliness, only just sufficient to render more distinct the marks and ruinous touch of years and bad passions, and that deadly love of stimulants which stamps itself so surely on its victims, seemed to him like some hideous caricature or phantom, rather than the real presence of his wife. For twenty years his eyes had not rested on her, and the change which time had wrought, and temper and drink hastened, shocked him, as a young child, laughing at his own gay, fair face in a mirror, would start, if in its stead he suddenly saw the worn and withered features he should wear in his old age. This sudden resurrection of the memories of his youth; this sudden meeting with the wife so long unseen; this abrupt transition from the delicate, fresh, and exquisite loveliness of Violet Molyneux, to the worn, haggard, repulsive face of the woman who barred him from her; took a strange hold upon him, and struck him with a strange shock; such as I have felt coming out of the warm, bright, voluptuous sunshine of a summer's day into the silent, damp, midnight gloom of a cavern. And side by side with that face, seen in the glare of the gaslight, with that harsh voice and that shrill cry for alms, "Carità! carità!" and those wild, bloodshot eyes lifted to his, rose the memory of the one so young, so fair, with its beautiful open brow, and its earnest, impassioned eyes, and its soft lips white with pain, and the clinging clasp of those fond hands, and the quiver in that low and tender voice speaking those noble words, "I count sorrow from your hand dearer than joy from any other." Side by side they rose before him, and with a wild thrill of such delirium as they might know who, on the scaffold, putting up their last prayer to God, and taking their last look of the golden sunlight and the laughing earth, see the pardon which beckons them to life among their fellow-men from the very border of the grave, there came rushing through his heart and brain the thought of *freedom*—the freedom that would come with Death!—to banish it he would have needed to be Deity, not man.

He leaned there against the door, his thoughts mingling in strange chaos death and life; at once going back to the buried past of his youth and on to the possible future of his manhood, when Rose Dodu and her party, brushing past him with their light French jests, going homewards after their merry supper, roused him back into the actual moment, and ere the house closed for the night he turned and sought Madame Riolette, to bid her have all that might be necessary for the comfort and the care of her charge, and wait for no solace that money could bring to soothe the dreary passage to the grave of the woman whose life had blasted his. Church people, I know, looked on Sabretasche as an âme damnée and a lost spirit—as a child of wrath, ungodly, worldly, given over to dissipation, and scepticism, and self-indulgence—yet, if I had wronged him, or were in need, I would rather have his reading of charity and forgiveness than that of "eminent Christians," though theirs is "doctrinal and by grace," and his the simple offspring of a noble heart, a generous nature, and a tolerant mind, which, knowing much evil in itself, forbore to avenge much evil in others.

Madame Riolette listened to his injunctions with the reverence which gleaming Napoleons are sure to gain for their owner all the world over, and promised to give the sufferer every care and comfort—a promise she would have kept without any bribe, for she was full of the ready and vivacious kindness of her country, and was one of the best-natured little women that ever breathed.

"Monsieur would not like to speak to the poor woman?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"No, no," said Sabretasche, hastily, with that flush of pain which every thought of his wife brought with it.

"But, monsieur," went on Madame Riolette, submissively, with her little head, with its white cap and its ponderous earrings, hung bashfully down, afraid of seeming rude to this English milord, in whom she, with French intuition, discerned that ring of "aristocrat," which she, true in heart to the white lilies, reverenced and adored—"if monsieur could speak Italian it would be such a kindness to the poor woman. No one in the house could, and since she had become conscious, she kept murmuring Italian words, and seemed so wretched no one could understand them. As monsieur had been already so nobly benevolent to her, if monsieur would not mind adding so greatly to his goodness——"

And Madame Riolette paused, awed to silence by the pallor and the set sternness in Sabretasche's face. She thought he was angry with her for her audacity, and began a trembling apology. Poor woman! his thoughts were far enough away from her. A struggle rose within him; he had an unconquerable loathing and shrinking from ever looking again upon the face of the woman who had wronged him; yet—a strange mournful sort of pity awoke in him as he heard of her muttering words in their mutual language in foreign ears upon her death-bed, and he thought of her young, lovely, as he had first seen her among the pale-green olives of Montepulto, almost as young, almost as lovely as Violet Molyneux.

He stood still some moments, his face turned from the inquisitorial light of Madame Riolette's hand-lamp; then he lifted his head:

"Lead the way."

She led the way up a narrow staircase and along a little corridor, and opened for him a door through which Sabretasche had to bend his head

to pass, and ushered him into a chamber; small, it is true, but with all the prettinesses and comforts Madame Riolette had been able to gather into it, and neither close nor hot, but full of the sweet evening air that had come in blowing far from the olive-groves of the sufferer's native Tuscany, across the purple Alps and the blue mountains of Auvergne, over the deep woods, and stretching meadows, and rushing rivers of the interior, till it came fresh and fragrant, laden with life and perfume, bearing healing on its wings to the heated, feverish, crowded streets of Paris.

Sabretasche took the lamp from the woman's hand, and signed her to retire, a hint which Madame Riolette interpreted by seating herself by the little table in the window and taking out her knitting, pondering, acute Parisienne that she was, on what possible connexion there could be between the poor, haggard, wretched-looking woman on her bed, and the graceful, aristocratic milord Anglais.

By the light of the lamp in his hand, Sabretasche stood and gazed upon his wife, as she lay unconscious of his gaze, with her eyes closed, and scarcely a pulsation to be seen that could mark life from death. He looked upon her face, with the stamp of vicious and virago passion marked on every line, on the bony, nervous hand that had been raised, in their last parting, against his life; the hand which bore on its finger the key that had locked the fetters of marriage round and about him with such pitiless force, the badge of a life-long bondage, the seal that stamped the death-warrant of his liberty and peace, the wedding-ring that in the joyous glow and blind fond trust of youth he had placed there, with his heart beating high, with all a lover's tenderest thoughts, the sign as he then believed of life-long joy and union with a woman who loved him as well and as truly as he loved her. He thought of his bride as she had looked to him on his marriage morning in Tuscany, fair as woman could ever need to be, with the orange-flowers and myrtles gathered with the dews of dawn glittering upon them, wreathed among her rich and golden hair; he looked upon her now, with the work of twenty years stamped upon her face, twenty years of wrong, of evil, of debasing thought, of avaricious passions, who had lived on the money of the husband she had wronged, to spend it in the lowest of all vices, the love of drink. He knew nothing of how those twenty years had been passed, but he could divine nearly enough, seeing the wreck and ruin they had wrought. And he was tied to this woman!—if she rose from that bed of sickness, he was bound to her by law! His heart recoiled with horror and sickened at the thought; reason, and sense, and nature revolted, outraged and indignant at the hideous truth. He longed to call the world that condemned him to such bondage around him where he stood, and ask them how they dared to fetter him to such a wife, to such a tie; chaining him to more horrible companionship than those inflicted who chained the living body to the festering corpse, never to be unloosed till welcome death released the prisoner consigned to such horror unspeakable by his own kind, by his own fellow-men.

As he gazed upon her, the light of the lamp falling on her eyes, aroused her from the semi-conscious trance into which she had fallen, weakened by the loss of blood, which, though not great, had taken away the little strength and power which she had, all vitality and health having been eaten gradually up by the poison she had loved and courted—poison slow, but ever sure.

Her eyes unclosed and fastened on him with a wild, vacant stare; then

she covered her face with her hands, and cowered down among the bed-clothes in mortal terror, muttering trembling and disjointed words:

"Oh, Santa Maria! have mercy, have mercy! I have erred, I have sinned, I confess it! Send him away, send him away; he will kill me with his calm sad eyes, they pierce into my soul. I was mad—I hated him—I knew not what I did. Oh, Mother of God, call him away! I am ready, I will come to the lowest hell if you will, so that I may not see him. His eyes, his eyes.—Holy Jesus, call him away!"

Her voice rose in a faint, shrill shriek, the phantasma of her brain was torture to her, and in its unconsciousness the superstitious terrors of her childhood's faith rose clear and strong as when long years ago she had trembled, little more than an infant, to see the (to her) mysterious Host lifted above the crowd. She cowered down among the clothes, trembling and terror-stricken, before the gaze of the man she had betrayed, who, to her wandering brain, seemed like an avenging angel to carry her to an eternal abode among the damned.

"Poor soul, poor soul!" murmured Madame Riolette to her knitting-needles, "that's how she's been going on for the last hour. I wish the milord Anglais would let me send for the Père Lavoisier. If anybody can give rest to a weary sinner it is he."

Sick at heart with the scene, and filled with a mournful pity for the wreck he saw before him, Sabretasche tried to calm her with some Italian words of reassurance and compassion; but the sound of her native language seemed only to excite her more wildly still. She glared at him; her dark eyes, bloodshot and opened wide, recalling to him their last parting, when they had glittered upon him as now, but then with the fire of a tigress and the hatred of a murderess. She sprang up with a convulsive movement and signed him frantically from her.

"Go away, go away! I know you; you are Vivian, my husband; you are come from hell to fetch me. I have sinned against you, and I would sin again. I hate you—I *hate* you! Go to your English love! but you can never marry her—you can never marry her. *I* am your wife. All the world will tell you so, and I will not let you kill me. I will live—I will live, to curse you as I have——"

She sank back on her pillows, her little strength exhausted with the violence of her passions; her eyes still glaring, but half consciously, on him—quivering, panting, foaming at the mouth like a wild animal after a combat; there was little of humanity, nothing of womanhood, left in her—and—this woman was his *wife!*

She lay on the bed, her wild eyes fixed on him, breathing loud and quickly, defiant, though powerless, like a wounded tigress, stricken down in her strength, but with the fell ferocious instinct still alive within her. Then she began again to shrink, and tremble, and cower before her own thoughts; and hiding her face in her hands, began to weep, murmuring some Latin words of the Church prayers, and calling on the Virgin's aid.

"I have sinned—I have sinned; oh, Madre di Dio, save me! Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, misere nobis. What are the words—what are the words; will no one say them? I used to know them so well. I can remember nothing; perhaps I am dying—dying, unconfessed and unabsolved. Where is Padre Cyrillo, he would give me absolution. Let me confess, let me confess, O Santa Maria, before I die!"

Now that the one thought of confession and absolution had come into her mind, she never let it go; moaning that one prayer to the Virgin, she lay less violent and less excited, but weeping piteously, and begging for a priest; a priest, poor soul! with that strange belief which Catholics and Protestants alike share, if not in the ability of another mortal to shrive their sins, in his power to help them rub out the dark scores of a long life at the last minute, when frightened by the death that is drawing near, they exaggerate their sins, and yet catch at the feeblest straw to save them from them. Weary of the scene whose horrors he had no power to soften, heart-sick of the human degradation before him, Sabretasche turned to Madame Riolette:

"Is there no priest you could summon?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur," answered that good little Catholic, warmly. "There is the Père Lavoisier, the curé of Sainte Cécile, and so good a man! He will rise any hour, and go through any weather, to bring a ray of comfort to any soul; and he can speak her language, too, for he is half Italian."

"Send for him," said Sabretasche, briefly, "and show me to another room. You shall be well paid for all your trouble. I knew your patient in other days; I intend to remain here till the surgeon's next visit."

He spoke more briefly and hurriedly than was his wont; but Madame Riolette did not heed it. She would have been only too glad to have him always there, provided he paid as he had done that night, and ushered him with many apologies into the room which had lately witnessed Rose Dodu's fête des fiançailles. The scent of the air, reeking with stale wine and the odours of the late supper, struck on Sabretasche's delicate senses, so used to refinement and luxury that no campaigning could dull or blunt them; and throwing open one of the small casements, he sat down by the open window, leaning out into the cool, silent street, over whose high pointed roofs the grey dawn was growing lighter, and the morning stars larger. He felt a strange, irresistible fascination to stay there till he knew whether this life would revive to be again a curse to his; or whether the icy hand of death would unloose the fetters man refused to sever. Yet they were horrible hours—hours of fear and longing, of dread which seemed so hideously near akin to murder; of wild, delirious hope, which for his life he could not have chilled; horrible hours to him in which he waited to know whether with another's death existence would bloom anew for him, and from another's grave the flowers of hope spring up in all their glories.

He had bade Madame Riolette, when she had brought him some café au lait and brandy—for he had taken nothing for many hours—to let him know when the surgeon had paid his next visit, and awaiting the medical man's opinion, he sat by the open window, while the soft April dawn grew clearer and brighter, and the sparrows began to twitter on the house-tops, and the hum of human life to awake in Paris. He sat there, for what seemed to him an eternity, his nerves strung to tension, till every slight sound in the street below him, the taking down of the shop shutters, the cry of the water-carriers, the bark of the dogs, jarred upon his brain, and every minute passed heavily away as though it were a cycle of time. His heart beat fast and thick as a knock came on the panels of the door, and it was with difficulty he could steady his voice to give the permission to enter. He expected to see the surgeon; instead, he saw the curé of

Sainte Cécile, a mild, silver-haired, gentle-voiced old man, of whom all Madame Riolette's praise was true.

"May I speak to monsieur?"

"Certainly, mon père," answered Sabretasche, to whom, from his long years' residence in Italy, the title came naturally.

"You know the sufferer to whom I was called?"

Sabretasche bent his head; evasion of the truth never at any moment occurred to him.

"You are her husband?"

The blood rushed over his face; he, the haughty gentleman, the refined patrician, shrank as from the insult of a blow from the abrupt question that told him that his connexion with the woman who dishonoured his name, who cursed his career, who blotted his escutcheon, and had now sunk so low that an honest day-labourer might have shrunk from acknowledging her as his wife, was no longer a secret, but known so widely that a stranger might unhesitatingly tax him with it.

"By whose authority do you put these questions to me?" he asked, with that careless hauteur which had made the boldest man among his acquaintance pause before he provoked Vivian Sabretasche.

"By no authority, monsieur," replied the priest, mildly, "except that which commands me to do what I think right without regard to its consequences to me. Under the seal of confession I have heard the sufferer's story; the one her life has sinned against is her husband; him she saw this night standing by her bedside; him she will never now rest without seeing, to ask his pardon. When Madame Riolette told me of your benevolence to the poor woman who had been found dying in the street, I thought you must be he whom she implores Heaven to bring to her that she may sue for his forgiveness before the grave closes over her——"

"Is she dying?" His voice was hoarse and inarticulate as he asked the brief question.

"Fast; when another night closes in—nay, most likely when noon is here, she will have ceased to live."

Sabretasche turned to the window, and leaned his forehead on his arm, the blood rushed like lightning through his veins, his breathing was quick and loud, like a man who, having borne a weary burden through a long day of heat and toil, flings it suddenly aside, and his lips moved with a single word, too low to stir the air, but full of inexpressible tenderness and thanksgiving—the one word, "*Violet!*" Alone he would have bowed his face upon his hands and wept like a woman, but in the presence of another he turned with that calm and equable gravity which until he had last loved, nothing had had power to disturb. The traces of deep and strong emotions were on his face, but he spoke as tranquilly as of old.

"You have guessed rightly; I am her husband by law, though I myself for twenty years have never held, nor would ever hold, myself as bound in any way by moral right to her. She has forfeited all claim or title to call me by such a name. Since you have heard her story—if she have told it you as truthfully as those of your creed profess to tell everything in their confession—you can judge that an interview between one who has caused, and another who has suffered from, twenty years of wrong, could be productive of peace to neither. I have cared for her,

finding her suddenly ill in these streets; I have sent for medical aid; I have given Madame Riolette, I now give you, full power to do everything that wealth can do to soothe and soften her last moments; beyond that, I do not recognise her as my wife, and I refuse to see again a woman who, when I left her, would have sought my life, and who, even now, drove me away from her with curses."

He spoke calmly, in his low, sweet voice, but there was a set sternness on his face; compassion had made him act gently to his wife, but it had not banished the haughty and bitter wrath which wronged pride and outraged trust had ever awakened at her memory or her name.

"But, monsieur," interrupted the old curé, gently, "if your wrongs are great, death will soon expiate them; if her errors to you are many, she will be soon judged by a God more merciful, we must all for our own sakes hope, than Man is ever to his fellows. I have just administered the last offices to her. I should scarcely have done that had she been still hardened and impenitent. She repents; can any of us do more than that, monsieur? And have not all, even the very best, much of which we *must* repent if we have any conscience left? It is hardly fitting for us to sit in judgment on any other, when in ourselves we have much evil unexamined and unannealed, and if there were no outer checks, but constant opportunity and temptation, crime enough in the purest of us to make earth a hell. Your wife repents, monsieur. She has something to confess to you, without which she cannot die in peace, not even in such peace as she may yet win, poor soul! A word from you will calm her, will give her the only comfort she can ever have this side the grave. You have very much to pardon; but oh, monsieur, when you lie on your own death-bed you will thank God if you have conquered yourself and not been harsh to her on hers."

They were simple words. The curé of Sainte Cécile had never had much eloquence, and had been chosen for a crowded parish where kind words and good deeds were more wanted and better understood than rounded periods and glowing tropes. They were simple words, but they touched the heart of his auditor, awaking all that was gentle, noble, and tolerant in his nature. It was true. What was he, that he should judge?—what his life, that he had title to condemn another? It was the creed he had ever held in that fashionable world, where men and women sin themselves, and redeem their errors by raking up scandal and preaching moral sermons upon others, and seek to hide the holes in their own garments by hooting after another's rags; it had ever been his creed that toleration and not severity was the duty of humanity, and he had sneered with his most subtle wit at those who from the pulpit or the forum rebuked the sins they in themselves covered with their surplices or their robes. Should he turn apostate from his creed now, when it called him to act up to it? Should he dare to be harsh to this woman, simply because it happened to be against himself that her errors had been committed? He wavered a moment, then—his sense of clemency and justice conquered.

"You are right. I have no title to judge her. I will see her, if you think it best."

And the priest, as he looked up into his face, with its pale and delicate beauty, and its earnest and melancholy eyes, thought "what a noble heart this woman has wronged and thrown away."

UMBRIA AND THE MARCHES.*

Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope exhausts sundry pages in demonstrating that no stream of foreign travel ever flowed in so undeviating a channel as that of the visitors from the northern side of the Alps to Rome and Naples, unless, perhaps, that of the caravan of the faithful to Mekka. Generation after generation the thousands come every year, and all tread with the utmost exactitude in the footsteps of their predecessors. Yet, after warring against the well-worn ruts left by these very predecessors, it is not a little amusing to find Mr. Trollope and his friend starting from Florence, nose to tail, along the gap made by those who have gone before him. But even the beaten route from Florence to Arezzo had something new for practised observers and competent travellers. At Figline were inscriptions in colossal letters on every available inch of wall of "Abasse il Papa Re!" The Catholics of Tuscany were found, indeed, to be more advanced than their co-religionists in Ireland. Mr. Trollope also thinks that some documents might be found throwing light on the question as to how the wonderful mummied figure got built up in the wall of the church at St. Giovanni. This is exciting our curiosity without gratifying it.

The railroad to Sienna has for the time being obliterated Arezzo; its great inn, once one of the best in Italy, is no more. Here our travellers left the high road (only to join it again at Perugia), by admirably engineered zig-zags up the mountains to Citta di Castello. A young priest, almost in rags, with a lean, hungry look, but brandishing a stout cudgel, and a charcoal-burner, with the picturesqueness of a brigand (and probably much more than the picturesqueness), diversified the route, which was pleasant enough in itself. Passing Monterchi (Mons Herculis) and descending to the yellow Tiber, they reached the "miserable squalid mass of dilapidated, rotten-looking buildings," once the home of art and wealth and splendour, yclept Citta di Castello. From out of these old ruins our experienced travellers disentombed many pleasant reminiscences. There was the inn, the Canonniera—one of the earliest cannon foundries in Italy—with frescoes by Cristofero Gherardi. There were the five palaces of the Vitelli, with pictures and gardens, and, within a few miles, Pliny's villa, now an isolated farm called Passerino. The local historians and chroniclers of Italian municipalities, a branch of literature of exceeding richness, and yet hitherto almost utterly neglected, stand our author in good stead at Castello, and still more so as he proceeds on his journey.

At this place, however, began, at the same time, those difficulties of transport which, superadded to the indifferent accommodations of the inns, deter most travellers from quitting the high roads in Italy. Our travellers wished to proceed to Gubbio, only some eighteen miles distant. There was no road. So they had perforce to wend their way by the highway to Perugia, till they came to Fratta. And even then it was not at all certain that they could get thence direct to Gubbio. There was the

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* A Lenten Journey in Umbria and the Marches. By Thomas Adolphus Trollope. Chapman and Hall.

Tiber to ferry a few miles from Fratta, and the waters being swollen, the diligence would not attempt it. There is, however, a bridge now building on the spot. At Fratta, as at Castello, everybody then and there present in the café—the only place of public entertainment in the town—took part in the discussion as to whether the road to Gubbio was feasible, which, luckily for our travellers, was decided in the affirmative. The reader will admit that this was not a very encouraging start. There was one picture at Fratta, and the inhabitants valued it exceedingly, as the only thing they had to attract gold-dispensing strangers to the place! Close by was also the Camaldolese monastery of Monte Cerona, nestled among rich oak woods, but the provisional governor of Umbria—Pepoli—had turned the monks out of their old fastnesses. Italian politics are not always simple of comprehension. Pepoli is said to have done this with a view to disgust the people with their new governors, and indispose them towards union with Piedmont. The monastic orders, it is to be observed, had also property to be confiscated, and were hence expropriated, while the begging friars were left alone. No matter, a good clearance was effected.

Arrived at length at Gubbio, it had only one inn, a palazzo, of course, but without a name. The reception at this inn is more like a page from the Mysteries of Udolpho than of modern travel. There was the huge old knocker, and no one to answer its echoes as they died away in the tenantless halls. There was a grand old marble staircase to ascend, when entrance was at last obtained; there were innumerable large empty rooms to pass through; nay, there was actually a long bridge of planks, with huge naked rafters above, and a dark and bottomless abyss below, to pass over, before a bedroom could be reached. And then, but for the united exercise of much good humour and perseverence, our travellers would have been left to go supperless to bed! The hostess declared that there was nothing, but, by dint of eloquence, prompted by hunger, she was brought to avow:

"A minéstra di riso (rice soup) you can have, to be sure; and a lesso (a bit of boiled beef). Then for the fritto, one can find a few artichokes, perhaps. Do you prefer a pigeon or uccellini (small birds) for the arrosto?"

A magnificent supper, but not so to Anglo-Saxon tourists, who were never yet satisfied. They insisted upon the addition of potatoes, for which the kind hostess had to scour the city, whether in vain or not we are not told. Gubbio has a palazzo publico, an interesting and important monument; a palace of the Dukes of Urbino, a palace of the municipality, the remains of a Roman theatre, and many pictures and frescoes. Our travellers also paid a visit here to an old antiquity dealer—Momo Nicchi by name—who had only a curiously-shaped and daintily ornamented vase, badly cracked, for sale; yet the greater part of the Soulage collection, which formed so prominent a feature of the great Exhibition at Manchester, passed through his hands. Gubbio was one of the principal seats of the manufacture of majolica, and the native country of the most celebrated master of the art, "Maestro Georgio."

Our travellers purported proceeding from Gubbio to Camerino; but it was the old story—no roads for wheeled conveyances, nay, not even on foot, with a horse, mule, or ass, to carry their baggage! Had they been

with Captains Speke and Grant they could not have been worse off. So they had to fall into the old ruts again, and journey on to Perugia, passing on their way Fratticciola, all the inhabitants of which place are said to be robbers, but now well watched by the carabinieri. The old Etruscan city of Perugia has got a bad name ever since an inoffensive family of American travellers narrowly escaped being murdered by the Pope's troops in the principal hotel of the city, while they witnessed the murder of the landlord at his own door; and few now go to it. One of the two great hotels is, in consequence, shut up, and the other is very different to what it used to be. It was with great difficulty that our travellers obtained beds; and in answer to inquiries for food, they were told that there was absolutely nothing in the house. There are signs of improvement, however, even here. The horrible Bastille no longer exists, people can talk and read the newspapers, and all are agreed that the day which saw the change from priestly misrule to a system of constitutional government was the birthday of a new era of prosperity and happiness for Italy. Our travellers also conversed here with an aged Carbonaro chieftain, who said that the Carbonaro Association still existed, spread over every country of continental Europe; that the discipline and means of co-operation were kept up in undiminished efficiency, all the signs and watchwords of the Order having been changed subsequently to the Orsini attempt.

A pleasant morning drive took our travellers from Perugia by the well-known and well-beaten Roman road to Assisi—one vast monument to the memory of St. Francis, and whose extraordinary wealth of thirteenth-century art, still extant on its walls, is eagerly sought for by all those "who, in obedience to 'la mode,' have substituted for raptures on 'the Corregiosity of Corregio' an intense gusto for the Giottesqueness of Giotto!" But the sights of Assisi are all duly registered in the guide-books, and we hasten gladly away to less hackneyed spots. Passing Foligno, which is in the same category, a long and tedious ascent leads to Camerino, the city of beautiful women, and of no end of exciting traditions of the Varini family, pleasantly abbreviated by Mr. Trollope from the pages of Camillo Lilli, the historian of the city, and a search for a copy of whose work in the city itself constitutes a characteristic and interesting episode of Umbrian travel. Pictures every one would sell, but not one a volume of "Pâtria Stória," so eventually our traveller had to leave Camarino without it; but he was subsequently more fortunate in another neighbouring city.

The Castle of Varano stands on a singularly commanding hill-top, which is isolated from the hills behind it, at the mouth of a narrow and beautiful defile. The "stumpy little quarto" of Lilli—all the copies of which want certain condemned sheets and illustrations—says that Varano received its name from the Varani, who were of Norman origin, and relations of our Earls of Surrey. As the family of the Varani are now merely an object of curiosity to the historical student, so their old feudal castle, with its great keep, its enormous hall, its dungeons, and lady's bower, has no longer any purpose to serve in the world save that of an interesting and beautiful object in the landscape.

Beyond is Tolentino, entered by a picturesque old Gothic gateway, with something of Italian mediæval character about the group of public buildings in the Piazza, and with reminiscences of the Accoramboni

family. "That wretched, poverty-stricken, snuff-begrimed, little old marchese, whom I meet," says Mr. Trollope, "at our evening gossip in the apothecary's shop, is as proud as Lucifer, because his maternal grandfather's grandmother was an Accoramboni!" But Tolentino has a reputation that does not date from mediæval times, as the scene of the treaty by which the Papal government ceded to a lay conqueror a part of its dominions, and thus established a precedent fatal to the "non possumus," by which the still harder-pressed successors of that unfortunate sixth Pius would vainly seek to protect the last shreds of their temporal power.

Feudal towns on isolated mountains, and mediæval castles on rocky summits, are as plentiful as blackberries in Umbria and the Marches. To Tolentino succeeds Macerata, occupying, like Camerino, the summit of an isolated hill, which itself rises up in the midst of a district of lower hills, intersected by large water-courses. It was not enough that internecine wars were carried on in olden times between each of these hill and castellated towns, but, in the absence of these, they used to get up literary quarrels, and Macerata and Camerino are celebrated for a contest of this kind, which arose in 1777, and raged for many years. So true it is that hitherto no nation on the face of the earth has been so divided against itself as Italy. A long experience of the suffering entailed by division would seem at length to have inspired the Italians with an all-absorbing passion for unity; but it is almost hoping against all the lessons and examples of the past; and in the face of all the known instincts—hatred, envy, and ambition—that have ever filled Italian hearts from Lombardy to the farther Calabria, to believe in the permanence of the existing impulse. The tendency in the modern local nobility to exchange their old castellated towns for the society of the large cities, may, however, by weakening the importance of small localities, tend to cement a desirable union—supposing the dictates of prudence and patriotism were not sufficient to hold together states so often inflicted by that inordinate vanity which leads them to overrate their own particular power and importance. In the present day the Maceratese are happily almost solely engaged in playing at pallone or ball, and to do this effectively they have erected an enormous building, capable of holding twice the population of the place, estimated at some eleven thousand; and so luxuriously is this circus got up, that every box in the huge circle has its own withdrawing-room behind it!

The number of these rock-perched and castellated towns, in some cases, as on leaving Macerata for the archiepiscopal city of Fermo (still, albeit close to the Adriatic, on the top of a hill), leads to the strangest confusion. Passing Montolmo, on the crest of a lofty hill; St. Giusto, a little walled town perched on another naked hill-top; and Monte Granaro, a still smaller and more inaccessibly rock-perched town, our travellers became fairly nonplused before reaching the end of their journey.

"There is Fermo!" observed one.

"No! that is only a different view of St. Elpidio!" retorted another.

"Not a bit of it! St. Elpidio must be more behind us. There it is!"

"No! no! that is St. Giusto! You may know it by that long bit of unbroken grey wall which the sun is now shining full on; and by the neighbourhood of Monte Granaro close to it."

"Where is St. Elpidio, then?"

"Hidden behind that hill close on the left, with Monturano on the top of it."

"That must be Fermo, then, in front. Besides, we have not seen all day any town with so remarkably shaped and angular a mass, rising sharp and well defined over all the rest of the buildings. That topmost, square-looking mass of building must be a fort, and an extraordinary fine position for one too!"

"I suppose that it must be Fermo! But we have been dodging about so all the morning among a morris-dance of towns, all situated much alike, and all changing their aspects so entirely as you see them from one side or another, that there is no remembering their relative positions, or feeling sure which is which."

It was Fermo, and the square-looking rocky lump which formed the apex of the hill was not a castle, but the cathedral, which looks over an immense sweep of the Adriatic, and serves as a landmark far away out towards the coast of Dalmatia. Fermo is the richest piece of preferment which the Holy Father has to bestow on the best deserving of his episcopal sons; but the town itself, as is usual with church preferments, is poverty-stricken and dirt-stricken, and the streets are narrow, tortuous, and shabby. "A traveller," says Mr. Trollope, "with the least tinge of romantic imagination about him, and duly up in the well-known scenic properties of Apennine adventure—who knows at a glance the genuine slouched sugar-loaf brigand hat, and the true significance of velveteen breeches unbuttoned at the knee, would give himself up for lost in finding himself inside the low-browed, cavernous arched doorway of the Fermo house of accommodation."

"And then," he adds afterwards, "the appearance of the people who receive you in the gloomy cavern-kitchen of that grim hostelry! Shade of Mrs. Radcliffe! If that landlord be not the captain of a band of brigands, and that hostess be not the brigand's lady-love, there is no faith to be put in cross-gartering, or in dishevelled black locks, piercing black eyes, and gay-coloured head-kerchiefs."

Matters did not, however, turn out so bad. In the passage, which was wide enough for the purpose, was a sleek priest sitting at table at dinner, who bowed smilingly to the new comers as they passed to their rooms. "And if only that brigand host," they mentally exclaim, "can be induced to stay his hand when adding the garlic to the lamb's-fry (frittata), and the brigand's wife be coaxed into putting clean sheets on the beds, we shall do well enough!"

Part of this prayer was heard; the other part the gods dispersed in air, according to classical precedent. The clean sheets were at once accorded, but Jove himself had not the power to wipe from the mind of that brigand cook the lessons learned from infancy upwards, that meat ungarlicked is not fit food for man.

Fermo has, like all these other strangely-picturesque mediæval towns of mediæval Italy, a history as well as a cathedral. The tyrants of Fermo of old—yclept the Euffreducci—were more than usually cruel and tyrannical where all were so. Oliverotto, one of these precious feudal lords, was so cruel as to have earned the distinction of being moralised upon by Machiavelli, who, in reference to him, makes the nice distinction of "cruelties judiciously or injudiciously employed." There is also

connected with this city on the Adriatic a story of three martyrs, illustrative of Papal misrule and Papal injustice, told by Mr. Trollope from Cavre Achille Gennarelli's work, "Il Governo Pontificio, e Lo Stato Romano," which is enough to make one's blood run cold. Well may Mr. Trollope ask, on concluding this well-authenticated history of judicial murders, "What does the reader think of the progress of civilisation and social morality achieved during three hundred years of government by Heaven's Vicar on earth? and especially, what does he think of the heart and conscience that lies under the purple of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop de Angelis? whom I have seen recently named as the probable successor of the present Pontiff in the chair of St. Peter.

"For my own part, I would rather live under the rule of our friend Oliverotto ten times over!"

Fermo has a port, which, Mr. Trollope says, "is no port at all," there being only one or two wretched fishing-boats on the beach, and these are not used, for the people say that the fish, finding that they were caught if they came to the Porto di Fermo, had grown wiser by experience, and did not come to the shore any more. Hence our travellers proceeded by way of Porto di Recanati to visit the world-celebrated shrine of Loreto. A railway is in the course of construction along this line of country—the shore of the ancient Picenum Suburbicarium (for the antiquities of which Mr. Trollope is mostly indebted to Brandimarte's "Plinio Seniore illustrato nella Decrizione del Piceno")—which is to proceed from Ancona, already connected by rail with Turin, to the Tronto, which formed the frontier of the old Neapolitan kingdom.

"Neither ancient Rome, nor ancient Etruria, nor ancient Umbria," our traveller remarks, "knew anything of Loreto. The place is wholly and solely the creation of Mariolatry; lives, is rich, and has its being, uniquely by and for that alone, and embodies probably on the whole the most impudent and most monstrous of all the impudent and monstrous impostures of the Marian religion.

"The town—I beg its pardon, the city, for it is such by special Papal grace—the city of Loreto is a neat little town, tacked on to an enormous church and proportionate subsidiary ecclesiastical establishment, on a pleasant hill, not above five or six hundred feet above the level of the sea, nor above three miles or so distant from it, and approached by an admirably wide, well-made, and handsome road, which seems to warn the traveller to put his mind into an attitude of respect, and to remind him that he is fast approaching a place worthy of far other regards and administrative care than may suffice for the centres of mere worldly commerce and industry."

We shall not stay here to detail the history of this monstrous imposture, as propounded by the Church for the edification of the faithful. How the venerable dwelling in which the Virgin was born and lived was transported, in the fear of destruction by Sultan Khalib, through vast tracks of air and sea to the coast of Dalmatia, where it arrived on the 10th of May, 1291; how, without the slightest warning, it was lifted again by angels in the air, disappeared thence, and having passed the Adriatic, appeared on the shore, and advancing a small space inland, stopped in the thick recesses of an ancient grove, the owner of which was a rich and pious lady of Recanati, named Laureta; how, eight months after its

arrival, it took another flight from the wood of Laureta to a pleasant hill not far from Recanati; and how, its possession being disputed by two brothers, it once again changed its quarters, and took up its position in the middle of the high road, in the spot which it has from that day forward occupied. Mr. Trollope points out a curious inconsistency in this authorised "Historical Relation of the Prodigious Translation of the Holy House of Nazareth, 22nd Edition, Loreto, 1858," inasmuch as the said history states the house to have arrived in Dalmatia in May, 1291, remained there three years and seven months, and yet have arrived in Italy in December, 1291! But, as he justly adds, in the atmosphere of transcendental miracle in which we are moving, a little matter of this sort, more or less, is of small importance.

Of course a church was forthwith raised over the Casa Santa, and accommodations for the concourse of pilgrims were added. This was succeeded by a larger and handsomer one in the fourteenth century, and this again by the present structure in the fifteenth, built under the pontificate of Paul II. The present edifice makes an imposing appearance, from its size and fine position on the brow of the hill, overlooking the Adriatic. The Holy House is situated in the middle of the church, under the dome. Before the west front, which is ornamented in correct Palladian guise, with a fine portico and enormous columns, there is a very large square, surrounded on two sides by colonnaded ranges of buildings, containing the dwellings of the numerous clergy belonging to the church, and the lately apostolic, now royal residence, for the reception of the sovereign, when he comes to visit the Holy House. It may, however, be anticipated that the concourse of pilgrims will gradually lessen under a constitutional sovereignty, from what it was under an infallible papacy. The two things do not agree.

The curiosities at the Casa Santa are numerous. They consist, however, mainly of prints, rosaries, and crucifixes, impregnated with supernatural virtues by being placed in the Santa scodella—the holy porringer or soup-dish. These, and stamped representations of the same, may be bought for a few halfpence in the town, or even at the hotel; but the pretty maid at the latter, when questioned as to her belief in the same, replied that "Confectioners do not eat much pastry, they prefer bread." And when further questioned as to why she did not believe, she naïvely added, "Ne no visto troppe." The "eldest sons" of the Church—the gallant French—did not seem to have been troubled with obnoxious faith when they made a clear sweep of all the gatherings amassed from the conscience-money of princes and peasants in five hundred years.

Mr. Trollope had an amusing search after one treasure which he knew to be still at Loreto; this was the celebrated set of pharmacy vases of choice majolica, and which are described in the latest edition of Murray's Guide-book as being in "two rooms." At length, after much coaxing of the Padre Guardiano, the choice vases were found in a cupboard, not ranged on shelves, but literally stacked one on another, higgledy-piggledy, top upwards, bottom upwards, side upwards, as it might chance! Most of them were broken; and out of the three hundred pieces of which the set is said to have been composed—the work of Fontana and Franco, after designs by Raphael, Giulio Romano, and others—the Padre Guardiano, who wished they were all at Jericho, declared that there were only eighteen pieces completely whole!

Close by Loreto is the town of Castel Fidardo, and the plain, now celebrated for the defeat of Lamoricière. The canons of Casa Santa must have seen the fight, like a spectacle got up for their amusement. They had no misgivings as to the success of the cause of the Pope; but it is passing strange, and against all antecedents, that when they witnessed the turn of the tide they did not bring out their Madonna to have helped them and her own cause. Possibly, that like the pretty girl at the hotel, and the Padre Guardiano, they had misgivings on the efficacy of the proceeding, and they placed no faith in their own "confectionary."

"The value of the advowson," Mr. Trollope remarks, "of a canonry in that richly-endowed church, I think, must have fallen considerably during these fateful hours. And I fear that the wail, which is raised by Catholic Europe, over the waning temporal power of the papacy, is both more sincere and more correct in its anticipations than the assurances of the liberals of Europe, that the destruction of it will in no degree endanger the existing ecclesiastical establishment. For my own part, I entirely sympathise with those cardinals, bishops, and canons, who invincibly object to the dependence of ecclesiastical revenues on the will of a lay House of Commons."

The city of Recanati, five miles from Loreto, stands on the top of a much higher hill than the latter town; and it makes a very striking object in the landscape for many miles around. Its form is also different from all the many others of these hill cities. Instead of being clustered, clump-like, round the top of a round or conical hill, as most of them are, it stretches in a long crescent-shaped line along the crest of a sharp mountain ridge, and thus makes a greater show than it would otherwise do. This hill town, and its neighbours Osimo and Montefano, have a history, and not an uninteresting one either. They rebelled against the Popes in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and suffered accordingly at the hands of the "Marchio," or Lord of the Marches, who fired Recanati, the conflagration of the city being visible from the opposite coast of Dalmatia.

As to Osimo, it fared much better. Its plucky little community destroyed the papal fortress, and even reformed its nunneries, obtaining in the year 1500 what Perugia only achieved six years ago, and effecting those reforms of scandals which, at a later day, baffled all the power of the celebrated Ricci, the reforming Bishop of Pistoia, and of his patron, Peter Leopold, the reforming Grand-Duke of Tuscany.

From Osimo, a drive of twelve miles took our travellers to Ancona—the isolated Monte Conero lying between them and the sea. Hence it is that, coming in this direction, nothing is seen of the town till the traveller is close upon it, the first sign of its vicinity being the huge fortress which crowns the peak on which Monte Conero ends, and round the base of which the road winds. The same mountain forms on the sea-side the headland which the Greeks called Ancona, but which is in reality two headlands, now known as Monte Guasco and Monte Astagno, or Capodimonte.

Entering Ancona from the Marches is like coming out of a past century into the present. Behind him, Mr. Trollope pleasantly remarks, the traveller has left the quiet little old world cities, "each remote on its lofty hill, though in sight of each other, with their great uninhabited or half-

inhabited palaces; their dreamy streets and breezy crumbling battlements; their ever-open and long disused city gates; their lazy, easy-going inns, with abundant space, if sometimes somewhat restricted larders; their leisurely, strongly localised inhabitants, always with plenty of time on their hands, and plenty of inclination for a chat anent their glories and the histories and particularities of their respective towns, their storied cathedrals, and their picturesque town-halls.

"He turns the shoulder of Monte Conero, struggles through the gateway of Ancona, and suddenly finds himself amid a jabbering population of jostling brokers, polyglot commissioners, money-dealing Jews, and cosmopolitan bagmen. He has to go up no end of stairs to find a little closet of a bedroom, and be thankful to get it; he dines at a table d'hôte by the side of a ringed and curled individual with very dirty hands and a magnificent diamond pin in his smart shirt-front, who talks fluently in rather queer English, and who turns out to be a Wallachian diamond merchant; instead of having a pretty girl to wait on him, anxious to do the utmost to please him which the limited resources of the house will permit, and very willing to chatter for half an hour together, while the dawdling meal is in progress, he is served by a perspiring waiter with a greasy cloth under his arm, who in his hot haste dashes a plateful of food before him, and is gone before he can decline it; he is nearly run over in narrow streets by carts, barrows, trucks, waggons laden with barrels, sacks, cases, and drawn some by horses, some by men nearly as naked as their quadruped fellow-labourers; he is challenged by sentries for walking through some gateway, or approaching some fortification, or setting foot on some glacis, in contravention of the rules; he is considered by everybody who sees him to be anxious to go on board some steam-boat, or to catch some railway train; and before long he discovers, that not being so anxious, and not having any bills to discount, no samples of goods to offer for sale, nor any intention of purchasing such, nor baggage to "clear" in or out, he has plainly no business at Ancona, and that there is no room for him there."

Ancona is not, indeed, a pleasant city in its outward physiognomy, or one pleasant to dwell in, even for a brief space of time. It has all the annoyances and disagreeables of a seaport, without any of the agreeables that should belong to the coast. There is no possibility of pleasant rambles along the shore; all exit to the southward being absolutely forbidden, not only by the cliff itself, but by fortresses and walls, and sentries, *ad infinitum*; and exit to the north leads only to the crowded mile or so of causeway between the city and the railway station, and beyond that to a flat and very ugly shore, cut up by little creeks, and hedged in by the railway. There is no shipping of any interest in the offing. There is not even any fish to eat—or none that is worth eating. And add to all this the inconveniences and botherations of that stupidest and most illusory of all institutions, a so-called "free-port"—the whole advantage and scope of which might be attained without any of the infinite trouble which arises from the present arrangement, by a system of bonded warehouses.

The country north of Ancona traversed by the railway is aboundingly rich and fertile, and is dotted with populous towns—as Sinigaglia, Fano, Pesaro, La Cattolica, and Rimini; but of most interest is San Marino—

a republic of eight hundred years' duration, and which has only recently been induced to sign a treaty regularising the relations between itself and the kingdom of Italy. San Marino appears to have been mainly indebted for its long-continued independence to its situation, which, on the summit of an almost inaccessible rock, two thousand three hundred and sixty-six Parisian feet above the sea, is one of the most remarkable and extraordinary in Europe. The delivery of the post is so uncertain at this stern and storm-swept eyrie, that the arrival of the man, boy, and donkey who convey it is announced by the great town-bell. The ascent of the hill is effected as far as the Borgo, a suburb which lies at the foot of the last precipitous cliffs, by means of oxen; beyond that the traveller must use the saddle or his legs. The only inn was in the Borgo. There was a house where a bed might be had up in the city, but a "forestiere" had already engaged it. The inhabitants of this strange place, which is exempted from the fiscal laws of the world around them, are in consequence engaged in all kinds of curious industries, amongst which the manufacture of gunpowder and of playing-cards constitute a no small item. There is a fortress or castle, a principal church, and a piazza, the whole of which latter forms the roof of a vast cistern for the preservation of rain-water. The world of hills below, as viewed from the castle heights, looks like the battle-field of a discomfited army of Titans, strewn with the wreck of their fight against Heaven, and hence the old name of the mountain—Monte Titano. In front is the coast of Picenum, with its legion of storied cities and castle-crowned hills. At sunrise, the opposite coast of Dalmatia is also plainly visible. There were some state prisoners of the republic of San Marino in this castle, one of whom was a priest, incarcerated for forgery. There was also a prisoner who had been confined six months on a charge of homicide, without having been brought to trial. It struck our traveller that if similar facts were of frequent occurrence at San Marino, it might occur in these our days that the republic itself, despite its eight hundred years of existence, might find itself put on its trial. The existence of such a state within another is an anachronism only tolerated on account of the exceeding youth of the kingdom of Italy. Already San Marino has no printing-press in its dominions, so as not to give umbrage to the governments around it by matter that might be printed there. Doubtless the probability is, that had the little free state not stooped to such concessions it would not have been permitted to exist. This—with the exception, perhaps, of the valley of Andorra—the smallest and oldest of the social bodies politic in Europe, has not only its mountain-town and suburb, but also a certain portion of the surrounding valleys, to the extent of a circuit about eight miles in the longest and five in the shortest diameter. The inhabitants of this lowland district are about eight thousand in number.

Our travellers' instructive and interesting little tour was virtually brought to a close in the republic of San Marino; for, returning thence to Rimini, they ran down in time to catch a train which took them to Bologna the same evening, and found there a courier's carriage, which conveyed them to Florence within twenty-four hours from the time they had been standing to see the sun rise on the top of the peak of San Marino!

ABOUT A FEW BOOKS.

THE elegantly-bound and accurately-illustrated guide to such portions of the South Kensington Museum as refer to "Italian Sculpture of the Middle Ages and Period of the Revival of Art," must take precedence for its general merits. The Gherardini collection, purchased in 1854, of original models by great Italian artists, may be considered as the foundation of the sculpture series, and the purchase of the Gigli-Campana collection brought the whole to that state of which we have here a descriptive and illustrated catalogue by J. C. Robinson, F.S.A., published by Chapman and Hall, for the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education. The work will be of infinite help to the art-student, at the same time that it makes the riches of the Kensington Museum better known, and more fully understood and appreciated.

"Francatelli's Royal English and Foreign Confectioner," being a practical treatise on the Art of Confectionary in all its branches, comprising ornamental confectionary artistically developed, published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, supplies a long existing want in the literature of the cuisine.

The perusal of Sidney Laman Blanchard's "Ganges and the Seine; Scenes on the Banks of Both" (2 vols., Chapman and Hall), has afforded us two or three hours unalloyed pleasure.

Dr. Shapter's little work on the Climate of the South of Devon (John Churchill) has, by dint of additions, grown into a large and compendious volume. Besides being an indispensable guide for the invalid to our great national sanitorium, it has become quite as indispensable to the tourist, from the amount of various information, geological, meteorological, topographical, natural, historical, civil, and economical, which it contains.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle's "History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great" (Chapman and Hall), and Mr. Charles Merivale's "History of the Romans under the Empire" (vol. ii., Longman and Co.), have reached, the first, the third volume, and the second, the seventh, but after a very different fashion. The first is written in, as most people know, a quaint, sparkling, and original style, with as much eccentricity as force, and with a wonderful talent for analysis marred by the most exquisite bad taste in propounding facts. The second is the serious, tasteful, elaborate, and deeply philosophical work of a gentleman and a scholar, who portrays one of the greatest epochs in the world's history in the language of his country, which is most eloquent and stately when least defiled. Mr. Carlyle's History is a book to amuse and entertain the reader; Mr. Merivale's to instruct and to delight him.

We have, finally, much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to a Christmas book—"The Foggy Night at Offord"—by the —despite what some carping critics may say—most popular lady-author of the day, the author of "The Shadow of Ashlydyat." The work is issued in aid of the Lancashire Fund, and we heartily wish it that abundant success to which its merits entitle it in every way.

THE PRUSSIAN OPPOSITION.

ENGLISHMEN, as a rule, do not pay much attention to foreign politics; and although our own correspondents of the *Times* keep us well posted up as to the doings of the various Continental Chambers, there are but few among us, we fancy, who form a very settled opinion as to the progress of affairs. And yet matters are taking place in Prussia worthy of the very gravest attention, if only as a proof of the fondness which history displays for repeating itself. The Prussian king and Prussian Chambers are disputing upon a matter of money, much like Charles I. and Hampden, and it is quite certain that we have as yet only seen the beginning of the struggle. Time after time the king has dissolved his disobedient Chamber, but the only result has been that still more decided Liberals have been elected, and now matters are at a complete dead lock.

The history of constitutionalism in Prussia is not very long, but full of serious events: the king conceded a constitution in 1846, but rendered it almost unavailing by the restrictions which he placed on it; 1848 swept away the landmarks; in 1849 the reaction was once more triumphant, and remained in power until the appointment of a regent, who, being in opposition, as is always the rule with crown princes, selected a thoroughly Liberal ministry, to the mighty rejoicing of the people. When the regent occupied the throne as king, however, his liberalism began to wear off; the remarkable *Dei gratiâ* and right divine speech which he made at his coronation set people thinking, and his conduct since has only confirmed the general uneasiness. That William I. is an honest man is indubitable, but he has his own notions of kingcraft. At the best he is only a somewhat *borné* soldier, and his predilections are entirely with the army. The events of 1848 taught him that the Landwehr system was not at all adapted to support regal authority against the demands of the people, and all his efforts have tended to increase the standing army at the expense of the militia. Apart from the natural jealousy which a constitutional nation feels of a large permanent force, which it regards as more or less the instrument of the government, Prussia is really not in a position to support the heavy taxation which such a fundamental change would entail, and hence the members of the Second Chamber thought it their duty to protest against the alteration. There were also minor causes of collision, on which it is unnecessary to dwell, but which have also heightened the unpleasant feeling between king and parliament, and a struggle for mastery between absolutism and constitutionalism is silently preparing. Under these circumstances we have thought that a few personal sketches of the leading members of the Prussian Opposition may prove interesting, and we are enabled to offer them through the opportune publication of a carefully compiled work on the subject.*

Benedict Waldeck, the leader of the democratic party, or rather of

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* Preussische Landtagsmänner. Von Schmidt Weissenfels. Breslau: Trewendt.

those who desire the entire liberty of the subject in all classes of society, was born at Münster in 1802. As a boy, the French revolutionary ideas had a decided influence upon him, but, at the same time, he retained all the thoroughness and firmness of the Westphalian character. Educated at Göttingen, he went out in law, and gradually advanced, until, in 1844, he was attached to the supreme privy tribunal at Berlin. Through his constant devotion to the cause of the peasants and the communes, he became excessively popular in Westphalia, and was universally called "the king of the peasants." When the revolution of 1848 broke out, Waldeck was naturally elected to the Prussian National Assembly, and soon found himself head of a powerful party in the House, composed of peasants, small farmers, lawyers, and schoolmasters. Unfortunately for Waldeck, these men committed many acts of stupidity and ignorance, for which he was compelled to assume the responsibility, and hence he became most hateful to the reactionists. When the National Assembly was dissolved by force in 1848, Waldeck's power as leader of the democrats was enormously increased, but so was his responsibility. At that time he could have spread unutterable misery through the country, for at a word from him a civil war would have broken out, but he constantly urged the necessity of passive resistance. How great his popularity was is proved by the fact that six districts elected him simultaneously as their deputy to the parliament which met in February, 1849. This parliament was dissolved in April, and the reaction had time to persecute democracy. On May 16, 1849, the day after the king declared war against the revolution, and the Prussians marched to Saxony to storm the barricades, Waldeck was arrested upon false charges of high treason brought against him by Herr von Hinckeldey, the police president of Berlin. This step created a tremendous excitement, but the judges did their duty, traced the intrigue to its source, and so injured the reactionists that the public prosecutor himself was compelled to ask for Waldeck's acquittal. Another attempt, however, was made to humiliate Waldeck: a request was sent him by several members of the supreme tribunal that he should voluntarily resign, because they did not consider him a judge worthy of confidence. This Waldeck declined to do; and now that passions have cooled down, there is not one of his colleagues who does not recognise in him an ornament of the Prussian judicial bench.

It was not till February, 1861, that Waldeck again returned to the Chambers and assumed the head of the Democratic party. But the latter had also learned a lesson through the events of the last twelve years, and Count Schwerin, the minister of the home department, was able to congratulate them on having given up their protesting position, and making every effort to secure a constitutional commonwealth.

Waldeck's lieutenant and right-hand man is Schulze-Delitzsch, probably the most popular representative in Prussia. He has devoted his life to the formation of co-operative societies among artisans, and has already effected wonders. After studying the vexed question of the rights of capital and labour, Schulze made his first attempt in his native town of Delitzsch in 1850, by establishing a guild of shoemakers, whose object was to provide the members with provisions and

raw material at cost price. To this was speedily added "a credit and advance" bank, which assisted small tradesmen and handicraftsmen. This society worked so well that, within ten years, two hundred were formed, all working on the system founded by Schulze. In 1859, eighty credit banks made a net profit of 22,000 thalers, while the entire loss on advances only amounted to 470 thalers. According to the report laid before a meeting of the members at Potsdam in 1862, it was shown that 184 societies had made advances up to that time to the amount of 17,000,000 thalers, while the number of members exceeded 50,000.

In 1848, Schulze was elected to the Prussian National Assembly, in which he showed himself to be a decided Liberal. He held on to the last, and was one of the 138 deputies who, in November, 1848, voted the refusal of supplies. For this he was eventually tried, but acquitted. Grand banquets were given him at Berlin and Potsdam, and his electors greeted him on his return with a mounted torchlight procession. Such demonstrations against the ministry naturally rendered him much disliked by the government, and every effort was made to force him to resign his situation. He was sent to a remote part of Polish Russia, and when he asked for a month's furlough it was refused him. Resolved to discover whether he was treated as an *interné*, Schulze took leave, and went to Berlin to justify his conduct. Simons, the minister of justice, punished his insubordination by stopping him a month's salary, and Schulze at once sent in his resignation. As he had no private fortune, he turned his attention to literature, but did not, on that account, neglect the trade associations he had created: he constantly went about lecturing, and his authority became so great that, in 1860, the united credit societies chose him their standing solicitor. In 1861 he was elected one of the deputies for Berlin, and has been returned twice since by the same constituency. In the House he exerts a very marked influence, for he is a magnificent speaker, and is generally respected, even by his opponents.

The younger Democrats in the Prussian parliament stand under the guidance of Rudolph Virchow, who was born in 1821, and educated at the university of Berlin, where he went out in medicine. In his twenty-second year he was appointed assistant-surgeon to the Charité in Berlin, and three years after was promoted to the chief surgeonship. In 1846 he began a course of lectures on pathological anatomy, which soon attracted extraordinary attention, through the boldness of the views which he brought forward. In February, 1848, Virchow was sent by the government to study the typhus epidemic, which had broken out in Upper Silesia. Virchow published the result of his observations, and did not spare the government, which allowed its subjects to die of starvation. While engaged on this tour, the revolution of March broke out, and Virchow at once assumed a front place in politics. The passionate teacher of reform in medicine was the more affected by the tremendous movement, because he possessed a very susceptible nature for it. When 1849 came, Virchow was, of course, punished for his Liberal tendencies: a medical paper he had established was suppressed, and he was removed from his professorship at the Charité. All the medical societies of Berlin protested against this, and

the ministry were disposed to give way, but attached conditions, which Virchow declined. He therefore accepted a professorship offered him at Würtzburg. Through his reputation this old university received a marked impulse, and students flocked in to attend the lectures of the physical reformer from all parts of Europe. Here Virchow laboured diligently, constantly adding fresh contributions to his medical treatises up to the year 1856, when he had the satisfaction of being recalled to Berlin by the university authorities. Shortly after his removal, Virchow published his great work on "Cellular Pathology," which has been translated into almost every language of the civilised world, and created notable controversies. Honours poured on him for this discovery: he was elected an honorary member of the London College of Physicians, their number being confined to twenty, and the Paris Academy of Sciences elected him a corresponding member. In the autumn of 1859, Virchow was invited by the Swedish government to travel through Norway, and study the leprosy, which was extending its ravages there. In 1861, Virchow was returned to parliament by two districts of Berlin and by Saarbrücken. In the first short session of 1862 he distinguished himself greatly, and became one of the most prominent members of the Liberal party.

Among the more recent members of the Prussian House of Commons, Carl Twesten is one of the best known and most popular. He is about forty years of age, and belongs to the legal profession, in which he holds a high position. He was, however, but little known to the public until he published, in the spring of 1861, his pamphlet called "What can still save us." In this remarkable brochure he very sharply criticised the military cabinet, and its head, Lieutenant-General von Manteuffel. The most stinging passage was one in which he said, "Herr von Manteuffel is but little liked by a large portion of the army, and is frequently looked upon as Count Grunne in Vienna, who entrusted the command in Italy to Count Giulay. Must we have a battle of Solferino in order to remove a dangerous man from a dangerous position?" General von Manteuffel challenged Twesten for this, and put a bullet through his arm. Owing to this event, Twesten's pamphlet had an extraordinary circulation, and the author at once attained the highest popularity. It is true that he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, but he was let off through the coronation amnesty. In December, 1861, Berlin chose him as one of its deputies, and he was re-elected in May last. In the reply to the address from the throne, which he drew up, he tried to offer the king a reconciliation in the name of the country, but William I. received the deputation very angrily, and the attempt proved a failure.

In a parliamentary government the control of the finances is the most important consideration. In Prussia, however, the ministry fell into a habit of making a general statement of income and expenditure, in which lump-sums were inserted, and no explanation was given of the way in which the money was spent. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that deputy Hagen demanded a statement of the expenditure, and though a constitutional minister had no excuse for refusing this, it produced a struggle most striking in its result, with which the proposer of the amendment is identified. Adolph Hagen

was born in 1820, and educated for the state service. In 1854, Von Patow, the finance minister, called him in to restore some degree of order in the public accounts, and he performed this difficult task with great energy. It was not till 1862 that he was elected deputy, and his first motion in the House was, as we have stated, to specialise the various items which constituted the budget. At first Von Patow tried to evade the demand, but being forced by Virchow and others in his last entrenchments, he said that, if the motion were carried, it might lead to his resignation. Through this threat the affair suddenly became a personal one between the ministry and the deputies; but the latter held their ground. In vain did Von Patow hint at a resignation of the ministry or a dissolution of parliament: Hagen's motion was put to the vote, and carried by a majority of twenty-eight. The ministers sent in their resignation, which was not accepted, and then dissolved the parliament. The Liberal ministry placed themselves in a thoroughly false position, as they saw soon after, when their resignation was accepted and the Conservatives came in: for while Herr von Patow had regarded Hagen's motion as an attack on the executive, and tried to act unconstitutionally, his colleague, Von der Heydt, who succeeded him, most readily allowed that Hagen's motion was perfectly justifiable on constitutional grounds.

Such are the more important members of the party of progress, or, as we should say, Radicals. Among the Liberals, Grabow undubitably occupies the first place. Born in 1802, he entered the service of the state in his nineteenth year, and distinguished himself greatly as a magistrate. In 1838, his native town of Prenzlau elected him chief burgomaster, and in that capacity he was present at the coronation in 1840, and made his first acquaintance with the king, whose speeches and character justly filled the Liberals with hope. It was not till 1847, however, when the king made the country a present of the united Landtag, that Grabow became a public character. He was at the head of the one hundred and thirty-eight members who protested against the king's breach of faith, and, moreover, was an active member of the committee appointed to regulate the criminal code. Grabow was returned to the Prussian National Assembly in 1848, and was soon after elected president, which post he occupied up to October, when he resigned. The truth was, that the old Liberals were alarmed at the impulse which democracy had attained, and secretly desired its overthrow. When the Assembly commenced its conflict with the Crown, in November, 1848, Grabow urged the members to lay down their mandates sooner than let the Assembly be dissolved by force; and when his advice was not followed, he left a parliament which displayed such evident signs of approaching dissolution.

When the Assembly was disposed of, and the Manteuffel constitution was granted, which restored two Chambers, Grabow was chosen as president. There is no doubt that the reactionists at that time deceived the Liberals, and obtained their aid in crushing the democrats, on the principle of *divide et impera*. This was plainly seen in 1850, when Grabow was elected chief burgomaster of Magdeburg, and the government refused its assent. When the regency was established, the Liberals again returned to power, and Grabow was elected first

vice-president. At first he joined the party at the head of which Von Vincke stood, but he gradually worked his way to the leadership, and his election to the presidency of the Chamber rendered his position remarkably strong. But his power was destined to be but transitory; with the dissolution of the Chamber and the dismissal of the Liberal ministers, matters took such a turn that it was no longer possible for a party to remain neutral, as had been Grabow's ambition from the first. His partisans gradually fell away: some to join the extreme Liberals, others to form the fraction known as the Bockum Dolff, and Grabow was left alone. In the parliament of March, 1862, he was again unanimously elected president, and no better choice could probably be made, for the selection of Grabow was a protest of the country as represented by the deputies against the Von der Heydt ministry.

Baron von Vincke's name is probably better known in England than that of any other Liberal member of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies. Descended from a very old Westphalian family, he has been ever one of the truest types of the Prussian nobility; he was truly attached to his king, though he never condescended to be a courtier, and he ever had the consciousness that he too belonged to the people. Still, at the same time, he has the great fault of being merely a guerilla chief of debate; he has attacked every party in turn, but has not fought a pitched battle with any one of them. He detests the Junker, and honestly tries to emancipate himself from all claims to the special privileges of nobility; he wishes to govern the Liberals, and form them into English Whigs, and if he does not at once succeed, he turns his back on them; and he is the sworn foe of the Democratic party, because they always strive to go beyond the mark which he has set up as the frontier post of opposition.

George von Vincke was born on May 15, 1811. He received a very strict education at home, and was then sent to Göttingen, where he studied law. For a time it seemed as if he intended to devote himself to the service of the state; but the death of his father, in 1844, rendered him independent, and the consciousness of being a real feudal baron destroyed all ambition for office in Vincke's breast, if he had ever entertained it. In the parliament of 1847 he placed himself decidedly at the head of the Opposition. His speeches were something extraordinary in a police-ridden country like Prussia; and his remark that, in England, ministers answered with their heads, caused the Prussian ministry to shudder. At the same time Vincke made every possible assault on the government and the existing system; he demanded a constitution, and an extension of the privileges of the House; he defended the claims of the Poles, who had just been put down in a new revolution; he stood up for the political rights of the Dissenters, and even of the Jews, with some reservations; he claimed freedom of the press; in short, everything required to convert Prussia into a constitutional monarchy. No wonder that he was at that time the most popular man in the country; his name was in every mouth, and the speeches which he held in the White Hall were devoured by the crowd which was greedy for liberty. This, however, was not so agreeable to Baron von Vincke as might be supposed: in his great honesty he was afraid that persons might have misunderstood him, and he was

anxious lest his independence might be injured by popularity. The revolution of March quite upset Vincke, though he may have anticipated it. He saw everything brought about for which he had striven; but this only annoyed him the more. At the same time he was a thorough royalist, and the humiliation of the king hurt him. Urged by zeal to serve his king, but not after the fashion of courtiers and against the rights of the people, he hastened to Berlin, and arrived just at the time when the street fighting was going on. It was an incomparable suffering to Vincke to see his king meeting his people with cannon-balls, for, whatever the result might be, he could see no advantage for his prince. He hurried, in great excitement, to the palace, and entered the royal apartments in his dusty clothes. With his upright nature, he did not affect to conceal his grief at being welcomed to Berlin by artillery. At this, so Varnhagen tells us, some general officers laughed, who were standing near the king. Vincke turned to them, and said aloud, almost menacingly: "Any man who can laugh at this firing is a bad Prussian." The king answered: "No one did laugh." "Yes, these two gentlemen laughed, and it is improper and wrong that such a thing can happen." The king tried to appease the Westphalian baron, and invited him to supper. "No, your majesty," Vincke answered, "I do not sup." And with these words he left the king's apartments.

These remarks characterise Vincke thoroughly: they show him to us as the independent, free nobleman, who does not lay aside his frankness even in the king's presence; they prove him a despiser of courtiers, and a warm-hearted patriot, who regards a supper with his prince as frivolous when a struggle for a mighty object is going on at the palace-gates. The baron was elected as deputy to the Frankfort parliament, where he soon rendered himself extremely conspicuous through his clever speeches. He formed a compact party, known as the Milani club, which he disciplined so well that it was called the forty-voiced Vincke. About this time he became Conservative through his hatred of the Democracy, and warmly defended Manteuffel and the reaction. So soon, however, as the minister became firmly established, he swore undying hostility to him. This weathercock conduct broke up the rather powerful party which Von Vincke had gathered round him in the Chamber of 1849.

When the Democrats and Liberals went into voluntary banishment, while waiting for better times, Vincke constituted himself the opposition. He could not exist without fighting; and just as old Cato finished all his speeches with "Delenda est Carthage," Von Vincke incessantly harped on the string, "Down with this Ministry!" But the ministry remained in power, and Vincke continued to oppose it. Very characteristic was his conduct during the debates over the loan of thirty millions of thalers which the government proposed, in order to be able to carry out its great vacillating policy during the Crimean war. The nobility of the "Kreuz zeitung" saw in the Emperor of Russia the father of the Fatherland, and the Czar was more their master than King Frederick William. Vincke was not of this opinion, and refused to grant the credit, because he was afraid of the government leaning towards Russia. He attacked the ministers on this

occasion with the most cutting expressions, and when the credit was at length granted, he, and one-and-twenty other deputies, protested against it in the most energetic manner. After this campaign Vincke rested on his laurels; he had said enough for the present to Manteuffel, and he was growing popular again, which annoyed him. When his electors proposed to return him again in 1855, he declined, and busied himself with family affairs.

The regency overthrew the dictatorship of the Kreuz zeitung, and the constitutional party again came into power, for the elections of 1858 gave them a working majority. Of course Vincke rushed into the fight at once, and by the end of 1860 he was the king of the Chamber: one hundred and fifty men followed him blindly, and as, in important matters, he could command at least thirty more votes, he had the majority in his own hands. Unfortunately, Vincke was not suited to be a general: first-rate as a skirmisher, he ever retired when the real fighting moment arrived, and was satisfied with having shown his enemy his teeth. At the same time, he is by nature extremely tyrannical, and governed his party with a rod of iron, which soon led to murmuring, and then to desertion. His most manly action was his motion about Italy, in the address of 1861, to the effect that "it was neither to the interest of Prussia nor Germany to oppose the progressive unification of Italy." This motion was carried by a majority of fourteen, after a terrible debate, in which Vincke displayed his brilliant powers, although he contradicted himself by running down Austria, whose warmest defender he had previously been. The result of this victory was extraordinary—more extraordinary, assuredly, than Vincke had anticipated. While people in Austria could scarce contain themselves for fury, and heaped every possible insult upon Vincke, England and Italy warmly thanked him, and brilliant demonstrations in favour of Prussia and the Cavaliere Vincke took place in the latter country. Addresses and the honorary citizenship of Italy were sent him—in short, Vincke stood at the dizzy height of honour and power, and was the most popular man in Germany. One deed had procured him this elevation, and it was certainly against his will. He became frightened, and came down again. He was most annoyed at having become popular in Italy, and his thanks for the citizenship almost sounded as an insult to those who procured him the honour. This was the first blow which Vincke dealt himself, as usual, through want of reflection: his popularity began to fade, and people shook their heads in amazement that a man should feel a species of moral indignation at the grand effect of his noble deed.

Added to all this, the fall of Vincke's dictatorship now took place in accordance with natural laws, and the party which had been humiliated to become the toy of his imperious fancies began to break up. Almost at the same moment, when Vincke's power displayed its greatest splendour, a small fraction quitted him, which was destined soon to become a great party. Vincke had no foreboding of this: he ignored the desertion, and did not see that his party was undergoing a change, which would leave him almost isolated. His furious attack on Waldeck and the Democrats robbed him of the rest of his prestige, and the result was that the king of the Chamber resigned his seat at

the close of the session of 1861. During the short session of March, 1862, he occupied himself by a fierce paper war on Hagen's motion; and hence, when he resolved at the elections of May to return to parliamentary duties, he had the greatest difficulty in securing his election, for his own faithful district threw him completely over. At the present moment Von Vincke does not possess the slightest influence in Prussia.

Literature is prominently represented in the Prussian House of Deputies by Henry von Sybel, the distinguished historian. He was born at Düsseldorf, in 1817, and studied at Berlin, where Ranke was beginning to found a new school by his diplomatic and elegant handling of history. This school Sybel joined, and devoted himself exclusively to the study of history. He turned his attention, by his master's advice, to the chivalrous epoch of the Crusades, and in 1841 produced his story of the first crusade, which he completed by further contributions during the next few years. The research he displayed, and the powerful recommendation of the clique to which he belonged, obtained him the appointment of Historical Professor Extraordinary at the University of Bonn. In 1844 he published, with Professor Gildemeister, a pamphlet on the "Holy Coat at Trèves," in which he employed all his powers of historic criticism to explode the miracle. This pamphlet was more effective than his history of the Crusades in making Von Sybel known to the outer world. The result of this attack on Ultramontanism was, that the Elector of Hesse-Cassel invited the Bonn professor to his small university of Marburg. As true despots, who knew what they are about, the Hessian Electors have never been able to endure a rival power; and hence Von Sybel's criticisms on the Holy Coats produced an extraordinary sensation at Cassel. It is true that it was afterwards discovered that a considerable amount of liberalism lurked in the attack, but the discovery was not made until Von Sybel was settled at Marburg. The polemic nature of the politician became developed with him in the professor, and he resolved, during a visit he paid to Paris, to write a history of the French revolution from the philosophic stand-point. Two works, "Burke and the French Revolution," and "Burke and Ireland," which assailed the deadly foe of the revolution, may be regarded as the first results of these studies; but he did not produce his great work on the eventful period from 1789 to 1795, until after the stormy epoch of the German revolution.

In 1848, Von Sybel was returned to the Hessian Chamber of Deputies, and distinguished himself as a zealous and useful speaker on the constitutional side. When the national apathy set in, Von Sybel devoted himself exclusively to historical pursuits, and his history of the French revolution was brought out in separate volumes up to 1853. This work is in many respects valuable, and it had the result of procuring the author a professorship at Munich. Here he was treated with great distinction, until King Maximilian, fancying that he had brought the professor over from his ideas of the Prussian hegemony, requested him to write a history of Bavaria. Sybel, however, was too conscientious to undertake this, and the interest felt in him in Munich gradually cooled. Finally, when, in 1859, he delivered some lectures

in which he displayed some very liberal tendencies as regarded Italy, the Ultramontanists had no difficulty in destroying his prestige. Prussia, however, was grateful enough to grant him his old professorship at Bonn, and he was soon after returned as deputy to the Prussian Chamber, where he joined the left centre, or Bockum Dolff's fraction. During the debate on the military question he voted with Vincke, who approved of the reorganisation on principle, and merely proposed to reduce the expenses by the introduction of two years' service.

Count Schwerin is one of the few representatives of the original Prussian Liberal party. The ideal which the count holds up is a Prussian king in the splendour of his power, governing his country by wise laws, in the passing of which the people takes its share. Count Schwerin Putzar is a descendant of the most illustrious Prussian families. The Schwerins, however, never rivalled the Crown, as many of the nobility have done, and wished to be absolute lords in their castles; they felt themselves the born defenders of their prince, and found their glory in faithful service. Under Frederick the Great the Schwerins attained the acme of their lustre: when Field-Marshal Schwerin, at Prague, dyed with his heart's blood the banner of the monarch for whom he secured the victory. The present Count Maximilian was born in 1804, and during his university years at Berlin lived on terms of intimacy with Schleiermacher, who had a marked influence in the formation of his character. The result of this intimacy was, that the young count eventually married his friend's daughter, Hildegarde. Count Schwerin was brought up to the law, which, with the army, is the special field of the Prussian nobility; but he had no ambition to obtain rank and dignity, and after a short turn in the civil service, he retired to manage the paternal estates, and did not appear in public again until 1846, when the king summoned him as a member of the General Synod. In the following year he was returned to the House of Deputies, and became one of the leaders of the constitutional party. A word of explanation may be here necessary: when the King of Prussia, after the Russian campaign, called on his people to rise as one man against the French tyranny, he promised them a constitution, and several other agreeable things. The Holy Alliance frustrated the performance of his promises, and various disturbances which took place in Germany led to the interference of the troops, and the people were more down-trodden than before. When Frederick William IV. came to the throne, he was a very liberal prince for the time, and was resolved to carry out reforms in the system of government, but he had not been long on the throne ere he began to vacillate. Hence it was not till 1847 that he granted a modified constitution, which suited nobody. The moderate Liberals were disappointed, and expressed their disappointment to the king, and an antagonism at once sprang up between them and what is called the Junker party, or the adherents of the right divine.

When the events of March, 1848, arrived, these moderate constitutionalists were frightened at the progress of events, as we have already seen, and Schwerin, who was called on to join the Arnim ministry, retired on June 17, 1848. Returned to the Frankfort parliament, he

joined the extreme right, and was a zealous defender of the interests of Prussia, against Germany. It is probable that he was not grieved by the failure of the German movement, because it was thoroughly democratic. Schwerin was a friend of the people, and an honest defender of its privileges, but it was repugnant to his feelings that the democrats strove to strip majesty of its romantic nimbus and render it a prosaic state institution. When the reaction set in in Prussia, Schwerin was returned as deputy, and was president of the Chamber up to the year 1856, when the Junker party was most furious in its attack on the Liberals. Schwerin was regarded as the head of the Opposition, and at this dark epoch of Prussian history attained great popularity with the nation, owing to his openly-expressed constitutional opinions. When the "new era" began for Prussia with the regency in 1858, Schwerin was called on to join the government as minister of the home department. Unfortunately, he did not respond to the expectations of the nation, for in his aristocratic pride he considered that the ministry ought to be left to take the initiative, and that the nation had no right to ask more than they were inclined to give. In every demand for further concessions he saw ingratitude and a criminal attempt to force the government into extremes. Hence he soon came into collision with the party of progress, and by a strange perversion of ideas allowed himself to be converted into an instrument of the reactionary party. He committed the mistake, in his desperation, of dissolving the House of Deputies in March, 1862, and was thrown away himself, like a squeezed-out lemon, a week after.

A name which will be tolerably familiar to the readers of the Prussian correspondence of the *Times* is that of Bockum Dolffs. He belongs to a noble Westphalian family attached to the evangelical faith, and was born in 1802. After being educated at the universities of Heidelberg and Berlin, he entered the civil service in 1826, and was returned as member to the first united House of Deputies of 1847. Here he showed himself a decided Liberal, and was one of the one hundred and thirty-eight protesters. During the year of revolution he resided on his estate, and laboured most energetically to repress excesses of every nature, but took no part in the political movements until 1849, when the Prussian parliamentary system seemed to be restored on a legal basis. As he still displayed Liberal tendencies, the party in power punished him by placing him on the retired list. He still remained a member of the House, however, and was a prominent leader of the Opposition against Manteuffel. When the Liberal government came in, Count Schwerin placed him on the active list again, as chief councillor of government for Coblentz; but this did not at all interfere with his political independence. On the contrary, he became the head of the Liberal party, and was the first to arouse it from its lethargy. Though disposed to support the government as a rule, he considered it his duty to urge it on, and thus he fatally paved the way for the overthrow of the constitutional party. In the first session of 1862, Bockum Dolffs made his appearance as leader of a formidable fraction, generally known in the official language as the "left centre." Bockum Dolffs received a proof of his power in his election as vice-president of the Chamber, and in the military debate he went over

with his adherents decidedly to the party of progress. This serious question had been dragging on through two years, and must come to a definitive settlement in 1862. While the democrats absolutely refused the credit of nine million thalers asked for by government for the reorganisation of the army, because they saw in it the development of an exclusively military state in opposition to the constitutional state, on the other hand, Bockum Dolffs, and a portion of the party of progress, while agreeing in principle with the Radicals, were disinclined to go so far as to imperil the whole question of military reorganisation. They proposed a compromise, that, in order to reduce the expenses, two years' service should be established, and the Landwehr kept up on the old footing. In the course of the debate, however, the Bockum party entirely agreed with the Progressistas, and refused the expenses of the reorganisation for 1862, in order to force the government into bringing in a bill on the subject first.

The House of Deputies, which assembled in March, 1862, only sat for seven weeks, and, with the exception of the eventful discussion of Hagen's motion, there was but one important debate. This related to the Hessian question, and should have served as a warning to the government to restore the constitution energetically in Hessen. Apart from the importance of the matter, the debates furnished an accurate idea of the character and strength of the various parties in the House, and showed how far the two great Liberal parties, the Progressistas and Grabows, were disposed to harmonise. The public, hence, took a deep interest in the debate, and the galleries were thronged with spectators.

Herr von Carlowitz opened the debate: he was an ex-Saxon minister, and, for the last ten years, had been an authority in the Prussian Chamber in all questions of foreign policy. He defended the intervention in Hessen with much wit and satirical humour, and closed his speech with the following words: "After making ten futile efforts to settle this matter, I think it high time for the minister of foreign affairs to hand over his portfolio to the minister of war, with the words, 'I have done my duty, now do yours.'" This energetic appeal, as well as his avowed sympathy for Italy, suddenly rendered Von Carlowitz extremely popular: the National Verein, the citizens of Leipzig, and the Italian patriots, sent him congratulatory addresses, and his constituents at Görlitz gave him a splendid banquet.

Albert von Carlowitz, who belongs to one of the oldest families of Germany, descending in a right line from Charles of Anjou, King of Naples, who executed the last of the Hohenstaufen, was born in 1802. After his education was completed, he entered the civil service of Saxony. Owing to his wealth and influence he became a prominent member of the estates, and was chosen as minister by the grand-duke. He, like Von Vincke, was a thorough-bred aristocrat, but had the advantage of being more thoughtful in his conduct. In 1848, feeling that a united Germany could only be produced through the influence of Prussia, he sought the means to work unimpeded for this great object. He bought several estates in Silesia, and thus obtained the right of citizenship. When returned to the Prussian House of Deputies, he allowed no opportunity to pass for energetically defending the cause

of Germany. Whenever the debate turned upon Hesse-Cassel or Schleswig-Holstein, his voice was certain to be heard defending their cause. Hence, it is not surprising that he should have always been in opposition to government, which never did sufficient for him as regards the unification of Germany. In January, 1862, he joined the Bockum Dolff fraction, and greatly heightened its influence.

During the last three years, General Stavenhagen has held a prominent position among the members of the Liberal party, both through his adherence to the German question, and his behaviour in the matter of military reform. Stavenhagen was born in Pomerania in 1796, and in 1813 joined the Volunteer Chasseurs, with whom he served through all their campaigns. When the war was ended, he entered the regular army, and retired on the half-pay of a lieutenant-general in 1849. He was returned as member of the imperial parliament at Frankfort, and belonged to that party which considered that the best solution was the exclusion of Austria, and the formation of a Germany with Prussia at its head. After the dissolution of the Frankfort parliament, Stavenhagen went to reside at Gotha, where he remained for ten years, carefully watching the development of the German question, and the political events in his own country, Prussia. He was an honest, upright soldier; but while he had fought bravely for his country, he never once forgot his rights as a citizen. He still remembered how, in 1813, Frederick William III. promised to his own and to the German nation, in the Kalisch appeal, a representative constitution, and a free, united German fatherland, as a reward for the sacrifices the people were called on to make in driving back the foreign conqueror. This promise, voluntarily made by the king, assuredly effected much in producing the enthusiasm of those days, and rendered the combatants against Napoleon conscious fighters also for liberty and a new Germany. Hence Stavenhagen greeted with joy the Prussian constitution of 1847, which, at any rate, seemed a beginning; but he was soon undeceived. It was a cruel blow to him when Prussia, instead of placing herself at the head of Germany, became once again the vassal of Austria, at Olmütz; but for all that, the old soldier did not despair of seeing happier days in store for his country.

Stavenhagen was summoned from his Gotha retreat in 1859 by being returned as member for Brandenburg. As a soldier, he was of very great use to the Liberal party in the question of the reorganisation of the army. He tried to act as mediator between the new Conservative government and the advanced Liberals, and proposed an amendment, in which, while recognising the right of the executive to make any regulations for the army which it thought proper, he suggested reductions by which the increased expenditure could be covered. Stavenhagen naturally fell between the two stools: the Opposition would not listen to his proposition, and though Herr von Roon offered to accept this compromise at the last moment, Stavenhagen's amendment was rejected by a majority of sixty-eight. The truth was, that the Opposition felt itself strong enough to meet the new unpopular ministry on its own ground, and fight it upon a point in which it was sure that the entire sympathy of the nation would go with it.

Since the beginning of parliamentary government in Prussia, a party has occupied the central seats of the House which is the most united of all. It is composed of thirty to forty members, who are all Catholics, and several of them belong to the Church. This fraction, generally known as the Reichensperger, from the name of its two leaders, has always been an important factor of the parliament, and has carried many an important question by its vote. This party, which bears a considerable resemblance with our Irish brigade, purposely selected the centre of the House, so as to vote, according to circumstances, either with the right or left. This group is always inclined to join the Liberal Opposition, so long as this serves its egotistic interests. The welfare and power of the Catholic Church in Prussia and of Ultramontane tendencies is the highest object of this fraction. Whatever opposes this object—for instance, a Protestant German emperor, or a union of the principal Protestant German states, or a policy aimed against Austria, like the French treaty of commerce, or the recognition of the kingdom of Italy—all this is opposed with indefatigable energy. In home politics the same principles naturally decide the conduct of these men, and it is not at all surprising to see them working hand in hand with the reaction, and employing the most odious sophistry to undermine the Liberal progress of the nation.

We must allow that such a party behaves with extreme cleverness to retain its influence in a thoroughly Protestant country like Prussia. It is drilled admirably to gain unexpected victories, and if it were allowable to compare the leader of a fraction with a commander-in-chief of an army, the brothers Reichensperger, the chiefs of the Catholic party in the Prussian House of Deputies, have gained such a character. Augustus and Peter are one heart and one soul, and while the former possesses the greater talent for organisation, the latter has a wondrous command of oratory, and is indefatigable in his guerilla attacks.

Augustus Reichensperger was born in 1808, at Coblentz, where his father was general secretary of the, at that time, French department of the Rhine and Moselle. When his education was completed, he entered the state service, but his Ultramontane tendencies, which he did not hesitate to express, rendered him disagreeable to Frederick William III., as was seen in his extremely slow promotion. At that time the Rhenish provinces were suspected of being very Gallican in their views, and a work published by Augustus Reichensperger, in which he defended the legal institutions of the Rhenish provinces with very Catholic and Gallican zeal, only appeared to confirm the suspicion. Frederick William IV. was in religious matters of a very different calibre from his father. He had a certain inclination for Catholicism as an inexhaustible source of romance. Hence, when he ascended the throne, he granted it concessions such as purely Catholic states scarce enjoyed. By this he cleverly tried to remove the antipathy existing in the Rhenish provinces against Prussia, and his first step was to promote all the influential persons belonging to that country. Hence Augustus Reichensperger was appointed a judge of the Court of Appeal.

Augustus Reichensperger founded the political Ultramontane party at a time when the revolution was defeated and the reaction was

attempting to make a national history without the people. The two Reichenspergers had played a passive part in the Prussian National Assembly, for it contained no elements for the formation of a purely Catholic party; tendencies of that nature were buried beneath the passions of 1848. In 1850, however, things were different: passion had cooled down, and speculation and cold calculation taken its place. Probably the opposition offered by the Catholics in the parliament of Erfurt to the establishment of a Protestant union under Prussia, and their sympathy for Austria, led to the formation of the party, and the two Reichenspergers cleverly employed the basis offered them. Augustus has been engaged during the last twenty years in writing books and pamphlets in defence of his cause, and they certainly display very marked ability.

Peter Reichensperger is the true representative of the political condottiere: he possesses pre-eminent qualities as an orator; he has something of the demoniac fury of a French Jacobin in him, and when this temper is excited, words pour from him like a torrent, and he can produce a tremendous, although momentary, effect. He is the real leader of the Catholic party; all about him is certain, and marked by a parliamentary smoothness; a shrug of the shoulders, a shake of the head, or a lively expression of his features, is sufficient to make his party change their course of action. Peter Reichensperger's amendment of July 19, 1862, with reference to the recognition of Italy by the Prussian government, will furnish a thorough idea of the policy of this fraction. The arguments the brothers employed have, we fancy, been also heard in our Commons; they defended the Neapolitan Bourbons vigorously, and Augustus went so far as to declare that the Italian government had during one week assassinated more persons in Naples than had fallen during the whole period of the Bourbon rule. Not one deputy, however, shared their opinions; and they were crushed by the weight of the defenders of new Italy, and the charges brought against the old state of things in Naples. No one attacked them more zealously than Waldeck, himself an earnest Catholic: he declared in a magnificent speech that the Catholic religion must not take any interest in the old despotism of Italy, and that a true Catholic conscience could not be painfully affected if a nation possessing so brilliant a past as the Italian gained a new future, or if the temporal power of the Pope were torn from him, because he had rendered himself odious to his own subjects.